

THE  
CANTERBURY TALES  
OF  
CHAUCER,  
Modernis'd by several Hands.

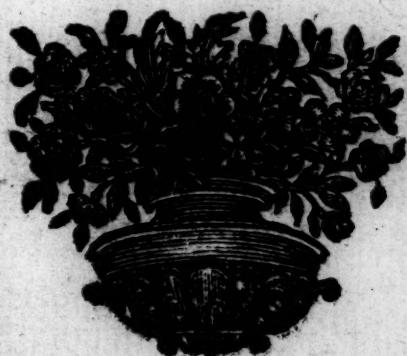
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REPOUSSÉ

LETTRE DE PARIS



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# PROLOGUE

TO

## The SQUIRE'S TALE.

By Mr. OGLE.

A Round, on All, at the Narration gaz'd  
Our Host, now highly on his Stirrup rais'd.  
‘ So may my Soul o'er the dire Fiend prevail,  
‘ As this, (he cry'd) was a judicious Tale !  
‘ Body of Jesus, rouse, Sir Parish Priest,  
‘ Our Ears with somedelicious Story feast.  
‘ By Heav'ns ! I held, before this lucky Day,  
‘ That Men of Learning had the least to say.  
‘ But since the Tales here told, as was agreed,  
‘ In Faith, I worship all that write or read.  
‘ Then up, Sir Parish Priest, at Sound of Bell,  
‘ Fulfil your Promise in the Name of Hell !  
‘ The Parson answer'd. ‘ Bless me, Son, forbear !  
‘ What ails the Man so sinfully to swear ?  
‘ Ho ! Jenkins, are you there ? (our Host rejoin'd)  
‘ My Friends, I smell a Loller in the Wind.  
‘ Lo, one of Wickliffe's Tribe, his Sermon hear,  
‘ And purify your Heart, and cleanse your Ear !

2 P R O L O G U E, &c.

‘ Mild is his Aspect, but his Sentence sour,  
‘ He’ll pray it, and he’ll preach it for an Hour.  
‘ That shall he not, (reply’d the sprightly Squire)  
‘ Tho’ to expound the Text, without the Hire,  
‘ Not for this Hour, at least, or pray or preach,  
‘ New gloss the Gospel, or new Doctrine teach,  
‘ Let Priests say what they please, repose in Heav’n,  
‘ Trust All in Him, by whom our All was giv’n.  
‘ God gave us Being, and we live in God ;  
‘ Our Master he ; revere his single Rod :  
‘ For many a Sctruple springs from many a Clerk,  
‘ Who starts the Doubt, then leaves you in the dark.  
‘ Attend his heavy Toil, to Night from Morn,  
‘ ’Tis sowing Tares amidst your cleanly Corn :  
‘ And therefore, Hoff, my genuine Story take ;  
‘ Nor may it lull Attention, but awake.  
‘ From Physick here, no sage Remark I draw,  
‘ Nor puzzle you with one quaint Term of Law,  
‘ Nor from Philosophy, high Matter seek,  
‘ Nor lard my Tale with Latin or with Greek.  
‘ Better be wisely gay, than dully read ;  
‘ Small Store of learned Lumber fills my Head.

*End of the PROLOGUE.*

C A M-

**C A M B U S C A N:**

OR,

**The SQUIRE's TALE.**

By Mr. BOYSE.

## I.

WHERE peopled Scythia's verdant Plain extend,  
 East in that Sea, in whose unfathom'd Flood,  
 Long-winding Volga's rapid Streams descend,  
 On Oxus' Bank an ancient City stood ;  
 Then Sarra, but to later Ages known,  
 By rising Samarcand's imperial Name ;  
 There, held a potent Prince his honour'd Throne,  
 And distant Nations own'd Cambustan's Fame :  
 So was the Sultan call'd, whose lengthen'd Sway,  
 Surrounding Realms revere, and pleas'd his own obey.

## II.

When nervous Youth had brac'd his valiant Breast,  
 Oft had the Russian felt his dreadful Arm ;  
 The Persian oft his martial Pow'r caref'd,  
 And the wild Cossack shrunk at his Alarm ;

Strict to the Law th' Arabian Prophet taught,  
 Compassionately just, and gently kind,  
 His Virtue scarce was shaded with a Fault,  
 True was his League, and constant at his Mind :  
 Great Wealth he had, but well that Wealth enjoy'd,  
 And Pow'r, Heaven's noblest Gift, as nobly he employ'd

## III.

To raise the Honours of his spotless State,  
 (A Joy too seldom known in regal Life !)  
 Fortune had bless'd him with an equal Mate,  
 And given the fair *Elbeta* to his Wife ;  
 The graceful Queen, majestick to the View,  
 Whose blooming Youth had bless'd the Hero's Arms ;  
 Her high Descent from great *Arsaces* drew,  
 And native Dignity adorn'd her Charms ;  
 Two manly Sons their faithful Union bound,  
 And one unblemish'd Maid, with ev'ry Virtue crown'd.

## IV.

*Algarsite* first who grac'd his youthful Bed,  
 Breath'd all the Victor's irresistible Flame ;  
 In Camps beneath his Father's Conduct bred,  
 His Warrior Bosom swell'd for endless Fame ;  
 Well practis'd he the daring Troops to lead,  
 Bold to attack, or strike the steady Blow,  
 Or skill'd with Art the patient March to lead  
 O'er the long Desart — and surprize the Foe !  
 With missive Death to guard the wheeling Rear,  
 As darts the Bolt of *Jove*, — and shines to disappear.

## V.

But young *Camballo*'s more reflective Mind,  
 From his great Sire's immediate Temper drew

A foster Turn, and studiously inclin'd  
To judge of Fame in a superior View ;  
To mend the Genius of the barren Soil,  
With prudent Laws the social Ties to bind,  
To cherish Commerce, and encourage Toil,  
With Health the Youth to form, with Truth the Mind,  
Arts, whence the publick Welfare takes its Rise,  
And Empire lifts her Head, exalted to the Skies !

## VI.

Beneath some rooted Oak's projected Shade,  
Where twine the *Lawrel*, and the *Olive* bloom ;  
In mildest Grace amidst the shelter'd Bed,  
The nascent *Rose* displays its soft Perfume :  
Such *Canace* with all becoming State,  
While Love inthron'd from her enchanting Brow,  
Dispers'd a thousand Arrows wing'd with Fate,  
And smil'd to rule th' admiring World below !  
Her Form was Harmony, — all Grace her Air,  
As if Perfection, pleas'd, had plac'd its Centre there !

## VII.

No Affectation sully'd Beauty's Pride :  
No Vanity bespoke a wanton Fire ;  
In all her Action Virtue seem'd to guide,  
Nor knew her chalter Breast a loose Desire :  
As thro' the lucid Diamonds polish'd Face,  
Resfulgent pierce the treasur'd Rays of Light ;  
No Spot the native Lustre can deface,  
Which view'd in every Shape is always bright :  
So thro' fair Beauty's Mirror undefil'd,  
With still-attractive Charms internal Wisdom smil'd.

## VIII.

Now twice ten Years had good Cambuscan reign'd,  
 By early Wars secur'd in honour'd Ease,  
 And Peace at home, and Fame abroad maintain'd,  
 Mark'd the meridian Glory of his Days.  
 In those blest Times, no labour'd Structures rose,  
 Where Grandeur from the publick Ruin springs,  
 The splendid Trophies of a People's Woes !  
 The dearly purchas'd Palaces of Kings !  
 Far other State his Dignity supports,  
 Beyond the borrow'd Blaze of Europe's gilded Courts.

## IX.

Yet Goodness still a nobler Show supply'd,  
 Then glittering Guards to awe the subject Eye,  
 The hospitable Gates were ever wide,  
 And safe the Wretched to their Prince drew nigh.  
 As the warm Sun diffuses golden Day,  
 So smil'd the common Father of the Land,  
 As spreads o'er Earth the all-enlivening Ray,  
 So felt the Meanest his extensive Hand.  
 Happy, where thus the Sovereign's Bounty warms,  
 And Goodness lends to Pow'r, a Plentitude of Charms.

## X.

From Aries now approach'd the Solar Flame,  
 While wakeful Spring the wint'ry Chain unbinds.  
 Nature re-kindles to the amorous Beam,  
 And swells luxuriant in the Western Winds ;  
 At Flora's Call a thousand Beauties rise,  
 To dress with Sweets the fair enamell'd Ground,  
 And to the happy Sense and ravish'd Eyes,  
 Waft new Delight and fragrant Pleasure round.

Each

*the SQUIRE's TALE.*

7

Each Bird proclaims his Joy, and thro' the Grove  
Resounds the heavenly Song of Harmony and Love!

XI.

The Season this, when (so their Prophet taught)

The joyful City kept the holy Feast,  
Which the wild Saracen with secret Thought,  
Reveres, the *Bairam* of the turban'd East:

On whose preceding Eve, with wonted State,

Thro' ev'ry Street the royal Herald's Sound

Proclaims Cambuscan's Feast to Crouds who wait;

With fond acclaiming Joy their Passage round:  
Peace similes on ev'ry Brow, — and Sarra glad,  
Prepares to keep the Day, in all her Pomp array'd.

XII.

Now rose Aurora, robed in pleasing grey,

Her sober Mantle edg'd with beamy Gold!  
The early Clarion hails the dawning Ray,

The Gates their Iron Portals wide unfold;  
High on a Rock, encircled by the Flood,

Where silver Mazes oft deceiv'd the Eyes,  
The Palace rose: — below the City stood,

In Circuit fair, and glitter'd to the Skies!  
A gentle Rising fill'd the Space between,

With Sylvan Pride adorn'd, and Banks of native Green.

XIII.

Here, so the Sultan's honour'd Mandate bore,  
Soon as the Sun disclos'd his orient Pride;

Thro' the glad Multitude, that throng'd before,

The Tartar Lords conven'd on ev'ry Side:

Along

Along the fair Ascent, in shining Train,  
 Towards the Palace march the noble Band,  
 Pleas'd to renew their annual Vows again,  
 To see their King, and hail his just Command ;  
 And wish to the past Years by Fate decreed,  
 In fair continued Course — the future may succeed.

## XIV.

But wise Cambusean, who observant knew,  
 The Pow'r supreme from whom all Greatness flows,  
 On this peculiar Day with Homage due  
 To Heaven returns the Service Grandeur owes,  
 No vain Idolatry his Heart deceiv'd,  
 No flattering Names of Mighty, High or Great ;  
 Grateful he offers ev'ry Praise received  
 From a glad People and a happy State :  
 And chiefly on this Morn his Heart prepares  
 To pay his humble Thanks in Sacrifice and Pray'rs.

## XV.

The Pomp begins, the yielding Croud give Way ;  
 A thousand Horse the bright Procession lead ;  
 A chosen Troop, with Bows and Quivers gay,  
 And bold Algaife glitters at theair head !  
 Toil mark'd each Limb, and on their hardy Brow,  
 Sate dreadless Valour, mix'd with Awe severe ;  
 Yet each seem'd pleas'd to grace the Triumph now,  
 And Peace had soften'd half the Victor's Air :  
 While as they pass, redoubled Shouts arise,  
 And Oxus' hilly Banks the Echo long supplies !

## XVI.

The Pontiffs next, Administrers of Law,  
 The hoary Molla, and the Cadi sage,

Whose

*the SQUIRE's TALE.*

Whose venerable Looks impress'd an Awe ;  
For Wisdom gives new Dignity to Age.  
Not the sour Aspect, nor the formal Beard,  
Nor Saint-like Visage, nor dejected Air;  
But Virtue dress'd in Cheerfulness appear'd,  
And Health and Temperance were pictur'd there.  
The joy'd Spectators much their Sight approve,  
Whose Goodness careful gain'd the People's honest Love,

XVII.

All in the midst, with precious Care inroll'd  
In tissued Bands bedrop'd with many a Gem ;  
A Camel proud, bedeck'd with Silk and Gold,  
The *Koran* bore, which *Musulmen* esteem !  
Around the *Emirs*, whose illustrious Race  
From the great Prophet claims its high Descent,  
All robed in Green advanced, with gentle Pace  
Bestowing numerous Blessings as they went :  
A Silence deep ensues, —— and ev'ry Look,  
With conscious Awe salutes the Heaven descended Book.

XVIII.

Then came the Merchants, an un-number'd Band,  
With more familiar Mein, the Sons of Peace !  
For Commerce now establish'd thro' the Land,  
Had shed its Sweets, and dwelt in ev'ry Face.  
Plain was their Garb, and free from gaudy Pride ;  
For yet no baneful Luxury was known :  
But Wealth domelick well that Show supplied,  
And frugal Manners kept their Wealth their own,  
Fond of the Arts he rais'd, with gentle Air,  
*Camballo* graceful rode a *Polish* Courier fair.

XIX.

## XIX.

Amidst the Guardian Sages of the Throne,  
 Where prudent Counsels prop'd his settled State,  
 Distinguish'd far, the much-lov'd Monarch shone,  
 Less in Magnificence than Virtue great ;  
 Not the rich Crimson which his Person drest,  
 Nor Indian Diamond his *Tiara* crown'd ;  
 Not the Siberian Fur nor *Persian* Vest,  
 Nor Syrian Sabre which his Vesture bound ;  
 Such wide Respect produc'd, or fond Acclaim,  
 As join'd in friendly Bands the King's and Father's  
 Name.

## XX.

Here the enfeebled Sight its Force excell'd :  
 Eager its great Protector to survey ;  
 As fond the Eye of Infancy beheld,  
 Striving to bear some Feature fond away ;  
 That Age the grateful Image might renew,  
 That Youth might strong imprint Cambuscan's Name,  
 While to the worthy Monarch's smiling View,  
 His People's Bliss in present Prospect came !  
 A Pleasure this which Virtue only finds,  
 The Wreath which Truth confers, and Fame eternal  
 binds !

## XXI.

The Rites perform'd, — and every Prayer address'd,  
 Which Faith exacts, or Piety can pay ;  
 The Day's fair Interval the People past,  
 In manly Exercise, and floral Play :

Algarsife

Algarfise pleas'd the active Youth regards,  
Excites the Modest, and commends the Brave ;  
Assigns proportioned Merit its Rewards,  
And teaches all with Vigour to behave :  
In mimic Squadrons forms the flying Horse,  
And animates the Rage, and Order of the Course.

XXII.

Mean while *Cambuscan*, with the elder Chiefs,  
And young *Camballo* held the cool Debate ;  
With Care consult to ease the Peoples Griefs,  
The Means to strengthen and improve the State.  
From neighb'ring Tribes commission'd Envoys pres,  
To court his Friendship, or his League renew ;  
From subject Provinces with glad Address,  
New Deputies salute their Monarch's View ;  
Who all with condescending Grace receives,  
And tenderly to each his just Instructions gives.

XXIII.

Now from the Zenith flam'd the Orb of Day,  
When to the Royal Square, selected Place,  
The warlike Trumpet warns the Guests away,  
Where the King's Banquet spreads its gladsome Face,  
Decent around the pleas'd Attendants smile,  
Appointed to fulfil their Lord's Commands :  
The meanest they salute with courteous Stile,  
And not a Stranger unregarded stands.  
Well from their Prince they learn the gentle Art  
With fair Humanity to charm the honest Heart.

XXIV.

Near hand, allotted to the princely Train,  
A spacious Hall receiv'd each nobler Guest ;

Where

Where to the dazzled Eye a brighter Scene

Display'd the Treasures of the downy East ;  
The Walls dispread with *Persia's* Tap'stry, shine ;

The azure Roof emboss'd with figur'd Gold,  
Of Casbin's richest Loom the Carpets twine,

Where many a flow'ry Maze appeared enroll'd ;  
And Golden Censers, plac'd in proper Room,  
With all *Arabia's* Sweets embalm'd the fragrant Dome.

## XXV.

Silent, around the Slaves attendant wait,

Silent, the watchful Grooms dispose the Feast ;  
Silence and Order mark the *Asian* State,

The Sign imperial, and submissive Breast :  
With *China's* largest Bowls they spread the Board,

From ev'ry Element the Spoils they take  
The richest Dainties *Sarra* can afford,

Fish from the Stream, and Fowls that haunt the Lake.  
The Fawn and Stag the spacious Forests yield,  
And Herbs and various Fruits the cultivated Field.

## XXVI.

Their Drinks, Sherbets attemper'd to the Taste,

A thousand diff'rent Ways with Eastern Art ;  
Where mingling Spices give a racy Zest,

And warm like cordial Wine, the gladden'd Heart.  
Mean time the Commons, with inferior Fare,

Harsh seeming to our nicer Eye, regale ;  
The Forest-Fruits, the crudled Milk of Mare,

Or Grain, the Product of the fertile Vale :  
With purest Water from the chrystral Stream,  
That feeds with cool Supplies Life's quick consuming  
Flame !

## XXVII.

XXVII.

Concludes the Feast, with ev'ry Service paid,

When from the publick Square's capacious Bound,  
Appear full fifty Youths in White array'd,

Of comely Form, with rich *Tiaras* crown'd ;  
Each at his Side, with Care attendant leads

A shapely Courser of *Tartarian* Breed ;  
Who neighing, seems to spurn the Ground he treads,

As conscious of his Servitude decreed :

Marks of that Duty *Sarra* loyal owes,

For all the peaceful Sweets *Cambuscan*'s Reign bestows !

XXVIII.

An hundred Virgins, each of fairest Hue,

In flowing Robes of brightest Azure dreft,  
Succeed in soft Procession, two by two :

Their beauteous Brows with flow'ry Chaplets grac'd,  
Their lovely Hands a shining Treasure bore,

Which new-establish'd Commerce brought from far ;  
The *Indian* Gem, the Pearl from *Ormus* Shore,

The *Tyrian* Purple, and the painted Jar ;

Or the domestic Spoils of *Sarra*'s Field,

The costly-ermin'd Furs her ample Forests yield.

XXIX.

These Presents offer'd with respectf<sup>l</sup> Care,

Rewarded by the gracious Monarch's Smile,  
Amidst the Dome, a second Train appear

Of foreign Beauties from *Circassia*'s Soil :

From native Sweets the Infant-Captives brought

With melting Charms barbaric Hearts to move,  
Early in ev'ry Art of Pleasing taught

To sing, to smile, to languish, and to love !

Magnificently gay, the Band advance,  
And with harmonious Air begin the wanton Dance !

## XXX.

At this — a Sight too loose for Wisdom's Awe,  
Whose Strictness views such Mirth with Eye severe ;  
Prepare the King and Sages to withdraw,  
That Youth its more appropriate Joys may share ;  
When unforeseen, as wak'ning Tempests rise,  
When troubl'd Ocean heaves with conscious Fear ;  
Such, and so strange the gath'ring Murmur flies,  
Increasing, till it gains the Royal Ear :  
Sudden the Music stops, — the Dancers cease,  
And new-born Wonder sits confess'd in ev'ry Face !

## XXXI.

Soon shines the Cause — for now the Crowd divides,  
When nobly mounted, of distinguish'd Mien,  
Entring, a graceful Stranger boldly rides ;  
His Helm unbrac'd, and in his Visage seen  
Valour, by long Experience made sedate : —  
His Courser form'd of Brass, whose burnish'd Light  
Reflected beamy Rays of mimic Heat ;  
A moving Meteor to the dazzled Sight !  
Proud of his Charge, he fiercely glanc'd Disdain,  
And bent his shapely Neck beneath the potent Rein !

## XXXII.

The Knight's Right Hand the flaming Steed compell'd,  
With gentle Awe, and half his Rage repress'd ;  
His left to View a polish'd Mirror held,  
Of oval Form, in figur'd Gold enchas'd :  
His Finger glitter'd with the radiant Pride,  
An oriental Saphyr wide display'd :

A naked Scymitar adorn'd his Side ;  
With *Torquoise-Hilt*, of damask'd Steel the Blade ;  
His comely Personage, and strange Attire,  
*Cambuscan* studious Eyes, and much the Court admire.

## XXXIII.

Then mild advancing, where th' Imperial Throne  
Erected, to the distant Sight ascends ;  
Quick from his wondrous Steed alighting down,  
Before the King the gentle Envoy bends !  
Then to the throng'd Assembly turns his Eyes,  
With due Obedience paid to all around ;  
While general Silence marks a pleas'd Surprize,  
And not a Whisper steals along the Ground :  
Each Aspect earnest on the Issue hung,  
When thus the Knight began, with no ungraceful Tongue !

## XXXIV.

' To Thee, for Virtue as for Arms renown'd,  
' Whose Name to distant Lands extends its Rays ;  
' Whose Youth with Fame, whose Age with Honour  
crown'd,  
' *Afia* repeats ! — too narrow for thy Praise !  
' Our holy *Califf*, whose all-righteous Sway,  
' Thro' happy Nations spreads one common Smile ;  
' Northward from *Ormus* to the *Euxine Sea*,  
' And West from *Indus* to the Banks of *Nile* ;  
' To thee, *Al-rascbid*, round whose renown'd Head  
May Heav'n its balmy Dew of constant Blessings shed !

## XXXV.

' To Thee, whose Piety, his Zeal befriends,  
' Whose Arms have triumph'd in the Prophet's Cause ;

- These Marks of Amity our *Califf* sends,
- Proofs of his Estimation and Applause !
- Nor slight the Presents, tho' no Form they wear,
- That seems attractive to a Monarch's Eye ;
- More secret Worth they boast, and Virtues rare,
- Than all the Treasures hid beneath the Sky,
- Which Heav'n-taught Science only can bestow,
- And mystic *Talismans*, that rule the World below.

## XXXVI.

- This Steed, which, mighty Prince, you now behold
- As motionless, — tho' recent from the Reins,
- Form'd, tho' in semblance of metallic Mold,
- Yet in himself the Springs of Life retains ;
- Less fleet the feather'd Arrow wings its Way,
- Borne on the Pinions of the breezy Wind,
- Less swift the canvass'd Vessel skims the Sea,
- Then leave his Steps the less'ning Space behind,
- Brave the surrounding Deep, where Oceans flow,
- Or mount the steep broad Rock, and lose the Plain below!

## XXXVII.

- Or, wouldst thou from the Sphere terrestrial rise,
- And learn the boundless Regions of the Air ?
- Th' aerial Guide shall wast thee thro' the Skies
- To the remotest Star that glitters there !
- Firm shall he bear thy trusted Weight impress'd
- Thro' Floods that threaten, or thro' Fries that glow !
- Or guard thee with impenetrable Breast,
- Thro' pointed Javelins o'er the prostrate Foe :
- For the sage Author form'd his just Design
- With Planetary Skill, and Artifice Divine !

## XXXVIII.

*the SQUIRE's TALE.*

XXXVIII.

- ‘ Yet rooted shall the beauteous Image stand,
- ‘ A lifeless Monument shall pres the Place ;
- ‘ Void of all Sense, and deaf to all Command,
- ‘ Nor human Force disturb it from its Base ;
- ‘ Unless thy Thought the mystic Words retain,
- ‘ That wake to Motion the insenate Mass ;
- ‘ That give Direction to the rapid Rein,
- ‘ Or stop the Springs of animated Brass’.

He paus'd : — diffusive as the Murmur ran,  
When thus resuming soon — th' Embassador began.

XXXIX.

- ‘ This *Mirror* — so our Empress fair commands,
- ‘ As Pledge of mutual Faith and Friendship meant ;
- ‘ To thy Imperial Consort's beauteous Hands,
- ‘ With grateful Joy, commission'd, I present !
- ‘ No specious Forms from hence reflected glare,
- ‘ No shadowy Objects of material kind ;
- ‘ But mental Truths within disclos'd appear,
- ‘ Fate's future Births Enquiry here shall find :
- ‘ And in the optic Plane thy Thought shall trace
- ‘ The various Fortunes wait thy long descending Race.

XL.

- ‘ Does War or Faction threat thy promis'd Reign ?
- ‘ Here shalt thou see the Perils, and avert ;
- ‘ Does Plague or Famine hover near thy Plain ?
- ‘ A timely Caution shall arise from Art :
- ‘ If Falshood lurks in Flatt'ry's fair Disguise ?
- ‘ Here Truth's fair Face shall point the Syren's Face !
- ‘ If Vice, by Virtue's Ruin, aims to rise ?
- ‘ Here shall it meet thy Knowledge and Disgrace :

‘ And

- And thy observant Thought with Ease shall find
- The variegated Shapes that veil the human Mind.

## XLI.

- Here pleas'd, thy gentle Sultaneſſ shall prove,
- ‘ A thousand Ways the ſportive *Mirror's* Skill ;
- Survey the Crafts of Jealousy and Love,
- ‘ The Stratagems that wait a Female Will :
- Thro' ev'ry Maze the shifting Heart pursue,
- ‘ From Fancy's Start, to Reason's close Retreat ;
- Obſerve Imagination's subtle Clue,
- ‘ And mark Ideas, how they rise and ſet.
- Gain'd but the Key — which to the Queen I bear,
- Long may her Virtues prove the Guardian Mirror's  
Care !

## XLII.

So said, — the Present with complacent Air

To an Attendant near, the Envoy gave;

- When thus proceeding — ‘ Further speaks my Care,
- If Thou, all gracious Monarch, grant the Leave !
- For thus our Sov'reign Lady bade me ſay ;
- ‘ Pleas'd, has ſhe heard a Northern Princess Fame :
- One Faith we keep, one Prophet we obey ;
- ‘ Let cloſer Bands unite our Sister's Name !
- The Rose of *Tigris*, *Sarra's* Violet woos,
- And with this myſtic Ring her valu'd Friendship ſues !

## XLIII.

- When from the Earth the King of *Wifdom* fled,
- ‘ Whose Science pierc'd thro' Matter's boundleſſ Field ;
- When mourn'd the East that *Salomon* was dead,
- ‘ To whom the Realms of *Spirit* stood reveal'd ;
- ‘ The

- ‘ The potent Seal incircling, grac’d his Hand,
- ‘ Whence all its Pow’r this Gem’s Impression takes,
- ‘ Obedient Nature feels its wide Command,
- ‘ And at its Call a new Creation breaks.
- ‘ Each vegetable Birth its Power reveals,
- ‘ The noxious Weed that kills, or Plant that wholesome  
heals !

## XLIV.

- ‘ Or, would the Princess, while with cheerful Eyes  
‘ She views the Beauties of the op’ning Spring,
- ‘ Curious enquire the Language of the Skies,
- ‘ Or learn the Notes the feather’d Nations sing ?
- ‘ Hence shall the vocal Natives of the Groves,
- ‘ With well-known Hymns salute her early Walk ;
- ‘ Hence shall their Laws, their Manners, and their Loves  
‘ Become familiar Subjects of her Talk :
- ‘ And while the *Sylvan* World her Thoughts command,
- ‘ Her grateful Mind shall own a Prince’s gen’rous Hand.

## XLV.

He said, and bow’d, and Speech resum’d once more,  
 While from his Side he drew the shining Blade,  
 ‘ And last this Gift the *Califf*’s Order bore,  
 ‘ Be to your princely Sons with Honour paid,  
 ‘ Such is the Temper of the deadly Steel,  
 ‘ Nor the firm Marble, nor the rooted Oak,  
 ‘ Not Arms of Adamant its Touch can feel  
 ‘ Unmov’d, or bear the Fury of its Stroke :  
 ‘ No Earthly Wight its Contest may endure,  
 ‘ No Skill of Pharmacy its least Erasure cure.

## XLVI.

- Yet strange, tho' true, its double Charms prevail,
- ‘ With friendly Care to raise the vanquish'd Foe ;
- The fatal Wound the Hilt alone can heal,
- ‘ And with immediate Ease relieve the Blow ;
- From the deep Gash, tho' stream'd the vital Flood,
- ‘ And the wing'd Soul fate ready to depart ;
- Restraine'd, at once shall stop the issuing Blood,
- ‘ With cordial Life again to warm the Heart !
- Its Sov'reign Touch the Balm of Health restore,
- As Mercy's gentle Hand allays the Rage of Pow'r.

## XLVII.

- Nor judge, great Prince, the Gifts as ill assign'd,
- ‘ Directed by our *Califf*'s holy Views ;
- Safe is the *Steed*, in thy disposing Mind,
- ‘ Whose Virtue never can his Pow'r abuse ;
- The *Mirror* well thy Consort may behold,
- ‘ Reflecting all her Innocence sincere ;
- Well may the *Ring* the Daughter's Hand enfold,
- ‘ Whose Soul is like the spotless Person, fair :
- And aided by the *Sword* thy future Race,
- Shall to the Toils of War, unite the Arts of Peace !

## XLVIII.

- Submiss he ceas'd : — when rising from his Throne  
 The Monarch mild descending stretch'd his Hand,  
 Well pleas'd the grateful Embassy to own,  
 Borne by the Service of so wise a Hand :  
 When thus : — ‘ Kind Stranger ! not the Voice of Fame,  
 • That spreads its Sound diffus'd to either Poll ;  
 • Can raise the Lustre of our *Califf*'s Name,  
 • Or more endear his Virtues to my Soul :

In

- In whom the Prophet's Viceroy I revere,
- And with continued Joy, his daily Praises hear !

## XLIX.

- His noble Gifts with Pleasure I receive,
- ‘ Which secret Worth, and mystic Value boast,
- But more esteem the Faith he yields to give,
- ‘ His Friendship ever wish'd and honour'd most :
- Yet rare thy Presents and exceeding far,
- ‘ The various Gems our eastern World brings forth,
- The Ruby rich, the Diamond's mimick Star,
- ‘ Or the unblemish'd Pearl of orient Worth,
- Greatly beyond what Sarra's Regions lend,
- Or all the Sylvan Spoils, her ample Forests send !

## L.

- Welcome thy Presence on this festal Day,
- ‘ To grace the Honours of our Royal Feast,
- When Pleasure fits on ey'ry Aspect gay,
- ‘ And in my People's Joy is mine confess'd :
- Tho' us'd to better Cheer, which Heav'n bestows,
- ‘ On Lands in happier Climes their Lot assign'd ;
- Where Bagdad rises, or where Tygris flows,
- ‘ And Earth untaught is still benignly kind.
- Where the mild Sun declines in Beauty gay,
- ‘ Or Beams, with orient Charms to dress the Face of Day.

## LI.

- Yet here till thy Return, the Greeting find,
- ‘ Our barren Country yields the Toiler's Use ;
- Where Nature won, and by Compulsion kind,
- ‘ Consents but coy to aid the slow Produce ;

‘ Yet

' Yet such the Pow'r of the industrious Hand,  
 ' That Year by Year the Soil more kindly grows,  
 ' Art pours new Beauties o'er the changing Land,  
 ' And by Degrees increasing Plenty flows,  
 ' Our Forests shrink, as new Plantations rise,  
 ' And Culture spreads new Fields to the delighted Skies.

## LII.

Mean time, associate at our Royal Board,  
 ' Accept the Cares our Gratitude would pay ;  
 Freely command what *Sarra* can afford,  
 ' To ease the Labours of the tedious Way.'

He ceas'd, — and smiling with a gracious Hand

He plac'd the honour'd Stranger by his Side,  
 While round the noblest Chiefs, and shining Band,

Approach to welcome him with decent Pride.  
 His courteous Speech and Manner all admire,

And of the *Syrian* Court, the News they much enquire.

## LIII.

Now plenteous had the gentle Envoy din'd,

Pleas'd with the Treatment which the Monarch gave,  
 When from the Zenith now the Sun declin'd,

To cool his Ardors in the *Caspian* Wave ;

When thus the King ——— Not here we boast the  
 Means

' To give thy Character the Honours due ;  
 ' One easy Step to crown thy Toil remains,  
 ' Eastward our regal Castle stands in View,  
 ' There take thy Rest most welcome, and receive  
 ' That Friendship and Respect our Amity shall give.

## LIV.

## LIV.

The Monarch rose, — th' officious Guard attend ;  
The Knight with graceful Air his Courier leads,  
On Horseback, with the *Tartar* Prince ascends,  
And to the Palace all the Pomp proceeds :  
But most his Steed from the admiring Crowd  
New Wonder drew, and much Enquiry rais'd :  
So stately was his Port, so firm he trod,  
That all his Gesture and Proportion prais'd ;  
And own'd, of foreign and domestick Breed,  
Eye never yet had seen, a more majestick Steed.

## LV.

Of due Dimensions was his mediate Size,  
While, loosly floating from his Swar-like Crest,  
Bright wav'd his Mane ! —— deep piercing were his  
Eyes,  
Strong were his Limbs, and broad his burnish'd Breast ;  
Thick from his Nostrils breath'd the fiery Steam ;  
His Tail behind a Length of Splendor flew ;  
He seem'd to move within an Orb of Flame !  
So much appear'd the wondrous Object new,  
That all intent, pursue th' amazing Sight,  
So much does vulgar Minds all Novelty delight !

## LVI.

Now to the Palace reach'd the Cavalcade,  
Where the strange Warrior and the King alight,  
And with his usual Grace, *Cambuscan* paid,  
Repeated Welcome to the *Syrian* Knight ;  
Strict o'er his Horse's Neck the passive Reins  
With artificial Care the Envoy drew,

When

When lo ! all motionless the Form remains,  
 Nor Life discover'd, nor Sensation knew :  
 Fix'd as the Basis of the rocky Stone,  
 The dead inactive Brats return'd a hollow Groan.

## LVII.

They bear the *Califf's Sword* before the King,  
 While to the Hall of State the Knight attends ;  
 Inward the *Mirror* and the mystic *Ring*—  
 To the Imperial Fair the Sultan sends ;  
 Kindly requiring to the present Feast  
 The beauteous Queen and Princess may repair,  
 With Royal Kindness to regale their Guest,  
 And all the Rites of hospitable Care :  
 That *Syrian Dames*, from his Report may know,  
 That Gentlemen can live amidst a Land of Snow !

## LVIII.

Mean time without, around the famous Horse  
 In Crowds the *Usbeck City* seems to spread ;  
 Much they survey his Make, and much discourse,  
 As varied Notions fill the vulgar Head :  
 To Magic some the strange Effects impute,  
 Each to his Fancy forms a diff'rent Cause ;  
 Little they reason, greatly they dispute,  
 And still the loudest most Attention draws :  
 As Ignorance to Knowledge pores its *Route*,  
 Never proceeds direct — but wanders still about !

## LIX.

Like as a Swarm of Bees new-gath'ring play,  
 Issuing advent'rous from their native Home ;

They

They spread thick murmur'ring to the Evening-Ray,  
 And yet of Habitation dubious roam ;  
 Till the wise Husbandman with tuneful Sound,  
 Beneath the Shade the vagrant Tumult draws ;  
 They wandring, stop, and view the Dome around,  
 And fix their Colony with loud Applause :  
 So circling round the Horse, the *Tartars* croud,  
 And speak their vast Surprize, with Acclamations loud !

## LX.

Return we now, invited to the Hall,  
 Where fairer Objects our Attendance claim ;  
 Such as are envy'd and admir'd by all,  
 The graceful Courtier, and the beauteous Dame ;  
 What, tho' no Dances fir'd the Virgin chaste,  
 Less charming did the mild Engagers seem ?  
 What, tho' no Smiles the Courtier's Brow defac'd,  
 Less worthy was his Honour of Esteem ?  
 To us, indeed, such Manners wild may show,  
 Where Dress creates a *Belle*, and Vanity a *Beau* !

## LXI.

Yet as Restraint but fans the am'rous Fire,  
 And Nature's Laws can never be suppress'd ;  
 So the soft Bosom heav'd with young Desire,  
 And the fond Eye the tender Heart confess'd :  
*Venus*, who then in *Pisces* held her Court,  
 With friendly Rays beheld th' enamour'd Pair,  
 Approv'd the Intercourse, and bleis'd the Sport,  
 Beyond my faint Description to declare :  
 Her Arts the *Roman* Muse can better tell,  
 For none should sing of Love, but those his Influence feel.

## LXII.

Nor wanted cordial Drinks, or Viands rare  
 To cheer the Soul and grace the Royal Feast ;  
 The gentle Empress made that Task her Care,  
 With choicest Fare to treat the grateful Guest ;  
 But more than all, her matchless Converse charm'd,  
 Where Wisdom flow'd from the instructed Heart :  
 Where beam'd kind Gentleness, and beaming warm'd  
 With cunning Softness the attracted Heart,  
 Scarce could the ravish'd Knight his Looks refrain ;  
 Or if she ceas'd, not wish the Joy commence again.

## LXIII.

Oft to the King unseen he turn'd his Eyes,  
 Or in the Sons remark'd their Father's Air,  
 Oft he beheld the Queen with new Surprize,  
 But moist the Princess, amiably fair !  
 The more he look'd he saw on each imprest  
 The Marks of Majesty that awe the Sight,  
 An Air of Greatness not to be express'd,  
 Which calls for Homage, while it gives Delight,  
 Something that more of Dignity confers,  
 Than all the glittering Toys the ermin'd Monarch wears.

## LXIV.

Hard to describe, whence springs this Air assign'd  
 In Man and Brute to Excellence of Race ;  
 This outward Mark of a superior Mind,  
 That seems to claim Precedency of Place ;  
 But that Experience shows by constant Course  
 The noblest Animals their like create ;  
 From the selected Sire, the generous Horse,  
 Derives his Fire, and springs from Earth elate !

Hears

Hears the glad Trumpet calling from afar,  
And rapid pours his Flight amidst the Rage of War !

## LXV.

In Man's imperial Race th' Effect's the same,  
Whatever Cause the like Distinction breeds ;  
Whether from mutual Passion springs the Flame,  
Or Minds congenial stamp the vital Seeds ?  
Else on extended *Guinea's* torrid Coast,  
Where the broad Mouth and Nose deprest prevail,  
In those who regal Blood and Lineage boast  
Why do the gen'ral Features rarely fail ?  
Why shows the *Austrian* Lip the *Austrian* Line ?  
And in some semblant Mark, the Hero loves to shine !

## LXVI.

Now the shrill Trumpet warn'd the Flight of Day  
The loud *Muëzin* call'd to Ev'ning Pray'r ;  
When rose *Cambuscan*, such his usual Way,  
With all his Court to Worship to repair ..  
That Duty paid, — returning as they pass,  
Along the spacious Castle's outer Square  
The Sultan stop'd to view the Steed of Brass  
In compass'd as he stood by Numbers there,  
And begs the Knight the Secret would disclose,  
To which the beauteous Form the Pow'rs of Motion  
owes.

## LXVII.

To whom the Knight, -- ' O King ! whose just Concern  
Still nourishes Devotion's purest Flame ;  
Nor need I tell, — nor need thy Wisdom learn,  
The Wonders wrought by the *Almighty Name*.

- ‘ By this inspir’d our holy Prophet wrought,
- ‘ Performances exceeding Reason’s Line ;
- High Miracles beyond the Reach of Thought,
- ‘ That Infidels might own the Faith Divine,
- ‘ Whose Call the Earth, and Air, and Fire obey,
- ‘ And the relentless Grave, and the unfathom’d Sea !

## LXVIII.

- ‘ When taught by this, the slumb’ring Steed you wake ;
- ‘ Firm seize the Reins, and with this Pin secure ;
- Undaunted then the destin’d Journey take,
- ‘ Thro’ ev’ry Element the Course is sure.
- Wouldst thou thy March continue, or be still,
- ‘ Touch but the Pin and whisper but the Word,
- The Steed obedient shall observe thy Will,
- ‘ Shall vanish at thy Call, or stand restor’d,
- Only the Bridle and the Pin retain,
- Else lost is ev’ry Care, and every Project vain.

## LXIX.

So said, — he to the King’s attentive Ear,  
 With Rev’rence due the *mystic Word* unfolds;  
 The Monarch bow’d, and with concealing Care  
 The Word repeats, and fast the Bridle holds ;  
 Quick as Life’s Current glides along the Veins,  
 The warm Sensation so his Touch perceiv’d ;  
 That thaw’d the Stiffness of the brazen Reins,  
 While the firm Chest with new Vibration heav’d :  
 His Eyes their Fire resum’d, he rais’d his Head,  
 And stately walk’d along, as pleas’d the Sultan led !

## LXX.

*Cambuscan* much the gentle Steed caref’sd,  
 Thus grown familiar to his leading Hand,

The

The gentle Steed an equal Joy confess'd,  
To serve the generous Monarch's just Command;  
Much to the num'rous Court assembled round  
The King his Shape and his Behaviour prais'd,  
The Court applauding still return'd the Sound,  
And all the Voice of Admiration rais'd :  
Till from his Neck the Reins at once he drew,  
And vanish'd quick the Steed from ev'ry Mortal's View !

## LXXI.

The Sword and Bridle with peculiar Care,  
Deputed Nobles by the King's Command,  
Safe to the Castle's strongest Fortress bear,  
Where all the Monarch's ample Treasures stand ;  
The Royal Company direct return,  
In social Mirth to crown the happy Night ;  
While round perfum'd a thousand Tapers burn  
And the whole Palace seems illumin'd bright,  
The Feast renews, the Converse sprightly grows,  
And Chearfulness around her balmy Influence throws.

## LXXII.

The worthy King, whose long experienc'd Years,  
Had'made him judge of Manners and of Minds,  
Pleas'd with the Syrian's Converse much appears,  
For Virtue soon its own Resemblance finds :  
Some secret Sympathy of Nature draws,  
With its coercive Bands the noble Soul ;  
As Unisons accord harmonious Cause,  
Or the fond Needle trembles to its Pole !  
'Tis thus each other know the truly Great,  
Without the tedious Forms inferior Friendships wait.

## LXXIII.

Mean time between the Princes rose Debate,  
 About the wond'rous Steed the Envoy brought,  
*Algarsife* urging, with his usual Heat,  
 The Motion some informing Genie wrought :  
 But cool *Cambullo* with a sceptic Air,  
 Seem'd to believe the Secret lay within,  
 That hid remain'd the Springs of Action there,  
 And mov'd or ceas'd directed by the Pin :  
 Each brings new Proofs the other to confute,  
 Till to the Monarch's Ear arriv'd the warm Dispute.

## LXXIV.

Silent a while the King Reflection made,  
 And saw the Point not easy to decide ;  
 Till kind Remembrance usher'd to his Aid,  
 A hoary Sage, whose Skill he oft had try'd :  
 By Birth a *Mede*, but whose enquiring Sight  
 Each Region of the travell'd East had known,  
 Wisdom the Object sole of his Delight,  
 And the whole Sphere of Knowledge seem'd his own ;  
 Nor read in Books alone, his generous Mind,  
 Embrac'd with cordial Zeal the Welfare of Mankind.

## LXXV.

The various Faiths the peopled World divide  
 Justly impartial had his Thought survey'd ;  
 Reason his Standard still, and Truth his Guide,  
 Nor Interest, Prejudice or Passion weigh'd :  
 The *Magi*'s Books he knew, the *Brachmin*'s Lore,  
 Th' *Egyptian* Figure, the *Jewish* Rite,  
 The *Christian* Law intended to restore,  
 But now defac'd by Superstition quite :

With

With the mix'd Plan th' *Arabian* Prophet drew,  
O'er *Asia* now which spread, as new Religions do.

LXXVI.

He saw, that Nature thro' her wide Command,  
O'er all her Works diffus'd one equal Smile ;  
Nor kept the Bounties of her lavish Hand,  
Confin'd to this, or that peculiar Soil :  
He knew, that vain was ev'ry Art, design'd  
To check the Freedom of the humane Wilt ;  
That no Restraints could shackle up the Mind,  
Which, self-determin'd, kept her Empire still :  
And in th' extended Scene of humane Race,  
As varied were the Thoughts, as various was the Face !

LXXVII.

Hence *Casroes* (so the *Median* Sage's Name)  
This healing Principle reflective drew ;  
Others Opinions candid not to blame,  
But calm the Paths of Wisdom to pursue !  
Pleas'd with the little Nature's Hand requires,  
Wealth, Honour, Pleasures, Titles he disdain'd ;  
Few were his Wants, as mod'rare his Desires,  
The happy Master of himself he reign'd !  
A Joy, to all but Minds serene, unknown,  
Beyond the Wreaths of Fame, or Splendors of a Throne.

LXXVIII.

On a fair Bank, by *Oxus'* winding Shore,  
Inclos'd with Wood, a little Spot he found ;  
There had he fix'd his Rest — and greatly poor,  
Liv'd on the Fruits of his domestic Ground :  
Oft had *Cambusan*, tir'd with Cares of State,  
Sought the Refreshment of his little Cave ;

There

There philosophic held the cool Debate,  
 Nor scorn'd the Counsels which his Wisdom gave:  
 Whose Life reveal'd the Value of his Art,  
 And to the learned Head was join'd the honest Heart.

## LXXIX.

For him immediate then the Sultan sends,  
 His seasonable Presence to require ;  
 The worthy Sage the Messenger attends,  
 And comes obedient to the King's Desire.  
 His Head with Age's Frost was silver'd o'er,  
 But on his Cheeck still blush'd the temp'rate Rose,  
 Decent, tho' plain, a flowing Robe he wore,  
 And manly Dignity his Person shows.  
 For such his Carriage seem'd, and gentle Port,  
 As if his Life had been no Stranger to a Court.

## LXXX..

The Syrian Knight (for so requests the King)  
 The Nature of the Califf's Gifts explains ;  
 The Horse, the Swords, the Mirror, and the Ring,  
 And points the Qualities which each retains :  
 When thus Cambusc an — ‘ Cosroes ! O declare,  
 ‘ For best the Truth thy Wisdom can impart,  
 ‘ Whence boast these Presents such perfection rare ?  
 ‘ From Nature springs the Secret, or from Art ?  
 ‘ Or animates the Steed some Pow'r divine ?  
 ‘ Or do mechanic Wheels direct the bold Design ?

## LXXXI.

To whom the Sage — ‘ Not, mighty Prince, we  
 boast,  
 ‘ Of such mysterious Gifts to judge the Cause :

‘ Least.

- Least knows the Wisest, when he knows the most,  
‘ Of Matter's Properties, and Motion's Laws :
- Form'd of two Principles distinguish'd quite,  
‘ We find distinctly our corporeal Frame :
- Spirit, we know with Matter, can unite ;  
‘ Yet search in vain from whence the Union came,
- Or, where subsists invisible the Tye,  
‘ Which fastens Life it self, and losing which we die.

## LXXXII.

- What gives Commission to the Wintry War,  
‘ When the loud Storm enchauses the troubled Deep,
- Or sooths to Peace the Elemental Jar,  
‘ And hushes the relenting Winds to sleep !
- What causes the pale Moon's alternate Light,  
‘ By turns replenish, and by turns decay,
- Fair as she glides along the Face of Night !  
‘ And shapes thro' mazy Clouds her pathless Way..
- Or from what Origin those Clouds ascend,  
‘ In vain our feeble Sense would strive to comprehend.

## LXXXIII.

- All the *Phenomena* of boundless Air,  
‘ Which strike with Wonder the unsettl'd Eye,
- The Meteors flash, the Comets ruddy Glare,  
‘ Or the loud Thunder bursting from the Sky !
- The dark Eclipse, when o'er the Orb of Day  
‘ Its gloomy Stain prevailing Darkness sheds ;
- The shining Bow, whose variegated Ray  
‘ O'er the pale Cloud its painted Circlet spreads !
- In vain our low Researches would pursue,  
‘ With weak defective Schemes of Science still untrue.

## LXXXIV.

## LXXXIV.

- Yet Science sees direct — far as it may,
- ‘ While Ignorance in endless Darkness pores ;
- Safe treads the Sage, where Reason points the Way,
- ‘ One sov’reign *Cause* discovers and adores !
- The further that in Nature’s Road he treads,
- ‘ He sees eternal Wisdom guide the Whole !
- The more the glitt’ring Page of Heav’n he reads,
- ‘ He feels *that* Wisdom penetrates the Soul !
- And what the Vulgar view with careless Eyes,
- Silent contemplates He with Pleasure and Surprize,

## LXXXV.

- Matter he sees, as struggling to a Birth,
- ‘ Thro’ all its elemental Forms aspire,
- Earth rise from Water, Air refine from Earth,
- ‘ To mount, and purify it self in Fire !
- Fire ! the first Principle, whose vital Ray,
- ‘ Heat, Motion, Sense, and Life productive breeds,
- That circling from th’ exhaustless Source of Day,
- ‘ Wakens from Death the dull material Seeds ;
- That to it self attractive, all invites,
- Till in the Parent-Cause Creation fond unites !

## LXXXVI.

- This, sure, we know, — that Matter has its Laws,
- ‘ By which impell’d, the stubborn Mass obeys ;
- That secret Sympathy some Objects draws,
- ‘ And by its Pow’r can seeming Wonders raise !
- Hence, would it seem, that this mysterious *Horse*,
- ‘ Tho’ form’d to Semblance of material Mold,

‘ Is.

- “ Is taught to move by sympathetic Force,
- “ And to perform at Will the Actions told;
- “ As the Greek *Pegasus* was fam'd to bear,
- “ The bold *Bellerophon* through Tracts of boundless Air.

## LXXXVII.

- “ Hence taught, the Sage to Matter can infuse
- “ New Qualities to suit his just Design;
- “ Can shape the Mass subservient to his Views,
- “ And give the Workmanship a Stamp divine!
- “ Thus, in the honour'd *Califf*'s precious Sword
- “ Opposing Virtues may their Influence shed;
- “ The Hilt, may salutary Balm afford,
- “ To close the Wound the Edge relentless made.
- “ As fam'd *Achilles*' Spear confess'd the Art,
- “ To cure th' inflicted Stroke, and ease the deadly Smart.

## LXXXVIII.

- “ Thus may the *Mirror*, and the mystic *Ring*
- “ The gentle Knight's Description well maintain;
- “ From planetary Skill their Virtues spring,
- “ Which only deep-read Science can attain:
- “ As o'er affrighted *Misraim*'s fertile Land,
- “ The Wand of *Moses* Desolation spread,
- “ Or grac'd the Signet *Salomon*'s right Hand,
- “ Whose Pow'r could wake the Slumbers of the Dead.
- “ Could from the Eye remove the Veil of Night,
- “ And place the Realms of Spirit to th' astonish'd Sight!

## LXXXIX.

- “ But while *Cambuscan*! thou exalt thy Head,
- “ In peaceful Sway and foreign Friendships blest,
- “ Remember Heav'n, that all thy Greatness made,
- “ Nor let weak Pride pollute thy Royal Breast!

A

- ‘ All that we see in Life’s deceitful Dream,
- ‘ Like us, the vain Spectators, glides away !
- ‘ Only great Orosmanes shines the same,
- ‘ Unwasted Fountain of eternal Day !
- ‘ Who in himself all Nature comprehends,
- ‘ From whom all Beings spring, in whom all Being ends.

## XC.

He ceas’d — attentive as the Syrian Knight

Heard the sweet Accents flowing from his Tongue,  
And felt within such exquisite Delight,

He had not thought a Summer’s Audience long.

The Monarch Thanks return’d — th’ applauding Crowd

With common Voice repeat the Sage’s Praise :

Night now began to spread her heavy Shroud,

And call the weary’d Limbs to needful Ease :

Cambuscan rose — the Court retire to Rest,

And on her Midnight Throne deep Silence reigns confest.

## XCI.

O gentle Sleep ! thou Cherisher of Health !

From Temp’rance bred, the Nurse of sweet Repose!

In whom the Peasant finds a Mine of Wealth !

To whom his Happiness the Lover owes !

Thou Balm of Life ! whose kindly Warmth restores

Light to the Eyes, and Vigour to the Heart !

Whose Presence Luxury in vain implores,

Kind while thou fly’st to take Afflictions part !

Say, by what magic Fetters dost thou bind

In thy delightful Thrall the agitated Mind ?

Inthron’d

XCII.

Inthron'd on mazy *Oxus'* verdant Shore,  
We left thee, Goddess, of thy Sway possest ;  
*Cambuscan's Palace* felt thy peaceful Pow'r,  
And thro' the Gloom thy Influence fate confest :  
Fair Dreams, thy beauteous Handmaids, all around  
To ev'ry Guest thy busy Mandates spred ;  
Each, by their Ministry, contented found,  
The sep'rate Joy to which their Wishes led :  
Soft am'rous Vows th' unblushing Virgin hears,  
And to the Warriors View the glitt'ring Camp appears !

XCIII.

Thee, placid Queen of Night — the *Sultan* own'd,  
In shining Visions of recover'd Arms !  
Thou, to the *Syrian* lengthen'd Wisdom's Sound,  
And *Cosroës* still his fix'd Attention charms :  
But most the *Tartar* Princess claim'd thy Care,  
To sooth the soft Impatience of her Breast ;  
Her curious Thoughts the *Ring*'s Impression bear,  
And new Ideas interrupt her Rest,  
In Fancy she surveys the *Sylvan* Scenes,  
And hears the feather'd Choirs — and learns their tuneful Strains !

XCIV.

Calm were her usual Slumbers wont to be :  
Calm as the Current of her temp'r'ate Blood ;  
Calm as her blameless Soul, from Passions free,  
That knew no Evil, and that wish'd all Good !  
Yet something — whence she knew not, what or how,  
Invasive now infected her Repose :

She felt soft Quiet vanish from her Brow,  
 And e're the Morning dawn'd, the Princess rose !  
 She calls her Virgin-Train, who near remain'd,  
 And instant at her Call her Virgin-Train attend,

## XCV.

Great was their Fright, and obvious their Concern,  
 What Cause so soon their gentle Mistress rais'd ;  
 Till from her self inform'd, her Health they learn,  
 And by her Smiles they find their Fears appeas'd;  
 But chief *Olinda* — more a Fiend than Slave,  
 Whom from *Podolia* lawless Rapine drew ;  
 Whom to his Daughter great *Cambuscan* gave,  
 By Purchase his, e're yet her self she knew :  
 Whose modest Worth had gain'd the Princess' Ear,  
 By long experienc'd Tyes of faithful Duty dear !

## XCVI.

Now rosy Morn, the Harbinger of Day,  
 Beam'd o'er the azure Hills with Radiance bright !  
 Awak'ning Nature felt the gladsome Ray,  
 And smil'd as conscious of approaching Light ;  
 When the fair Princess issu'd to the Plain,  
 Attended by a Band of lovely Maids ;  
 Such *Cynthia*, when amidst her sportive Train,  
 Her early Horn resounds in *Latmos'* Shades :  
 Cloth'd in a lightsome Dress, thus bends her Way,  
 To grace the flow'ry Field, this charming *Queen of May* !

## XCVII.

By *Oxus'* Side, engirt with Wood-brow'd Hills,  
 A spacious Compass lay the *Sylvan* Scene !  
 Thro' which clear streaming ran two mazy Rills,  
 That fed the Soil with ever-living Green ;

But

But as the Ground unequal check'd the View,  
So by degrees its varied Beauties rose ;  
Dales, Rocks or Groves form Landskips ever new,  
And blending Prospects new Delights disclose.  
Nature unrival'd here maintain'd her Part,  
Too sweetly wild for *Chance*, too greatly bold for *Art*.

## XCVIII.

From teeming Earth the Vapour now exhal'd ;  
That courts the Presence of the orient Sun ;  
But thro' the Mist the ruddy Orb prevail'd,  
All warm with Joy, his daily Course to run !  
By the clear River stretch'd the winding Vale,  
Where, as it often chanc'd, the Princess stray'd,  
A thousand Sweets embalm'd the spicy Gale,  
A thousand Flow'r's luxuriant bless'd the Mead,  
Which, as her Virgins sport, they pull with Care  
The Morning-Wreath to form, for *Canace* to wear !

## XCIX.

There safe the Elk, the Antelope, and Deer  
The harmles Shelter of the Place enjoy'd ;  
Crop'd the sweet Herb, or drank the Fountain clear ;  
No Fears alarm'd them ; for no Foes annoy'd :  
With vocal Musick now the Forests ring,  
As artless Love inspires the melting Voice :  
And Nature kindling at the smile of Spring,  
Teaches her happy Children to rejoice !  
Fair *Canace* the soft Sensation feels,  
And with the whisp'ring Breeze the virtuous Pleasure  
steals !

## C.

As from the native Blind's unconscious Eyes,  
 The skilful Leech th' assailing Speck withdraws ;  
 Sudden he sees a World unknown arise,  
 Where Objects multiply'd Confusion cause :  
 With such Emotion did the Princess' Ear  
 Receive the Language of the Woods around :  
 So, by her mystic *Ring* instructed, hear,  
 That not devoid of Reason was the Sound ;  
 While with responsive Note the Nations sing,  
 • Hail to the Rose of *May* ! Hail, lovely Queen of  
 Spring !

## CI.

But stop we here, e're too *prolix* we be ;  
 The wanton Error, *That* of many a Muse,  
 Who lur'd by ev'ry Flow'r, and ev'ry Tree,  
 Too far the too inviting Path pursues.  
 Lest the tir'd Ear reject the tedious Strain,  
 Judgment should still the Flights of Fancy guide.  
 The Point propos'd should Reason firm retain,  
 That Fame may o'er the lasting Work preside.  
 Mind we, th' unerring Law of sacred Song,  
 That the delightful Tale should never be too long.

## CII.

But as she nearer to the Forest drew,  
 A diff'rent Object claim'd her gentle Care  
 Of Foliage stript, alone, an *Alder* grew,  
 Whose naked Branches trembled to the Air !  
 From hence shrill Cries a beauteous *Falcon* sent,  
 Which well her Bitterness of Woe express'd ;

While

While ever as she shriek'd, with cruel Bent,  
She fix'd her Beak impressive in her Breast ;  
So that the Tide of Life, fast flowing round,  
Distain'd the wither'd Bark, and trinkled to the Ground.

## CIII.

Fair seem'd her Form, and fair her Aspect seem'd,  
As ever Eye beheld, or *Falcon* wore ;  
Like the pure Snow, her Silver Plumage beam'd,  
With mingling ruddy Streaks empurpled o'er !  
Such was her Look, that not the Tyger fell,  
Who lawless roams the Desert wild for Prey ;  
Nor Eagle fierce, that from her airy Cell,  
Wings with destructive Aim her rapid Way ;  
But would have soften'd been to hear her Lay,  
And by Compassion taught, have felt their Rage decay.

## CIV.

Mov'd with the plaintive Anguish of her Tongue,  
Her mournful Gesture, and her bleeding Wound ;  
The neighb'ring Birds from ev'ry Thicket throng,  
And silent hear, and droop the Wing around !  
Soon the mild Princess, thro' her tender Soul,  
Felt the prevailing Force of Pity glide ;  
The Voice of Sorrow all her Senses stole,  
As from the Tree, distinct the *Falcon* cry'd ;  
‘ O gentle Stranger, some Compassion show !  
‘ O heavenly Beauty; deign to ease my matchless Woe.

## CV.

Quick to the Tree, the gentle Princess flew  
Where still her sad Laments the Mourner made ;  
And in the *Falcon's* Tongue (which then she knew),  
With Accent mild, and tender Look she said :

' Much suffering Bird ; the fairest of thy Kind !  
 ' Whate'er Misfortunes thus thy Anguish move ;  
 ' In me, the Daughter of a Monarch, find  
 ' A Friend, with me a sure Protection prove :  
 ' My Hands thy Wounds shall heal with precious Balm,  
 And on my Breast reclin'd, thy Woes shall know a  
 Calm.

## CVI.

' But why thy Breast this boundless Sorrow fills,  
 ' Which sighing Eccho wafts the Woods around ?  
 ' Why from thy Breast the crimson Drop distills  
 ' That mars the Verdure of the blasted Ground ?  
 ' If Death has robb'd thee of thy slaughter'd Mate,  
 ' For whom despairing, comfortless you show ;  
 ' Or, if some envious Shaft with cruel Fate  
 ' Has pierc'd thy Bosom with a deadly Blow ?  
 ' Oh quick the Cause reveal ! — for never yet,  
 ' On one of feather'd Kind, so was my Fancy set !

## CVII.

Scarce had she spoke, — when from the lifeless Spray,  
 Where perch'd the *Falcon* did her Griefs repeat  
 The fluttering Mourner fell, and panting lay,  
 As pleas'd to die beneath the Princess' Feet !  
 Soon from the Earth the Bird her Pity rais'd,  
 And in her Lap with fond Indulgence plac'd ;  
 Then call'd her Maids, who on the Action gaz'd,  
 And bound its Wounds, and tenderly embrac'd :  
 Till by her Hands reviv'd the *Falcon* woke,  
 Grateful beheld the Fair, and faintly thus bespoke :

## CVIII.

## CVIII.

- ‘ O blest Compassion ! Heav'n descended Child !
- ‘ Whose Power is best perceiv'd in noblest Hearts,
- ‘ Who dress'd in Smiles of Patience, meekly mild,
- ‘ To Want, Relief ; to Mis'ry, Ease imparts ;
- ‘ By thee inspir'd, — this heavenly Maid has felt
- ‘ A Pain for Sorrows, to herself unknown ;
- ‘ With kind Humility has Comfort dealt,
- ‘ To me, amidst the Wilds of Nature thrown !
- ‘ For which may Guardian Heav'n her Virtues shield
- ‘ From all the poison'd Arts, that drove me to the Field.

## CIX.

- ‘ Yet tho' Reflection should convey a Dart
- ‘ With every Word to wing my fleeting Life ;
- ‘ The Story of my Woe shall I impart
- ‘ At thy Command, and bear the cruel Strife :
- ‘ So may the sad Relation be believ'd,
- ‘ Which from Experience deeply wounded flows,
- ‘ That thy superior Virtue undeceiv'd,
- ‘ May scorn the Semblance faithless Manhood shows,
- ‘ Their Vows, their Sighs, and all the flatt'ring Arts
- ‘ By which (they skill'd) betray deluded Virgin-Hearts !

## CX.

She ceas'd, — as if oppress'd, — nor longer spoke

With sad Remembrance inward so she pain'd ;

She droop'd her Head, — a Flood of Anguish broke,

And scarce her Form the Signs of Life retain'd ;

While Canace bestow'd a tender Tear,

To see the wretched Falcon's hapless State !

With Kisses oft she sought her Griefs to cheer,

Careß'd her gently, and bewail'd her Fate !

Till

Till Kindness does reviving Warmth infuse,  
And thus the penfive Bird the Song of Woe renews.

## CXI.

- ‘ Where rapid *Niester* rolls his noisy Wave,
- ‘ High in a Marble Cliff that brow’d the Flood ;
- ‘ My peaceful Birth indylgent Nature gave,
- ‘ Securely there our Nest paternal stood :
- ‘ I liv’d my honour’d Parents dear delight,
- ‘ Cherish’d with Sylvan Fruits and choicest Grain ;
- ‘ My Youth they form’d, and taught my early Flight,
- ‘ To skim the Wood, or circle o’er the Plain !
- ‘ Of all the numerous Natives of the Sky,
- ‘ None, (so bethought me) seem’d so blest and glad as I.

## CXII.

- ‘ By Fortune favour’d, and by Nature free,
- ‘ Artless I flew where Health and Pleasure call’d ;
- ‘ No Fears alarm’d, no Dangers threatned me ;
- ‘ No Sickness griev’d, nor Servitude intrall’d :
- ‘ Form’d to Sincerity my honest Thought
- ‘ No Guile imagin’d, as no Guile it knew ;
- ‘ Too fond Belief ! — which future Mischiefs wrought,
- ‘ And into Woe my heedless Footsteps drew :
- ‘ For such the Fate of the most candid Mind,
- ‘ True Honour needs no Vows, — no Vows can Falsehood bind.

## CXIII.

- ‘ Not distant far, by the descending Stream,
- ‘ A Tercelet held his wood-enshelter’d Nest ;
- ‘ Much of his Manners spoke propitious Fame,
- ‘ As ev’ry Virtue had adorn’d his Breast ;

Thus

‘ Thus prepossess'd, — delighted I beheld  
‘ So full of gentle Courtesy he seem'd,  
‘ All former Observation stood excell'd,  
‘ I saw, — admir'd; — reflected, — and esteem'd:  
‘ Nor judg'd such Carriage with destructive Show,  
‘ Conceal'd a darksome Well of Treason hid below !

## CXIV.

‘ As where gay Flowers in wild Profusion rise,  
‘ Th' embosom'd Serpent glides his wiley Head !  
‘ Replete with Malice till the Time he spies,  
‘ When unperceiv'd he may his Venom shed :  
‘ So with fair Semblance of unfelt Delight,  
‘ This fly Deceiver constant Duty paid ;  
‘ Early or late he faithful watch'd my Flight,  
‘ With Zeal conducted, and with Care obey'd :  
‘ So us'd each Artifice my Heart to move  
‘ This Monster of his Kind ! — this Hypocrite in  
Love.

## CXV.

‘ Yet, while his Tenderness my Mind surveys,  
‘ I wonder not that foolish, I believ'd !  
‘ Yet, when I think on his engaging Ways,  
‘ I scarce know how to call my self deceiv'd !  
‘ So upright to Appearance his Intent,  
‘ So far his Conduct seem'd from selfish View,  
‘ Dishonour might have wonder'd what it meant,  
‘ And blush'd to wear a Livery so true !  
‘ So fair to Light the stately Tomb remains,  
‘ That in its loathsome Vault the Spoils of Death con-  
tains.

## CXVI.

## CXVI.

- ‘ Thus for successive Years with humble Air,
- ‘ This Wretch disloyal holy Love profan’d ;
- ‘ With constant Vows still won my open Ear,
- ‘ ’Till by Degrees my yielding Mind he gain’d :
- ‘ To hear his plaintive Tale beneath the Shade,
- ‘ Pleas’d have I oft consum’d the Summer’s Day !
- ‘ Still the fond Tale a fresh Impression made
- ‘ And more enamour’d still I went away !
- ‘ With female Pride prevailing Pity strove,
- ‘ And what was Friendship first, now soften’d into Love.

## CXVII.

- ‘ Yet in my Weakness — Virtue still I ey’d !
- ‘ Nor lost its native Purity my Heart !
- ‘ Love, tho’ he fetter’d, — led me not aside,
- ‘ And Virgin Chastity maintain’d its Part ;
- ‘ Tho’ Choice inthron’d him in my conscious Breast,
- ‘ The best, — the dearest of his noble Kind,
- ‘ Lord of my Wishes, tho’ he reign’d confess
- ‘ His Empire still was bounded by the Mind
- ‘ In me, unblemish’d Honour lent the Fire
- ‘ The mutual Flame to feed, — I thought should ne’er expire.

## CXVIII.

- ‘ Thus won by seeming Love ! and vain Desert,
- ‘ My Mind deluded grasp’d its fatal Chain !
- ‘ I fear’d no Treachery, void of ev’ry Art,
- ‘ Lov’d as I was, I joy’d to love again !
- ‘ So, in the Sight of Heav’n and conscious Day,
- ‘ We mutual, one unalter’d Passion swore ;

‘ Ne’er

- ‘ Ne'er did till then the Traitor seem so gay,
- ‘ Ne'er felt my harmless Breast such Joy before :
- ‘ As when I yielded all my Heart as free,
- ‘ As simple I believ'd, he his had given to me !

## CXIX.

- ‘ But well this Truth prophetic Love has read,  
‘ *A Thief and faithful Lover think not one.*”
- ‘ For soon as he beheld his Conquest made,  
‘ Increasing Show of Transport he put on ;
- ‘ Before my Feet in seeming Trance he lay,  
‘ And tho' deep Silence all his Speech suppreſſ'd,
- ‘ With false Delight I saw his Pinions play,  
‘ And his fond Eye his Happiness confess'd.
- ‘ Convinc'd, to Demonstration, I remain'd,
- ‘ No mortal Lover yet so well the Passion feign'd !

## CXX.

- ‘ Not *Paris*, who th' *Idalian Nymph* betray'd ;  
‘ Not *Troilus*, who inconstant *Cresside* won ;
- ‘ Not *Jason*, who deceiv'd the *Colchian Maid* ;  
‘ Not *Lamech*, first who chose two Wives for one ;
- ‘ Not *Adam*, who for one his *Eden* lost,  
‘ With all the Sons of his degen'rate Race,
- ‘ Could equal Art with this Impostor boast,  
‘ Or act the Counterfeit with such a Grace.
- ‘ Such was his specious Shadowing of Disguise,
- ‘ No Woman had escap'd, had she been e'er so wise !

## CXXI.

- ‘ No Wonder then, if I, all unadvis'd,  
‘ Whom no Experience caution'd to beware ;

‘ If

- ‘ If unsuspecting, I was soon surpriz’d,
- ‘ And heedless caught in the delusive Snare :
- ‘ If simple, charm’d with Love’s attractive Show,
- ‘ Its new-born Pleasure, and deceitful Sweet,
- ‘ My Heart unguarded, open’d to the Foe,
- ‘ And cherish’d in itself the fatal Heat ;
- ‘ Our Thoughts, our Pains, our Wishes seem’d the same ;
- ‘ New Love appear’d to raise a more enduring Flame !

## CXXII.

- ‘ Thus twice the Sun renew’d the smiling Year,
- ‘ And saw our mutual soft Endearments crown’d.
- ‘ His Sight, my Bliss ! his Safety, all my Fear !
- ‘ In him was ev’ry other Object drown’d !
- ‘ Had I a Sigh he seem’d not to divide ?
- ‘ Had he a Pain, I made not all my own,
- ‘ I held him more than all the World beside ;
- ‘ I liv’d — I wish’d to live for him alone !
- ‘ Dearer he was to me in ev’ry Part,
- ‘ Than was the vital Stream that circled round my Heart !

## CXXIII.

- ‘ Near the lone Ruins of a wasted Tow’r,
- ‘ Encompass’d by the River’s murm’ring Fall,
- ‘ Oft were we wont to pass the Ev’ning-Hour,
- ‘ Safe in the Shelter of the Ivy’d Wall ;
- ‘ There was our Meeting fix’d, that hapless Day,
- ‘ Happy, whose Light these Eyes had never seen,
- ‘ Slow pass’d to me the tedious Time away,
- ‘ Till the deep Shadows darken’d half the Green ;
- ‘ Impatient,

- Impatient, I observ'd the Night's Increase,
- And e're th' appointed Time I wing'd me to the Place.

## CXXIV.

- There I the Traytor found, — who pensive stood,  
  ‘ Perch'd on a Turret, as to mark my Flight ;
- Sad seem'd his Aspect ! — drooping was his Mood ;  
  ‘ Ne'er had I seen him in such heavy Plight.
- Trembling, I ask'd the Cause ; but ask'd in vain,  
  ‘ Foreboding ; Silence gave me nought to know.
- I press'd him to reply, Whence rose his Pain ?  
  ‘ His Eyes responsive only told his Woe :
- ‘Till with a forc'd Constraint, and piercing Look ;
- His feeble Voice he rais'd ; and thus prepar'd, he  
  spoke.

## CXXV.

- Hard is the Lot, the bolder Male attends,  
  ‘ Where Dangers threat, by Honor forc'd to go,
- While Nature kind your softer Sex defends,  
  ‘ And Guardian-Beauty shields from ev'ry Blow.
- Loye, weeping Love, can tell with what Regret  
  ‘ Reluctant I obey the Tyrant-Guide ;
- How much I wail the Rigour of my Fate,  
  ‘ That tears me, gentle Charmer ! from thy Side.
- Judge thou the Strife, and with impartial Aim,  
  ‘ Save (if thou canst) my Peace, or vindicate my Fame.

## CXXVI.

He ceas'd — unusual Horror seiz'd my Breast,

A mix'd Confusion, never felt before !

Scarce my dim Eye the rising Grief repress'd,

I lov'd his Safety, — but his Honor more !

When Death prevailing rends the tortur'd Heart,  
 And hovers o'er the Sight his dreadful Shade,  
 Such at that Instant was my speechless Smart !  
 Such was the Anguish on my Senses prey'd !  
 Firm, as I could, I yet withheld a Cry,  
 And thoughtful thus I made, determin'd, my Reply.

## CXXVII.

- ‘ Tho’ Love can ill this sudden Shock sustain,  
 ‘ And never Love as yet exceeded mine !
- ‘ Yet since thy Glory calls thee from the Plain,  
 ‘ Content I sacrifice my Will to thine !
- ‘ Complaints are vain ! —where Fame invites thee, go,  
 ‘ Yet for my Sake, amidst the Warrior-Strife,
- ‘ Heav’n from thy Head avert each pointed Blow,  
 ‘ And with thy Safety bring me more than Life !
- ‘ For this, each Morning-Orison shall rise ;
- ‘ For this, each Ev’ning-Hymn invoke the Guardian Skies.

## CXXVIII.

- ‘ Yet tho’ harsh Fate for Years prolong’d thy Stay,  
 ‘ Love constant shall supply my faithful Flame.
- ‘ Then, as if lost but the preceding Day,  
 ‘ Still wilt thou find my Tenderness the same.
- ‘ When the pure Soul a chaste Affection binds,  
 ‘ Nor Time, nor Death the Union can impair !
- ‘ Heav’n pleas’d surveys this Sympathy of Minds,  
 ‘ That, like itself, enkindles brightly fair !
- ‘ Fly then to Conquest — Fortune be thy Guide !
- ‘ Of this assur’d, no Pow’r our Faith shall e’er divide.

## CXXIX.

## CXXIX.

- What need I, Princess fair! describe his Shows,
  - His varied Action, and his fond Discourse ?
- His Vows repeated, and dissembled Woes?
  - *Who cou'd speak better? Who cou'd practise worse?*
- Such was his Agony — so deep his Cries ;
  - Such all the Shapes of his experienc'd Art !
- That more instructed Thought, and wiser Eyes,
  - Perhaps had seen, he over-did his Part,
- But Innocence my weaker Judgment bound,
  - *None treason well can know, but who has treason found!*

## CXXX.

- Doleful we parted on the Gloom of Night,
  - With weary Wing my wind-rock'd Nest I sought ;
- He vig'rous, southward urg'd his rapid Flight,
  - With new Direction, and inconstant Thought !
- Well had he learn'd this Maxim of Mankind,
  - That no Restraint the Appetite cou'd cool ;
- That the soft Passion languishes confin'd ;
  - But when directed, free by Beauty's Rule,
- (As Fancy leads) exerts a nobler Aim ;
- With Novelty supplies the still reviving Flame !

## CXXXI.

- Like as the foolish Bird, who wild in cag'd,
  - (*Tho' kind you tend him, and tho' fond you feed*)
- Yet bears his Loss of Liberty enrag'd,
  - Nor all your gentle Usage deigns to heed :
- Were you to line his Prison-Bars with Silk,
  - Disdainful shall he tear the Trophies up ;

- Were you to mix his Meis of honey'd Milk,
- ‘ He loaths the Dainties, and he spurns the Cup.
- But give him Leave, — the Libertine shall rove,
- To feed on vilest Worms, a Vagrant in the Grove.

## CXXXII.

- Twas so this *Tercelet*, whom I once esteem'd,
- ‘ A Miracle of Constancy and Truth,
- (Such as in Virtue counterfeit he seem'd  
  ‘ With all the Splendor of unblemish'd Youth !)
- Fir'd by no Prospect of superior Fame,  
  ‘ But led by vain Desire of wanton Change,
- He shun'd my Sight, forgot his ancient Flame,  
  ‘ In search of lawless Pleasure, wild to range.
- A wretched *Kyte* had struck his fickle Eye ;
- A *Kyte* ! the coarsest Bird that wings the midway  
  Sky !

## CXXXIII.

- So spoke Report — nor I the Tale believ'd,  
  ‘ So much my Heart was wedded to its Foe ;
- Till by my own Enquiry undeceiv'd,  
  ‘ My Error late I found, I found it so !
- Then first I knew, not *Love* the Passion bred,  
  ‘ Whose Semblance fair this Hypocrite express'd ;
- But *Pbantasy* the idle Vapour fed,  
  ‘ A Meteor vain of Gallantry at best.
- A real Tenderness can ne'er decline ;
- Of genuine Virtue still is Constancy the Sign.

## CXXXIV.

- Thus now this *Kyte* my Wanderer enjoys,  
  ‘ Forgetful of his violated Vows ;

‘ More

- More artful she, perhaps, her Pow'r employs,  
‘ To seize the kind Occasions Love allows !
- To try if real be the Wooer's Pain,  
‘ By Wiles that ev'n his Artifice may blind ;
- To practise Coyness, and to act Disdain,  
‘ Arts never suited to my plainer Mind ;
- Whose Innocence alone supports its Grief,  
‘ Till Heav'n shall end my Woe, or timely send Relief !

CXXXV.

More had she spoke, — but as she thus bewail'd,  
Prevailing Anguish gain'd the dubious Sway ;  
Short grew her Breath ! her little Spirits fail'd,  
And in the Princess' Lap she dy'd away !  
Mov'd, at the Sight, the Nymphs with busy Care,  
To give the Mourner and their Mistress Ease ;  
Who safe conveys her from the dang'rous Air,  
And homeward with a gentle Pace conveys ;  
Where in her own Apartment safely plac'd,  
The wounded Bird she leaves, its just Repose to taste !

CXXXVI.

Next *Canace* humane her Thought bestows,  
From ev'ry potent Herb and Root to chuse  
Ingredients bland, the Med'cine to compose,  
And in the Sores the Balm of Health infuse ;  
Recov'ring soon, beneath her watchful Eye  
The gentle Bird a fairer Face assumes,  
Her Wounds reclose — she shows external Joy,  
And with new Life her varied Plumage blooms.  
Grateful, her fair Deliv'rer is confess'd,  
She sips her rosy Lip, and flutters round her Breast !

## CXXXVII.

Yet but imperfect Pleasure she reveal'd,  
 A Cloud of Anguish darken'd still her Mien ;  
 In vain with fond Endeavour she conceal'd  
 The melancholy Grief that reign'd within :  
 With friendly Zeal the gen'rous Princess strove  
 To cure this deeper Wound which Sorrow made,  
 To cool the Fever of consuming Love,  
 Which slowly-wasting on her Quiet prey'd :  
 And sought, by Reason calm, and mild Discourse,  
 To mitigate the deep Disease's rooted Force.

## CXXXVIII.

Close by her fair Alcove's projected Side,  
 She for the fay'rite Bird, a *Mew* prepares ;  
 Adorn'd with all the Elegance of Pride ;  
 Of Gold the Wires, of Gold the fretted Bars :  
 In Gold the crystal Ewer she encas'd,  
 A figur'd Vase of Gold contain'd her Food ;  
 Her Cage around with golden Foliage grac'd,  
 Of Gold the polish'd Perch on which she stood ;  
 Hung o'er a Canopy of Velvet-Blue,  
 The Emblem sweet of Hope, and Perseverance true !

## CXXXIX.

Full in a rich Entablature oppos'd,  
 Depicted was there many a faithless Fowl ;  
 There in their proper Colours stood disclos'd  
 The fickle *Tercelet*, and the treach'rous *Owl*.  
 The Caitiff Cuckoo flew attended there,  
 Whom all the feather'd Tribes avoid with Scorn ;  
 Nor fail'd the tell-tale *Daw*, or Prattling *Stare*  
 The Enigmatick Portrait to adorn :

High in the Centre was the Jeay espy'd,  
Who ap'd their sev'ral Airs — well practis'd to deride.

## CXL.

Here shall we leave, how by *Camballo's Care*,  
Return'd the *Falcon* with repentant Wing ;  
Nor yet the *Mirror's* wond'rous Pow'rs declare ;  
Nor the *Sword's* Virtues, to restore the King ;  
Nor of *Cambusean's* Conquests yet discourse ;  
Whence gain'd *Algarsife*, *Theodora* to wife,  
Great Peril 'scaping, thro' the *Brazen Horse* :  
These we defer — to tell *Camballo's Strife*,  
And how three mighty Brethren he surpass'd ;  
Then where we firt began, shall we conclude at last,

\* *Cætera multa desiderantur.*

## CXLI.

**W**IIDE spred the Fame of *Cunace the Fair*,  
Held of her Sex most learned in her Days ;  
Her *Ring* disclosing ev'ry Science rare,  
And ev'ry secret Work of Nature's Ways,  
The Voice of Beasts and Birds, or wild, or tame,  
The Pow'r of Herbs and Plants she fully knew ;  
But What augmented more her other Fame,  
(Tho' dark Events lay open to her View,) She modest was, in all her Deeds and Words ;  
And wondrous chaste of Life, tho' lov'd of Knights and  
Lords.

## CXLII.

Her many a Lord, and many a Knight Her lov'd ;  
But She to None of Them her Liking lent ;

Nor

• What follows is continued by Mr. OGLE, from the fourth Book  
of SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

Nor ever was with fond Affection mov'd ;  
 No single Look once out of Order went ;  
 So well her Thoughts all lawless Passions rul'd,  
 For Love of Honor, or for Dread of Blame ;  
 And, or extinguisht quite, or duly cool'd,  
 She smother'd, or She never felt the Flame ;  
 Her Eyes like wary Centinels well stay'd,  
 Still watch'd on ev'ry Side, of secret Foes afraid.

## CXLIII.

So much the rather, as She shun'd to love,  
 So much the rather, She to love was sought ;  
 What fail'd not much unquiet Strife to move,  
 And 'midst her Suitors frequent Contests wrought.  
 That oft for Her in bloody Arms They fight,  
 Encountring Danger for the thankless Maid ;  
 Whom, when *Camballo* (wise and valiant Knight !)  
 Perceiv'd, He nor could temper, nor dissuade ;  
 From Ills, He could not help, He cast to raise,  
 And turn both Him and Her to Honor and to Praise.

## CXLIV.

One Day, that met this Troop of warlike Merit,  
 Amongst Them All He made this fix'd Decree ;  
 (All Men of Passion, and all Men of Spirit !  
 The harder so to make Them well agree !)  
 Be this the Hour, to fix my Sister's Choice,  
 Be, of the Croud, that to her Bed pretend,  
 Three chose, the Stoutest call'd by common Voice,  
 The Stoutest of the Three the Strife shall end.  
 Then Each with Me shall combat for her Sake ;  
 The Victor of Them All our Canace shall take.

## CXLV.

## CXLV.

Bold was the Challenge, as Himself was bold,  
With Courage full of Daring and Emprise,  
Approv'd in Acts too num'rous to be told,  
Whence lasting Honors to his Mem'ry rise.  
But what secur'd Him of the wish'd Event,  
Whence, tho' full brave, some Confidence might spring,  
Was the sure Aid his Royal Sister lent,  
The Influence of her rarely-gifted *Ring* ;  
That 'mongst the many Virtues (which We read)  
Had Pow'r to staunch all Wounds that mortally did bleed.

## CXLVI.

So was that *Ring*'s great Virtue known to All ;  
That Dread of This, and his redoubted Might,  
Did all that youthly Rout so much appall,  
That None of Them durst undertake the Fight.  
More wise They ween'd to make of Love a Play,  
Than Life to hazard for fair Lady's Grace ;  
While yet uncertain (should They gain the Day)  
They in her Sight might hope the foremost Place.  
Tho' for her Sake, They all that Peril ran,  
Who could be sure of Her, or think Himself the Man ?

## CXLVII.

Among the Lovers, were three Brethren bold —

Three bolder Brethren never yet were born ?  
Born of one Mother, in one happy Mold !  
Born at one Burthen, in one happy Morn !  
Thrice happy Morn, thrice happy Mother, hail !  
That brought Three such, Three such not to be  
found ;

Three

Three Males united as one single Male!

The First was *Priamondo*, far renown'd ;  
Nor less the Second, *Diamondo* nam'd ;  
With *Triamondo* last, yet, equally as fam'd.

## CXLVIII.

*Stout Priamondo*, not so strong to strike !

*Strong Diamondo*, not so stout a Knight !  
But *Priamondo*, stout and strong alike !

On *Horse* wou'd *Triamondo* chuse to fight ;  
Felt *Priamondo* best on *Foot* his Force,

And io delighted to maintain his Ground ;  
To *Diamondo*, equal *Foot* or *Horse*.

With *Curtax* deep wou'd *Diamondo* wound ;  
And *Triamondo* handled *Spear* and *Shield* ;  
But *Curtax*, *Shield* and *Spear* would *Priamondo* wield.

## CXLIX.

These Brothers lov'd Each Other wond'rous well,

And by such firm Affection were ally'd,

As if one Soul might in three Bosoms dwell,

And in three equal Parts her Pow'r's divide.

Like three fair Arms, uniting as They spread,

That, from one Root, their vital Sap derive,

They crown their Mother with one tow'ring Head ;

And, like the Root that bids Them bloom and thrive,

Such was their Mother ! At one happy Birth,

Three Sons producing, Three, the noblest Sons of Earth !

## CL.

Of secret Things their Mother had the Skill,

Knew Nature's Laws ; A *Nymph* of Fairy Kind !

Hence

Hence by her Art cou'd model to her Will,  
And to her Use each living Creature bind.  
There-to, She was right Fair to Mortal Eye,  
Lest She, to Mortal Eye, to show how Fair!  
Tempting to touch, and charming to descry ;  
Her Stature, goodly ; delicate, her Air.  
But She, as wont the Nymphs of Sylvan Race,  
In Forests spent her Days, and lov'd in Wilds to chase.

## CLI.

There, on a Day, a noble, youthly Knight,  
Adventures seeking in the savage Wood,  
By great good Fortune got of Her the Sight,  
As She sat careless by a Crystal Flood.  
And on Her, unawares, He lay'd his Hand,  
Combing her Locks, her Head to new-array ;  
In vain She strove his Ardor to withstand,  
The too intemp'rate Youth wou'd have his Way.  
Oppressing Her by Force (as Bards have told)  
Three lovely Sons He got, that prov'd three Cham-  
pions bold !

## CLII.

These, long She foster'd in the lonely Wood,  
Till to the Ripeness of Man's State They grew,  
Then showing forth Signs of their Father's Blood ;  
Arms first They love, Adventures then pursue.  
Adventures, where They knew to seek, They sought,  
Which, for their Safety, pain'd their Mothers Mind ;  
For tho' their Pow'rs They prov'd, and Wonders  
wrought,  
Yet He that seeks Mischance, Mischance may find.

For

For He that Danger rather courts than shuns,  
The greater is his Heart, the greater Hazard runs.

## CLIII.

For This, She wish'd, the Number of their Days  
To know, and to inlarge with long Extent ;  
By wond'rous Skill, thro' subterraneous Ways,  
Down to the Mansion of the *Fates* she went.  
Down to the Bottom of the deep Abyss,  
Far under Ground She went to Realms of Night,  
Where *Demogorgon* sits in gloomy Bliss,  
Far from the Eye of Heav'n, or View of Light,  
And rules the hideous *Chaos* ; There she hies,  
The *Fates* to try ; where hid, their dreadful Dwelling  
lies.

## CLIV.

She found Them there, all seated in a Round,  
Full in the Midst the direful Distaff stands ;  
Where drawing out the Lines of Life, She found  
The *Fatal Sisters*, with unwear'y'd Hands.  
Sad *Clotba* held the Rock ; the vital Twine  
With Pain by griesly *Lachesis* was spun ;  
But ah ! how soon was all their fair Design,  
How soon ! by cruel *Atropos* undone !  
With Steel accurst She cut the Twist in twain :  
Most wretched Man, whose Days depend on Threads so  
vain !

## CLV.

Ent'ring She bow'd, and bending fate to Rest ;  
Their Labor, then, survey'd with anxious Grace  
And

And comprehending soon, the *Fates* address'd,  
Trembling in Heart, and looking pale in Face.

To tell her Cause of Coming She began —

To Whom, fierce *Atropos*; ' Intruder bold !

' That search the Secrets of the Life of Man !

' That dare, from Mortal what is hid, behold !

' Well worthy Thou to be of *Jove* accurst,

' And shorten'd of their Twine, thy Sons in Secret nurst.'

CLVI.

Whereat She, sore afraid, the *Fates* besought:

Pardon to grant, and Rigor to abate,

And pray'd to see how strong their Twine was wrought,

And know the utmost Measure of their Date.

This *Clotho* grants; so *Destiny* ordain'd !

And gives Her to inspect the fated Line;

The Mother to the Soul was inly pain'd,

Nor cou'd forbear to murmur and repine;

Spun were their Threads, She thought, as Spiders spin,

As thin as Webs They seem'd, and yet as short as thin.

CLVII.

For longer Measure, and for stronger Thread,

She strait began the Sisters to ingage;

That so their Lives might be prolong'd (She said)

But *Lachesis* as soon began to rage.

' Deem You alike, fond Dame (the Goddess cry'd),

' Alike ! of Human Things, and Things Divine ?

' That alter'd they may be ? (oh mortal Pride !)

' And chang'd, at Pleasure, for those Sons of Thine ?

' Not so ; for, what the *Destinies* decree,

' Not all the Gods can force, not *Jove* himself can free.

- ‘ If then the Term of Life, (the *Nymph* rejoin’d)
  - ‘ Can neither be, or lessen’d, or enlarg’d ;
- ‘ Grant This (this Grant will ease a Mother’s Mind)
  - ‘ With Either’s Soul be Either’s Body charg’d.
- ‘ So when You doom the Eldest of the Three,
  - ‘ (Whose Life, I see, is shortest) pass his Soul ;
- ‘ Transfer it to the Second in Degree :
  - ‘ And let the Third and Last possess the Whole.
- ‘ Thus Each, in Other, shall his Life prolong,
- ‘ In Life of Other, Each shall thus be trebly strong.

## CLIX.

The careful Sisters granted her Request ;  
 With full-contented Mind the *Nymph* departs.  
 Return’d, She meets Her Sons in Armour drest,  
 Not to her Wish, nor knew They of her Arts,  
 From Them conceal’d She what the *Fates* design’d,  
 And how their Lives were lengthen’d, fear’d to tell ;  
 Yet oft as fair Occasion She cou’d find,  
 She bids Son trust to Son, whate’er befell.  
 ‘ Let Brother on his Brother’s Safety wait,  
 ‘ Give Love for Love, my Boys, whate’er your future  
 Fate.

## CLX.

And firm in Friendship liv’d They all their Days,  
 Rash Discord never ent’ring either Mind!  
 Which added much to all their other Praise,  
 And now in Love of *Canace* They join’d.  
 As by Affection natural ’twas agreed,  
 Each cou’d not but approve what Each approv’d ;

And

And tho' same Likings sure Aversions breed ;  
Here lov'd They more, because alike They lov'd.  
Hence the dire Conflict grew including All,  
(As oft) great Matter growing from Beginning small.

CLXI.

O ! why do wretched Men so much desire  
To draw their Days to the remotest Date ?  
Why do not rather wish Them to expire,  
Knowing the certain Mis'ry of their State ?  
Toss like the Vessel on the surging Wave,  
What Ills await Them, threat'ning to devour !  
One Danger, from the Cradle to the Grave,  
Attends ; for Death attends Them ev'ry Hour !  
And who most happy seems, and least complains,  
Is yet, as near his End, as he that suffers Pains !

CLXII.

For This, I hold the *Nymph* more fond, than sage,  
Her Children's Life thus seeking to prolong ;  
To lengthen Mis'ry, She wou'd lengthen Age :  
But she that means the Right, can act no Wrong.  
And happy, Each in Other, breath'd the Three,  
Of Other Each, approving, and approv'd ;  
So courteous Each with Other to agree,  
It made them more esteem'd of Friends they lov'd ;  
And Each with Other so for Valor priz'd,  
It made Them dreaded more of Foes whom They  
despis'd.

CLXIII.

These Three that hardy Challenge took in Hand,  
With great *Camballo* to maintain the Fight ;

The Day was set, that All might understand,  
 And Pledges pawn'd, as claim'd the Martial Rite.  
 That Day (and ne'er was Day, of equal Dread,  
 Known, or to Those, before, or Those, since Born;)  
 Soon as the Face of Heav'n was streak'd with Red,  
 These warlike Champions hail the rising Morn;  
 And, glorious as the Sun, in Armour shine,  
 Assembling in the Field, the Challenge to define.

## CLXIV.

The Field with Lists was all around inclos'd,  
 To bar the Press of People far away;  
 And at one Side six Judges were dispos'd,  
 To view and deem the Deeds of Arms that Day.  
 Fresh in Array, and beautiful to Sight,  
 Fair Canace adorn'd a stately Stage,  
 Rais'd opposite; the Fortune of the Fight  
 Engag'd to see: Her Beauty was the Gage!  
 There to be seen, as his most worthy Wife  
 Who purchas'd her full fair, at Venture of his Life.

## CLXV.

*Camballo* enter'd first the Listed Space,  
 With stately Step, that scorn'd the Pow'r of Chance;  
 As sure of Conquest, fearless was his Face:  
 As fearless, tho' less sure, the Three advance.  
 Their Scutcheons, richly gilt; and, streaming high,  
 Their Banners, that on Day reflected Day.  
 Thrice marching round the List, They charm'd the Eye,  
 Such was their manly Port, and brave Array.  
 Thrice bow'd They lowly to the noble Maid,  
 The while the Trumpets shrill, and loud the Clarions  
 play'd.

## CLXVI.

## CLXVI.

Advanc'd the Challenger with hardy Stride,  
All arm'd to Point, his Challenge to maintain ;  
Him *Priamondo* met with equal Pride,  
To Point all arm'd, to take it in Disdain.  
A Trumpet blew. Strait closing, Hand to Hand,  
With furious Force and fell Intent They met,  
Careless of Peril in the furious Stand ,  
Life they expos'd, as Life had been a Debt :  
A Debt so deeply 'gag'd, that they esteem'd  
'Twas Folly now to spare, what cou'd not be redeem'd.

## CLXVII.

Well practis'd *Priamondo* was in Fight,  
And great his Skill in Use of Spear and Shield ;  
Nor less approv'd *Camballo*'s Martial Might,  
Nor less his Skill or Shield or Spear to wield.  
'Twas hard to guess which was the harder Foe ;  
For equal ev'ry Blow on either Side,  
And either Side sent Death at ev'ry Blow,  
It seem'd, that Chance, not Merit, must decide.  
Each eyes the Other with such watchful Care,  
That short falls ev'ry Blow, or vainly glides in Air.

## CLXVIII.

Yet One of Many with unlucky Glance,  
(Of Many One by *Priamondo* sent)  
Took Place, directed less by Aim than Chance,  
And passing thro' *Camballo*'s Shoulder went.  
It went; his Shield it forc'd him to forego:  
Much was He griev'd, and rag'd with high Disdain;

Yet from the Wound no Blood He felt to flow,  
 But wond'rous Pain ; his Courage rose with Pain ;  
 That urg'd his haughty Soul to Vengeance fell.  
 Smart daunts not mighty Hearts, but makes them more  
 to swell.

## CLXIX.

With That, He bade his poignant Jav'lin fly  
 Full at his Foe, and close beneath his Shield ;  
 It enter'd thro' his Mail, and pierc'd his Thigh,  
 The Blood gush'd forth and stain'd the grassy Field.  
 With double Force it flew, and reach'd the Knight ;  
 Much was the Knight incumber'd with the Wound :  
 To stand unable, or erect his Hight,  
 For, here and there, He reel'd along the Ground.  
 So as the sapless Oak, thro' Age declin'd,  
 Submits to ev'ry Blast, and bends to ev'ry Wind.

## CLXX.

Soon as Camballo his Condition spy'd,  
 Full at the Spear He caught with all his Might,  
 Meaning to draw, or thrust from Side to Side,  
 And so at one Attempt conclude the Fight.  
 Deep was the Point infix'd; and hard He drew ;  
 Hard tho' he drew, still back the Foe reclin'd :  
 Freed from the Weapon on the Knight He flew,  
 (Broke was the Staff, the Head was left behind.)  
 At which the Hero, more inrag'd than tam'd,  
 Re-charging him afresh, thus scornfully exclaim'd,

## CLXXI.

\* Here, take the Meed of thy Mischallenge, take !  
 \* Thus long have I permitted thee to live ;

“ Not

' Not for thine own, but for thy Sister's Sake:  
  ' A Debt I might forbear, but not forgive.'  
The wicked Weapon heard the wrathful Vow,  
  And pass'd to second his vindictive Ife;  
His Beaver pierc'd, and shiver'd on his Brow,  
  That with the Force it sorc'd him to retire,  
Then broke; Half, quiv'ring in his Head-piece stood,  
  And Half the Owner held; and curs'd the treach'rous  
Wood.

## CLXXII.

The sudden Shock with Rage *Camballo* bore;  
  And, where it struck, from forth his Beaver drew  
The shorten'd Spear, that pain'd Him as he tore:  
  He drew, and back at *Priamondo* threw.  
The faithless Weapon found a ready Way  
  To pierce his Gorget where his Neck was bare;  
Where lies the Pipe, commission'd to convey,  
  Fresh to the lab'ring Breast, the vital Air.  
Thence Streams of purple Blood, the Last of Life,  
Dismiss his weary Soul, and end the doubtful Strife.

## CLXXIII.

His weary Soul, from earthly Bondage freed,  
  Nor fled to Heav'n, where Some say Spirits fly;  
Nor vanish'd into Air, as Others plead;  
  Nor chang'd into a Star adorn'd the Sky;  
Nor sought direct (a solitary Shade!).  
  In *Pluto's* gloomy Realm, Eternal Rest:  
But thro' Traduction, (as his Mother pray'd)  
  Pass'd instantaneous to his Brother's Breast.  
His Brother, next in Order, that surviv'd,  
In Whom He liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.

## CLXXIV.

## CLXXIV.

He, when He spy'd Him breathless on the Field,  
 Was touch'd with Sorrow for his Brother's Fate ;  
 Way to his Sorrow yet He scorn'd to yield,  
 But rather rous'd to Vengeance and to Hate.  
 Nor this the Time to wail, or to condole ; —  
 But fierce He rushes to renew the Fight ;  
 Thro' Secret Impulse of his gen'rous Soul,  
 As in Reversion of his Brother's Right.  
 And, challenging the Virgin as his Due ;  
 The Foe was soon address'd : the Trumpets freshly blew.

## CLXXV.

With That, together Both so fiercely clos'd,  
 As Limb from Limb, Each, Other meant to rend ;  
 Foot fix'd to Foot, and Hand to Hand oppos'd,  
 Nor Plate nor Mail the hideous Show'r defend.  
 So deadlily They dealt their Axes round,  
 Riv'd was the Plate, and shatter'd was the Mail ;  
 Pain felt the One, the Other dy'd the Ground,  
 Fire flash'd from ev'ry Blow, Trail after Trail ;  
 As fast as Light'ning after Thunder flies :  
 That fill'd the crowded List with Terror and Surprize.

## CLXXVI.

As when two Tigers prick'd with hungry Rage,  
 Chance in the Chace to meet the wish'd-for Spoil,  
 On which they hope their Famine to asswage,  
 And gain a feastful Harvest of their Toil.  
 To make the just Partition Both refuse,  
 And Both contest the Fortune of the Day ;  
 Hence strife-full Broil, and cruel Fight insues,  
 While Neither lets the Other touch the Prey ;

And

VIRGIL

And Either scorns with Other to partake :  
 So, strove these warlike Knights, for this fair Lady's  
 Sake.

## CLXXVII.

Full many a Blow, and mortally design'd,  
 Was interchang'd ; yet short fell ev'ry Blow !  
 For They were all so warded or declin'd,  
 That Life in Each stood fearless of her Foe.  
 Till *Diamondo*, scorning long Delay  
 Of wav'ring Fortune, fix'd to neither Side :  
 Resolv'd to end the Doubt at one Essay,  
 And at one Aim the Battle to decide ;  
 " Take This for *Priamondo* !" (fierce He spoke)  
 And heav'd his murd'rous Axe, and gave a vengeful  
 Stroke.

## CLXXVIII.

The vengeful Stroke had finish'd soon the Strife,  
 Sped, as was meant, so deadly was it meant !  
 Soon had it from the Body forc'd the Life ;  
 But This *Camballo*'s better Fates prevent.  
 He mark'd him as He rais'd and lowr'd his Hand,  
 And judg'd the Blow would fall with mighty Sway,  
 So swerv'd, as it arriv'd, and flip'd his Stand,  
 And sudden to it's fell Intent gave way.  
 Missing the Mark, to which his Eye was bound,  
 Nigh fell'd Him his right Arm, his right Foot plow'd  
 the Ground.

## CLXXIX.

As when a Vulture, greedy of his Prey,  
 By Hunger prest, and Hunger Heart can lend !

Strikes

*C A M B U S C A N:* Or,  
Strikes at a Heron, in th' ethereal Way,

On whom his feather'd Forces downward bend ;  
Nought seems that can defend Her from her Foe :  
Herself the Fowl defends with wary Care ;  
She spies Him, as He stoops, eludes the Blow,  
And makes Him spend his Wings in empty Air.  
That with his proper Weight, deceiv'd in Sight,  
Nigh to the Ground He falls, and scarce recovers Flight.

## CLXXX.

The fair Occasion, when *Camballo* spy'd,  
Full at the Knight he drove with all his Pow'r ;  
E'er, for Assault or Ward He could provide :  
And smote Him with his Axe, in luckless Hour.  
With dire Dexterity the Stroke was sped,  
Then as recover'd, from his Stoop, the Foe ;  
And from his Shoulders off it bore his Head :  
The Headless Trunk stood headless of the Blow !  
A while it stood, as still respiring Breath,  
Till feeling Life to fail, it fell ; and slept in Death.

## CLXXXI.

Amaz'd were the Spectators of the Field,  
So long erect an headless Trunk to see ;  
With Arms, that void of Life, vain Weapons wield,  
Unknowing of the Fates divine Decree !  
For tho' one Soul from out his Body fled,  
'Twas that which from his Brother He deriv'd :  
And, but that thus dismember'd of the Head,  
His Body would have liv'd, and had reviv'd.  
Where, as his Soul no fitting Mansion found,  
The Lifeless Corse is left to fall and spread the Ground.

## CLXXXII.

## CLXXXII.

Yet left not either Soul the doubtful Strife,  
Nor yet retir'd to Seat of Heav'nly Rest ;  
But fill'd with double Grief and double Life,  
Their last lov'd Mansion, *Triamondo's Breast* !  
Inly He felt a more than Mortal Smart,  
And strait He leap'd into the empty Field,  
With more than common Strength, or common Heart ;  
And menac'd with his Spear, and shook his Shield.  
Thus brave *Camballo* bravely He address'd,  
Who fac'd the Foe, and soon the Fight was closely prest.

## CLXXXIII.

Well might You wonder how that noble Knight,  
Was able to sustain Wound after Wound ;  
And what impower'd him to renew the Fight,  
And how on Foot He cou'd mantain his Ground.  
Yet had You then Him forth advancing seen,  
As fierce He seem'd, as fresh the Field to take,  
As had he been new-form'd, new-soul'd had been ;  
The Semblance of the new-recruited Snake,  
That, soon as Spring dispels the Wintry Cold,  
Throws off his ragged Skin, and shines in Scales of Gold.

## CLXXXIV.

'Twas all thro' Virtue of the Ring He wore,  
Whence wounded not a single Drop He bled ;  
His weakened Strength her working Pow'r's restore,  
The Stone, therein incas'd, such Influence shed.  
Else how cou'd One of equal Might with Most,  
With Most of equal Might, yet still but One !  
Before so Many no less Mighty boast ;  
And go the Road to Honor He had gone ?

Or

Or think to match Three such in equal Fight ?  
 Three such ! as match'd an Host ! an Host in either  
 Knight !

## CLXXXV.

Yet This in *Triamondo* rais'd no Dread,  
 Nor yet of glorious Vict'ry He despair'd ;  
 But closing Him, well arm'd from Foot to Head,  
 What Man cou'd do, He did ; cou'd dare, He dar'd.  
 Thick pour'd his Blows, as Hail-stones from the Sky,  
 On ev'ry Side He struck, hew'd, urg'd, and press'd ;  
 All doubt or cou'd He stand, or wou'd He fly :  
 So fast the Foe his Iron Axe address'd,  
 That Sparks of Fire from ev'ry Stroke insue ;  
 As fast, as from the Rock, the Sprays of Briny Dew.

## CLXXXVI.

Much was *Camballo* daunted with the Blows,  
 So thick They fell, so forcibly were sent,  
 Constrain'd (to such a Hight his Fury rose)  
 Back to retire, and some-what to relent.  
 Safer, He judg'd, to ward than to withstand,  
 The Rage of Paffion, rising in its Course ;  
 He waits his shorter Breath, and lighter Hand,  
 Then fresh assails Him with superior Force :  
 That caus'd the Foe, abated of his Heat,  
 Fast, forward as He press'd, now backward to retreat.

## CLXXXVII.

As when the Tide, from Ocean newly sped,  
 Flows up the *Shenan* with contrary Course ;  
 O'er-rules the Stream, in his own Watry Bed,  
 And makes Him seem to have an adverse Source :

Back

Back towards his Spring the Current re-ascends,  
And Borders, lately pass'd, again surveys;  
But when again the Flood its Vigor spends,  
Then back his borrow'd Waters He repays.  
And sends the Sea his own with double Gain,  
And Tribute, with his own, as Sov'reign of the Main.

## CLXXXVIII.

Various as these, the Tides of Battle flow,  
With diverse Fortune doubtful to be deem'd;  
Now This the Better had, now had his Foe;  
Then One half vanquish'd, then the Other seem'd.  
Yet Victor Each Himself in Valor thought,  
And held his Rival dying, if not dead;  
Felt many a Pang, *Camballo*, while They fought,  
And Blood abundant *Triamondo* shed.  
That with the Wasting of his Vital Flood,  
Faintly He breath'd at Heart, on Foot He feebly stood.

## CLXXXIX.

*Camballo* stronger still, and greater grew,  
Nor felt his Blood to waste, nor Pow'r's to fail;  
From Wound new made He gather'd Vigor new,  
So much the Virtues of the Ring prevail.  
Like as the Tree, by Blights or Years,  
Tho', wither'd, to the Trunk it droops the Head,  
Reviv'd, when prun'd with careful Skill, appears,  
And joys again to flourish and to spread;  
New Fruit producing, from the Husband's Toil,  
As fresh as when it first was planted in the Soil.

## CXC.

Thro' like Advantage in his Strength He rose,  
And smote with wond'r'ous Force the adverse Knight;

H

There,

There, where the Seams the jointed Hauberk close,

That down He fell, as dead to Human Sight.

Dead yet He was not ! Yet He suffer'd Death !

Death sure as suffers Ought of Mortal State !

Felt the last Struggle of expiring Breath !

And pay'd a Life at the Demand of Fate !

For strait One Soul from out his Body flies,

From human Mis'ry freed, and seeks its native Skies.

### CXCI.

Mean time, while All that spy'd Him deem'd Him  
Dead,

For visible to All He seem'd to die !

As rising from a Dream He rear'd his Head,

And sudden on his Foe began to fly.

At so uncouth a Sight the Foe amaz'd,

Lost Pow'r of Speech, not Utt'rance cou'd afford ;

Unmov'd, as had He seen a Ghost, He gaz'd,

And slow of Action held his idle Sword.

Till struck full oft by his impetuous Arm,

To strike He was constrain'd, to save Himself from  
Harm.

### CXCII.

Yet from that Hour more warily He fought,

In fear the Stygian Gods to un-befriend ;

As One, to save Himself, that rather sought,

Than fast pursued Another to offend ;

Nor Life, nor Labor chose to spend in vain,

When Triamondo found his cooler Play,

He judg'd it follow'd, or from Fear or Pain,

Ill able to support the closing Fray :

Or

Or that the Knight cou'd ill on Foot indure,  
A Sign that must to Him the Vict'ry soon assure.

## CXCIII.

Joy'd to the Soul, on high He rais'd his Hand,

In Mind to give the last decisive Blow;

The Foe to end, or fear'd He to withstand,

Or dar'd He to withstand, to end the Foe.

*Camballo* mark'd Him, not inclin'd to yield,

And nothing slow to save his threaten'd Head;

His Sword He drew, and pass'd his op'ning Shield,

Slight was the Op'ning, Slight the Pass was sped:

He struck Him, as to strike his Hand He rear'd;

Beneath his Arm it went, and at his Back appear'd.

## CXCIV.

Yet *Triamondo*'s Axe pursued its Way,

And fell full heavy on *Camballo*'s Crest;

The Hero in a swooning Absence lay;

An hideous Wound was on his Head imprest.

His Shield with Brims of Brass was plated round,

And there it found a Rest, nor farther sped;

Else had the Knight been cleav'd, and spred the Ground,

Down to the Breast dissever'd from the Head.

So Both at once fell breathless on the Field,

And Each to Other seem'd the Vict'ry there to yield.

## CXCV.

The Croud conclude The Fight was at an End!

The Marshals of the Field, and Judges rose!

Wail'd *Canace* her Brother as her Friend!

They rend the Trophies, and the Lists They close!

Nought rested but to speak their Fun'ral Praise !

Ascertain'd now, by Death the Doubtful Strife !  
 When Lo ! at once their Living Forms They raise,  
 On , from his Ring ; One, from his Treble Life ;  
 And Both together rising (wond'rous Sight !)  
 Fresh, Other Each assail'd, and fierce renew'd the  
 Fight.

## CXCVI.

Each claiming then the Other as his Prize,  
 Begun, as had the Fight but then begun ;  
 Alike, Strokes, Wounds, Shields, Weapons They de-  
 spise,  
 And Danger rather try to find than shun.  
 Death fear'd They not, nor yet for Life They car'd,  
 Life to let out, alike, or Death let in.  
 For Death They valu'd not, nor Life They spar'd,  
 Or Who was to be won, or Who to win.  
 More to be kill'd desirous, than to kill ;  
 'To Both Life seem'd a Load, and Safety seem'd an Ill.

## CXCVII.

While thus the Battle hung, a doubtful Scale !  
 Unsure to Whom the Balance wou'd decline,  
 Sad ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Face grew pale  
 The Close of All unwilling to divine ;  
 All suddenly a clamorous Noise They heard ;  
 That seem'd some perilous Tumult to portend ;  
 As something strange at near Approach appear'd,  
 And caus'd the Croud the Vault of Heav'n to rend.  
 With Cries of Women, and Alarms of Boys,  
 Such as the troubled Theatre full oft annoys.

## CXCVIII.

## CXCVIII.

Each Champion heard the Clamor from afar,  
But what it brought not sudden cou'd devise ;  
When lo ! They spy'd, fair seated on a Car,  
A Maid that cou'd not fail to touch their Eyes.  
Fast as a Whirlwind drives, She drives along,

And lovely was the Virgin to behold !  
Yet faster Way She made amidst the Throng,  
For that her Car was all adorn'd with Gold,  
It seem'd as for some *Persian* Monarch plan'd,  
With various Gems inrich'd, and show'd a master Hand.

## CXCIX.

Drawn was her Car (What wond'rous is to tell)  
By two grim Lyons, subject to Command ;  
And tho' They look'd in Fierceness to excell,  
Their savage Kind, yet tame They bore her Hand.  
Erect on Foot, high rais'd, the Damsel stood,  
And more than Human seem'd to Human Sight,  
Bright as the Dame that bore Her in the Wood,  
She shone (and Either shone as Angel bright)  
But, with her Beauty, Bounty might compare,  
Which of the Two in Her might claim the greater  
Share.

## CC.

The Fair was Daughter to th' enamour'd Knight,  
Who once again oppress'd the *Sylvan* Maid ;  
Long had He watch'd to gain the pleasing Sight,  
Till unawares He caught Her in the Shades.  
In Magick Lore the Mother deeply skill'd,  
Her Child in all her subtle Arts improv'd ;

And now She came with kind Affection fill'd,  
 To aid her Brother, whom She dearly lov'd.  
 In Haste She came to pacify the Strife,  
 For Bad the Loss or Gain, where Gain or Loss is Life.

## CCI.

Her, as the Croud press'd nearer to behold,  
 Less tractable her ireful Leaders grew ;  
 Numbers they drove before, as Sheep to Fold,  
 And Numbers, roll'd in Dust, for Haste o'erthrew ;  
 That in the mix'd Confusion of the Throng,  
 For Fear of Danger, Some to Distance fly !  
 For Curiosity, Some rac'd along !  
 Some for Themselves, and Some for Others cry !  
 Some laugh for Fancy, Some for Wonder shout !  
 And Some, that wou'd seem Wise, their Wonder turn  
 to Doubt !

## CCII.

In her Right Hand a Rod of Peace She bore,  
 Around, two Serpents mutually were wound ;  
 Bound firmly by the Tail in Lovely Lore,  
 And Both were with one Olive Garland crown'd,  
 Like to the Wand that wields the Son of May,  
 Seals He in Sleep the Eye, or opes in Light ;  
 Draws He from Hell the Shade, or drives away  
 The Soul from Earth ; Day ministring or Night.  
 And in her other Hand She held a Vase,  
 With choice Nepenthe fill'd ; a Juice of sov'reign Grace !

## CCIII.

Nepenthe ! Drink prepar'd by Heav'nly Art !  
 By Gods devis'd, all Sorrow to asswage !

To

To chace the Grief of Soul, and Gall of Heart,  
Whence spring sore Anguish, and contentious Rage !  
To Age, it gives sweet Peace and quiet Rest !  
Firm Friendship and unalter'd Love, to Youth !  
The Mind establishes, and chears the Breast !  
Reserv'd for Such as Wisdom court and Truth !  
Few by the Gods to taste it are assign'd !  
But All, assign'd to taste it, Bliss Eternal find !

CCIV.

Such Men of Worth, deriv'd of Mortal Birth,  
As mighty Jove advances to the Sky ;  
Gods for their Merit made from Sons of Earth !  
Partake of This, e'er yet to Heav'n They fly.  
Secure of Joys, that will for ever last,  
All Mem'ry here They drown of Human Care ;  
All Hope, or Fear, of Future, or of Past,  
Then, unremembering, to the Blest repair.  
Heroes of old of This were giv'n to taste,  
E'er yet among the Gods Immortal They were plac'd.

CCV.

Much more of Price, and of more gracious Pow'r,  
This than the Fountain in Ardenna found ;  
Of which Renaldo drank in happy Hour,  
As sings the Tuscan \* Poet, far renown'd.

\* To save the Inquisitive the Trouble of searching after SPENSER's Allusion, it was thought not unnecessary to give Him here an Opportunity of satisfying his Curiosity by subjoining as much of the Love and Hate of Renaldo for Angelica as made to the Purpose. And This rather from Harrington's Translation (which is yet very intelligible, tho' dedicated to Queen Elizabeth) than from Ariosto, who might not be so well understood by every Reader.

For

For had That Pow'r to change the Bent of Mind,  
 For Love to Hate, a Change of evil Choice !  
 But This reverse, from Hate to Love inclin'd,  
 Who wou'd not to this Virtue yield his Voice ?  
 Hate is of Brutes, and What the Gods detest ;  
 But Love the Gift of Heav'n, and glads the Human  
 Breast.

## CCVI.

Now close beside the List her Leaders stand,  
 (And strong inclosing Bars the List surround !)  
 She strikes the Bars, that open to her Hand,  
 Then enter'd, quits her Car, and takes the Ground.  
 ' Friendship and Peace to All !' (The Virgin cry'd ;)  
 ' Friendship and Peace ! The greatest Good in Life !'

## ARIOST. Book. I. Stanza 1.

*Of Dames, of Knights, of Arms, of Love's Delight,  
 Of Courtesies, of high Attempts I speake,  
 Then when the Moores transported all their Might  
 On Africke Seas the Force of France to breake :  
 Incited by the youthfull Heat and Spight  
 Of Agramant their King, that vow'd to wreake  
 The Death of King Trayano (lately slaine)  
 Upon the Roman Emperour Charlemaine.*

## Stanza 5.

*Orlando, who long time had loved deare,  
 Angelica the Faire ; and for her Sake,  
 About the World, in Nations far and neare,  
 Did high Attempts performe and undertake,  
 Return'd with her into the West that Yeare,  
 That Charles his Power against the Turks did make :  
 And with the Force of Germanie and France,  
 Neare Pyren Alpes his Standard did advance.*

First

First to Her Brother was the Wish apply'd,  
Whom, sorely griev'd, She found in Bloody Strife ;  
Last, to the Foe, whose warlike Air and Grace,  
Then secret, touch'd her Soul, and dy'd her conscious  
Face.

CCVII.

Both slightly bow'd ; (for small was their Delight,  
As then, to entertain the Lovely Maid)  
Then turn'd Them to the Battle : At the Sight,  
Between them, on the Field, Herself She laid.

8.

*Betweene Orlando and Renaldo late,*  
*There fell about Angelica some Brall,*  
*And each of them began the tober Hate,*  
*This Ladies Love bad made them both so thrall.*  
*But Charles, who much mislikes that such Debate*  
*Between such Friends should rise, on Cause so small,*  
*To Namus of Baveir in Keeping gave ber,*  
*And suffred neither of them both to have ber.*

9.

*But promist he would presently bestow*  
*The Damsel faire, on him that in that Fight*  
*The plainest Prooфе shoud of his Prowesse show,*  
*And danger most the Pagans with bis Might ;*  
*But (ay the while) the Christians take the Blow,*  
*Their Soldiers slaine, their Captains put to Flight,*  
*The Duke himself a Prisner there was taken,*  
*His Tent was quite abandon'd and forsaken.*

10.

*Where when the Damsel faire a while had stay'd,*  
*That for the Victor pointed was a Pray,*  
*She tooke her Horse, ne farther time delay'd,*  
*But secretly convay'd herself away ;*

With

With double Hopes disturb'd, and double Fears,  
 Nought that cou'd move the Reconciler spares,  
 With Sighs now intermixing soft'ning Tears,  
 And pow'rful Reasons adding now to Pray'rs.  
 For cordial Peace, for horrid War, She sought,  
 By All, They held most dear ! By Her, for whom They  
 fought !

*For she foresaw, and was full sore afrai'd,  
 That this to Charles would prove a dismal Day.  
 And riding through a Wood, she hapt to meet  
 A Knight that came against her on his Feet.*

## 11.

*His Cuiras on ; his Helmet not undone,  
 His Sword and Target ready to the same,  
 And through the Wood so swiftly he did runne,  
 As they that go half naked for a Game.  
 But never did a Shepheard's Daughter shunne  
 More speedily a Snake that on her came,  
 Then faire Angelica did take her Flight,  
 When as she once had Knowledge of the Knight.*

## 12.

*This valiant Knight was Lord of Clarimount,  
 Duke Ammon's Sonne, as you shall understand,  
 Who having lost his Horse of good Account,  
 That by Mishap was slipt out of his Hand ;  
 He follow'd him, in Hope againe to mount,  
 Until this Ladies Sight did make him stand,  
 Whose Face and Shape proportion'd were so well,  
 They seem'd the House where Love it selfe did dwell.*

## 13.

*But She that shuns Renaldo all She may,  
 Upon her Horse's Necke doth lay the Raine,  
 Through thicke and thin She gallopeth away,  
 Ne make She Choise of beaten Way or Plaine,*

## CCVIII.

But when She found, She cou'd not so prevail,  
She touch'd Them lightly with her pow'rful Wand ;  
Then sudden as the Hearts of Cowards fail,  
Down fall their wrathful Swords, and motionless  
They stand ;  
They stand, as Men possest with Panick Fright,  
Struck, with They knew not What of dread Sur-  
prise ;  
Thus e'er their scatter'd Pow'rs They cou'd unite,  
Or free their mighty Souls from mightier Ties ;  
Her Golden Bowl, with sweet Oblivion fraught,  
She reach'd ; and, glad for Thirst, Each drank an hearty  
Draught !

But gives her Palfrey leave to chuse the Way,  
And being mov'd with Feare and with Disdaine,  
Now up, now downe, She never leaves to ride,  
Till She arrived by a River-side.

77.

And being newly settled in Her Seate,  
She saw a Man on Foote all armed runne,  
Streight in ber Mind She gan to chafe and fret,  
Because She knew it was Duke Ammon's Sonne ;  
Most earnestly He sude Her Love to get,  
More earnestly She seeks his Love to shunne.  
Once She lov'd Him, He hated Her as much ;  
And now He loves, She hates, his Hap was such.

78.

The Cause of this first from two Fountaines grew,  
Like in the Tast, but in Effects unlike,  
Plac'd in Ardenne, each in other's View,  
Who tast the one, Love's Dart his Heart doth strike ;

CCIX.

## CCIX.

Soon as They tasted once the Juice Divine,  
 Wonder it was the sudden Change to see,  
 From deadly Stroke in kind Embrace They join,  
 And Hands They plight, no more to disagree;  
 In Amity, such Enmity to close,  
 And Foe with Foe, as Friend with Friend to yield,  
 And Faithful Friends to rise from Mortal Foes,  
 This Turn of Things amaz'd the croudèd Field ;  
 The croudèd Field with Joy and Wonder rise,  
 One loud Applause ensues, re-echoing thro' the Skies !

*Contrary of the other doth ensue,  
 Who drinke thereof their Lovers shall mislike.  
 Renaldo dranke of one, and Love him pained:  
 Shee drunke the other, and his Love disdained.*

## Book II. Stanza I.

O blind God, Love, why tak'st thou such Delight,  
 With Darts of divers Force our Hearts to wound ?  
 By thy too much abusing of thy Mights,  
 This Discord great in humane Hearts is found.  
 When I would wade the shallow Foord aright,  
 Thou draw'st me to the Deepe to have me dround,  
 From those love me, my Love thou dost recall,  
 And place it where I find no Love at all.

## 2.

*Thou mak'st most faire unto Renaldo seeme  
 Angelica, that takes him for a Foe ;  
 And when that She of him did well esteeme,  
 Then He dislik't, and did refuse Her thoe.  
 Which makes Her now of Him the lesse to deeme.  
 Thus as (they say) She renders quit pro que.  
 She hateth Him, and doth detest Him so,  
 She first will die, ere She will with him go.*

## CCX.

CCX.

When gentle *Cannace* This sees and hears,  
In Haste She from her lofty Seat descends ;  
And soon amidst the Combatants appears,  
To know if so the cruel Conflict ends :  
When certain found ; all due Respect She pay'd,  
In Manner easy, and in Speech polite ;  
And, for her Conduct, praising much the Maid,  
At *Sarra* begs Her to dispose the Night ;  
And add this other Favor to the rest,  
The Friendship to accept, that firmly She profest.

22.

*He follow'd Her through Valley, Hill, and Plaine,*  
*Through Woods and Thickets for his Master's sake,*  
*Whom he permitted not to touch the Raine,*  
*For feare lest He some other Way should take,*  
*By which Renaldo though with nickle Paine*  
*Twise found Her out, twise She did Him forsake :*  
*For first Ferraw, then Sacrapant withstood,*  
*That by twise finding Her He did no good.*

Book XLII. Stanza 44.

*Ere long into Ardenna Woods he enters,*  
*Soone after he Basylea quite had past :*  
*Ardenna Woods, whence many come Repenters,*  
*And in that Forrest have bene sore agast,*  
*To travell through the same Renaldo venters,*  
*When suddenly the Skie did overcast,*  
*And there arose a blacke and bideous Storme,*  
*And then appear'd a Monster of strange Forme.*

45.

*She seem'd of Woman's Shape, but in her Head*  
*A thousand Eyes She had, that Watch did keepe ;*

## CCXI.

Agreed with true Sincerity of Heart ;  
 The Trumpets sounded, and the Judges rose ;  
 With Glee and gladsome Cheer the Croud depart :  
 To march together Both the Champions chose,  
 And Both together chose the Maids to ride ;  
*Cambina*, Prudent Umpire of the Day ;  
 With sweet Affection taking to her Side  
 Fair *Canace*, as fresh as Rose in May.  
 Thence to *Cambuscan's* Palace They retir'd,  
 By All applauded Each, and Each by All admir'd.

*As many Eares, with which She barkened ;*  
*Her Eyes want Lids, and therefore never sleepe ;*  
*In stead of Haire, Her Crowne Snakes overspred ;*  
*Thus marched She forth of the Darknesse deepe.*  
*Her Tayle one Serpent bigger than the rest,*  
*Which She with Knots had tyde about her Brest.*

## 46.

*This Sight, Renaldos Mind appald so sore,*  
*He feeles his Heart alreadie gan to fayle him,*  
*And sith it never had done so before,*  
*He marvels what (the good yeare) now should aile*  
*him :*  
*Yet still his Minde misgave him more and more,*  
*To see the Monster coming to affaile Him,*  
*He natlesse counterfets his wonted Bolanesse,*  
*Though quaking Hands bewraid his inward Coldnesse.*

## 51.

*When lo ! a Knight unto his Succour went,*  
*All armd in shining Steele, and on his Shield*  
*He bare a Yoke in sundry Peeces rent,*  
*And Flames of Fire all in a yellow Field,*

## CCXII.

## CCXII.

In perfect Love there many a Day They spend ;  
*Camballo with Cambina led his Life ;*  
And who, but *Triamondo*, cou'd pretend  
A rightful Claim to *Canace* as Wife ?  
I pass the joyous Feasts, the solemn Rites,  
Things well to be conceiv'd, tho' not exprest ;  
The Days of Dalliance, and of Bliss the Nights ;  
Suffice, that Each in Each was fully Blest.  
So join'd by Love, and so by Friendship bound,  
That never since their Days, were Four so Happy found.

*So weaponed he was, as if He ment  
To make all that encountrer'd Him to yeeld.  
A Sword and Speare He had, and to the same  
A Mace, from whence he threw continual Flame.*

## 55.

*But when Renaldo was from Danger free,  
And that same Knight by whom his Safetie came,  
So courteously to come to Him did see,  
His Speech to Him in kind Words he did frame,  
And gave Him many Thanks in bye Degree,  
And then besought him He might know his Name,  
That th' Emperor and all his Court might know,  
What Knight did so great Grace on him bestow.*

## 56.

*The Knight in courteous Manner thus replide :  
I would not you should take it in Displeasure,  
That I my Name from you a while shall bide,  
But e're the Shadow grow a Yard by Measure,  
I shall you tell. Thus onward still they ride,  
Renaldo being pleas'd to stay his Leasure.  
So long they went together, till they found  
A cristal Spring, that ran along the Ground.*

## CCXIII.

It rises oft in Life (as here it rose)  
 That mortal Foes to faithful Friends may turn ;  
 And so may faithful Friends to mortal Foes :  
 As Reasons temper, or as Passions burn.  
 For oft some dire Mistake misleads the Will,  
 As well in Hate of Foes, as Love of Friends ;  
 Hence Enmity, that not proceeds of Ill,  
 But of Occasion, with th'Occasion ends ;  
 And Friendship, which a faint Affection breeds  
 Without Regard of Good, dies like ill-grounded Seeds.

## 57.

*At which full oft the Herdmen, that did dwell  
 Near those same Woods, bave in their loving Fits  
 Drunke Love away, with tasting of that Well,  
 And of those Passions purged cleane their Wits :  
 Now (for the Knight that rode with him could tell  
 That for Renaldo's Ill this Pbisicke fits)  
 He doth advise him there to stay a space,  
 And make that Well their Baite and Resting-place.*

## 58.

*Renaldo of the Motion well alloweth,  
 And lighteth strait, and to the Well doth go,  
 Both for that Heat and Travell bred his Drowth,  
 And that the Monster had disturb'd Him so ;  
 Unto the chrisital Well He puts his Mouth,  
 And greedily drinks downe five Gulps or mo,  
 And from his Brest doth with one Draught remove,  
 His burning Thirst, and his more burning Love.*

## 59.

*Now when that other Knight that with Him went,  
 Saw him lift up himselfe from that same Brooke,*

## CCIV.

Meantime the Sun his due Meridian Hight  
Had gain'd, when Neither lost, yet Either won ;  
While great Cambuscan, who declin'd the Sight,  
Resign'd to Fate the Daughter, and the Son.

The Monarch thought, Fate order'd for the Best.

But hold — 'tis Time to check the forward Steed ! —  
Nor shou'd our Tale too long delay the Rest ;  
What yet remains, in Order may succeed,  
When next our Turn ; Intemperance of Tongue,  
Mine Host will well excuse, his Orator is young.

*And found He did bis foolish Love repent,  
And that He now that Humor quite forsooke,  
Then to declare bis Name He was content,  
And looking with a grave and loftie Looke,  
He said, Renaldo, know I bight Disdaine,  
That came to loose Thee from Loves foolish Chaine.*

60.

*This said, He vanisht from Renaldo quite, &c.*

I. 3 PRO-

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# PROLOGUE

## TO THE MERCHANT's TALE.

By Mr. O G L E.

**W**E L L clos'd ! (The Merchant thus applauds the Squire)

Your Tale is full of Fancy and of Fire.  
You show, (He adds) to say no more than Truth,  
A most surprizing Genius, for a Youth.  
To cloath each Image in it's proper Dress,  
And to design as well as to express,  
Inclines my sober Judgment to presage,  
You will not find your Match in riper Age.  
If but so long your Thread of Life be spun,  
And you persist to end as you begun ;  
In Glory you must set (so Heav'n dispose  
Your future Fate) in Splendor as You rose.  
Now by the Holy Trinity I swear,  
Blest, cou'd I die this Hour, in such an Heir.  
More Blest, than if this Hour I cou'd command  
Ten thousand Marks a-year, in solid Land.

Not

Not that I want—some Fortune I have made—

And all the World esteems me rich in Trade.

But 'tis a Pain to live at large Expence,

For One, that Spirit wants as well as Sense.

Such is my Son ! Whom, heartily I hate !

What, *is the Man* (quoth I) not what, *is his Estate* ?

It joy'd Me, when I turn'd him Boy to School ;

It griev'd me sore, when He return'd a Fool.

But Scholars flourish thro' a lucky Sign ;

And rare to meet, as Layman or Divine !

Well ! Soldier he shall be. I bought him Lace ;

The Rest he had, a Person, and a Face !

And soon he learn'd the Military Art,

And soon he lost his Post, for Want of Heart !

This sham'd me much, and robb'd me of my Wife ;

Love of my Youth ! and Comfort of my Life !

I join'd him then, my Commerce to attend ;

He join'd me, but to dissipate, and spend.

Now, that my Turn is frugal, I admit ;

Yet I am something gen'rous, for a Cit.

Plain as I go, or when I walk, or ride ;

The Lord, that owes me Money, gives me Pride.

And had I such a Son, as cou'd but write,

As Authors wrote; as Soldiers fought, would fight ;

Cit as I am, that Son I wou'd support.—

But Mine, will drink with Footmen of the Court.

With Knaves, at Dice, All I cou'd save, wou'd waste,

Nor knows one Man of Sense, or Man of Taste.

I doubt, not much is gain'd, (return'd our Hoff)

By that same Sense, and Taste, tho' much is lost.

But,

But, *Merchant*, let me mind you of your Tale;  
My Bill is drawn on Sight ! You will not fail ?

Not (quoth the *Merchant*) tho' you take me hers'd,  
Suppose it but accepted and indors'd.

The *Squire* will well excuse me what was faid ;  
I only wish'd my Son, so turn'd, and bred !

In that (rejoin'd our *Hofſt*) the Man is right ;  
But Cits grow tedious, as they grow polite :  
The Twine will break, too nicely that you spin.  
Begin ! Enough of this ! Enough ! Begin ! —

The *Merchant*, then. Your Mandate I obey !  
*Sir Hofſt* ! I hold you Sov'reign for the Day.  
Gracious, receive, what humbly is addrest,  
So pleasing One, I hope to please the Rest.

Yet grant me, first to wail, if not atone,  
A greater Ill ; a Folly of my own !  
For Store of Rancor, Malice, Spleen, and Spite,  
Have I, from ev'ry Morn, to ev'ry Night !  
No Peace at Table, and no Rest in Bed !  
The Case of most, so hardy, as to wed ;  
For mine, I trow, is not a single Case :  
Ev'n here are more, that wear the marry'd Face.  
Yet am I One of those, supremely curst,  
Plagu'd with a Wife, of wicked Wives, the worst !  
Yok'd to the Fiend, the Foremost to rebel ;  
My Help-mate wou'd out-devil, the Devil in Hell.  
To blame Her, here or there, wou'd be to wrong  
The Compas's of her Temper, or her Tongue !  
Nor This, nor That, her special Vice I call ;  
Her, First, or Last ! She is a Shrew at All !

Long

Long is the Distance, and the Diff'rence wide,  
'Twixt humble *Grizild*, and my haughty Bride !  
Unfetter'd once, so may I trade and thrive,  
As Nought should teach my Heart again to wive.  
Cage'd, soon as caught in the Connubial Snare,  
We dance one Round of Slav'ry, and of Care.  
Who takes a Wife, will find it to his Cost ;  
The Freedom, and the Ease of Life is lost.  
Try, he that will, the Matrimonial State,  
This, will He own a Truth, or soon, or late.  
By holy Thomas, the good Saint of Inde,  
Deceitful is the Sex ; a flipp'ry Kind.  
This, of the greater Part, I mean to say ;  
For One-and-All, would be the Devil-to-pay !

Here, shou'd you ask me, my right honest *Hoff*,  
How long since I was shipwreck'd on the Coast ?  
With this my Second Choice what Time has past ?  
(Peace to my First of Wives, for this my Last ! )  
How long ? You scarce will take it on my Word,  
Two Months are past, We enter on a Third.  
For slightly here to touch, not fully paint,  
This marry'd Fiend of an unmarried Saint,  
Who caught me with the Farce of Love she play'd,  
But singly priz'd me for my Stock in Trade ;  
This Scold of mine keeps one eternal Round,  
Sure, never Youth to Age in Wedlock bound,  
In Course of Years indur'd such Noise and Strife !  
Her Lesson of an Hour wou'd marr his Life !

We will not doubt your Word, (our *Hoff* reply'd).  
Yet some their Talents in a Napkin hide.

Now

Now you that are a Master of the Art,  
Conceal not all your Knowledge, but impart.

*Sir, (says the Merchant)* 'tis the Thing I mean !  
The Thing you seek ; a Matrimonial Scene !  
Not that my proper Farce I will disclose,  
But laugh, as Others laugh, at Other's Woes !  
None but the Fool his own Concern reveals ;  
For who feels Pain for what his Neighbour feels ?

*End of the PROLOGUE.*

*January*

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# January and May :

OR, THE  
MERCHANT's TALE.

By Mr. POPE.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,  
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight ;  
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,  
Bless'd with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace.  
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft Delights,  
He scarce could rule some idle Appetites :  
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,  
Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood.  
But in due time, when sixty Years were o'er,  
He vow'd to lead this vicious Life no more ;  
Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind,  
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find ;  
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.  
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,  
And to the heav'nly Pow'r's his constant Pray'r,  
Once, e're he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life  
Of a kind Husband and a loving Wife.

These

These Thoughts he fortify'd with Reasons still,  
(For none want Reasons to confirm their Will.)

Grave Authors say, and witty Poets sing,  
That honest Wedlock is a glorious Thing:  
But Depth of Judgment most in him appears,  
Who wisely weds in his maturer Years.

Then let him chuse a Damsel, young and fair,  
To bless his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;  
To sooth his Cares, and free from Noise and Strife,  
Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.  
Let sinful Batchelors their Woes deplore,  
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:  
Unaw'd by Precepts, human or divine,  
Like Birds and Beasts promisc'ously they join:  
Nor know to make the present Blessing last,  
To hope the Future, or esteem the Past;  
But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,  
And find divulg'd the Secrets they would hide.

The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,  
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;  
And pass his inoffensive Hours away  
In Bliss all Night, and Innocence all Day.  
Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,  
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will spare?  
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair.  
With matchless Impudence they stile a Wife,  
The dear-bought Curse, and lawful Plague of Life!  
A Bosom-Serpent, a domestic Evil!  
A Night-Invasion, and a Mid-Day Devil!

Let

Let not the Wise these fland'reous Words regard,  
But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,  
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n :  
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,  
Like empty Shadows, pass, and glide away ;  
One solid Comfort, our eternal Wife,  
Abundantly supplies us all our Life :  
This Blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)  
As long as Heart can wish,—and longer too.

Our Grandfire *Adam*, e're of *Eve* possess'd,  
Alone, and even in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary Shade :  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.

A Wife ! Ah, gentle Deities, can he,  
That has a Wife e'er feel Adversity ?  
Would Men but follow what the Sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the World grow wise.  
'Twas by *Rebecca's* Aid that *Jacob* won  
His Father's Blessing from an elder Son :  
Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life  
To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife :  
Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* show,  
Preserv'd the *Jews*, and flew th' *Affyrian* Foe :  
At *Hester's* Suit the persecuting Sword  
Was sheath'd, and *Isr'el* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty Motives, *January* the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age :

And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and sober Life,  
Would try that Christian Comfort call'd a *Wife*.  
His Friends were summon'd on a Point so nice,  
To pass their Judgment, and to give Advice;  
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he:  
(As Men that ask Advice, are wont to be.)

- My Friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful Look
- Around the Room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
- Beneath the Weight of threescore Years I bend,
- And, worn with Cares, am hast'ning to my End;
- How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
- In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell;
- But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at last,
- With due Regret I view my Vices past;
- And, as the Precept of the Church decrees,
- Will take a Wife, and live in holy Ease.
- But since by Counsel all things shoul'd be done,
- And many Heads are wiser still than one;
- Chuse you for me, who best shall be content,
- When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent.
- One Caution yet is needful to be told,
- To guide your Choice: This Wife must not be old.
- There goes a Saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
- Old Fish at Table, but young Flesh in Bed.
- My Soul abhors the tasteless, dry Embrace
- Of a stale Virgin with a Winter-Face:
- In that cold Season Love but treats his Guest
- With Bean-Straw, and tough Forage at the best.
- No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed;
- Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed;

‘ As

- ‘ As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
- ‘ Twice-marry'd Dames are Mistresses o'th'Trade:
- ‘ But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,
- ‘ We form like Wax, and mold them as we please.
- ‘ Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss;
- ‘ ’Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliss;
- ‘ Since, if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,
- ‘ As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
- ‘ Then should I live in lewd Adultery,
- ‘ And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.
- ‘ Or, were I curs'd with an unfruitful Bed,
- ‘ The righteous End were lost, for which I wed;
- ‘ To raise up Seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
- ‘ And not for Pleasure only, or for Love.
- ‘ Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a Wife,
- ‘ When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life:
- ‘ Those that are bless'd with Store of Grace divine,
- ‘ May live like Saints, by Heav'n's Consent and mine.
- ‘ And since I speak of Wedlock, let me say,
- ‘ (As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may)
- ‘ My Limbs are active; still I'm sound at Heart,
- ‘ And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part.
- ‘ Think not my Virtue lost, tho' Time has shed
- ‘ These rev'rend Honours on my hoary Head:
- ‘ Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow.
- ‘ The vital Sap then rising from below;
- ‘ Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
- ‘ Like Winter-Greens that flourish all the Year.
- ‘ Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd;
- ‘ Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.”

He

He said; the rest in different Parts divide,  
 The knotty Point was urg'd on either Side:  
 Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,  
 Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason blam'd.  
 Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,  
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
 There fell between his Brothers a Debate;  
*Placebo* this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun  
 (Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his Tone:) {  
 ' Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,  
 ' As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years :  
 ' Yet you pursue sage Solomon's Advice,  
 ' To work by Counsel when Affairs are nice :  
 ' But, with the Wiseman's leave, I must protest,  
 ' (So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,  
 ' As still I hold your own Advice the Best.) }  
 ' Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,  
 ' And study'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways ;  
 ' And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,  
 ' To let my Bettters always have their Will.  
 ' Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,  
 ' My Word was this, *your Honour's in the Right.*  
 ' Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so Wise,  
 ' As his mistaken Patron to advise,  
 ' Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought ;  
 ' A noble Fool was never in a Fault.  
 ' This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry Word  
 ' Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord :  
 ' Your

- Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
- Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
- At least, your Courage all the World must praise,
- Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
- Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
- And let grey Fools be indolently good,
- Who, past all Pleasure, damn the Joys of Sense
- With rev'rend Dulness and grave Impotence.

*Justin*, who silent sate, and heard the Man,  
Thus, with a Philosophic Frown, began:

- A Heathen Author, of the first Degree,
- (Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
- Bids us be certain our Concerns to trust
- To those of gen'rous Principles, and just.
- The Venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
- To give your Person, than your Goods away :
- And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Rest,
- First learn your Lady's Qualities at least :
- Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
- Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil;
- Whether an easy, fond, familiar Fool,
- Or such a Wit as no man e'er can rule.
- 'Tis true, Perfection none must hope to find
- In all this World, much less in Woman-kind ;
- But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
- Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.
- Ah, gentle Sir, take Warning of a Friend,
- Who knows too well the State you thus commend;
- And, spight of all his Praises, must declare,
- All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care.

‘ Heav’n knows, I shed full many a private Tear,  
 ‘ And sigh in Silence, lest the World should hear :  
 ‘ While all my Friends applaud my blissful Life,  
 ‘ And swear no Mortal’s happier in a Wife ;  
 ‘ Demure and chaste as any *Vestal* Nun,  
 ‘ The meekest Creature that beholds the Sun !  
 ‘ But, by th’ immortal Pow’rs, I feel the Pain,  
 ‘ And he that smarts has Reason to complain.  
 ‘ Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,  
 ‘ And cautious sure ; for Wisdom is in Age :  
 ‘ But at these Years, to venture on the Fair —  
 ‘ (By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,) —  
 ‘ To please a Wife, when her Occasions call —  
 ‘ Would busy the most vig’rous of us all.  
 ‘ And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse  
 ‘ Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues.  
 ‘ If what I speak my noble Lord offend,  
 ‘ My tedious Sermon here is at an End.’  
 ‘ ’Tis well, ’tis wondrous well, the Knight replies !  
 ‘ Most worthy Kinsman, faith you’re mighty wise !  
 ‘ We, Sirs, are Fools, and must resign the Cause  
 ‘ To heath’nish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.  
 (He spoke with Scorn, and turn’d another way : —)  
 ‘ What does my Friend, my dear *Placebo* say ?’  
 ‘ I say (quoth he) by Heav’n the Man’s to blame,  
 ‘ To slander Wives, and Wedlock’s holy Name.  
 At this, the Council rose without delay,  
 Each, in his own Opinion, went his way ;  
 With full Consent, that all Disputes appeas’d,  
 The Knight should marry when and where he pleas’d.

Who

Who now but *January* exults with Joy ?  
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul employ :  
Each Nymph by Turns his wav'ring Mind posses'd  
And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast ;  
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,  
And each bright Image wander'd o'er his Heart.  
Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,  
A Mirror shews the Figures moving by ;  
Still one by one, in swift Succession, pass  
The gliding Shadows o'er the polish'd Glass.  
This Lady's Charms the nicest cou'd not blame,  
But vile Suspicions had aspers'd her Fame ;  
That was with Sense, but not with Virtue, blest ;)  
And one had Grace, that wanted all the rest.  
Thus doubting long what Nymph he shou'd obey,  
He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.  
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,  
But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind :  
Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair !  
Her easy Motion, her attractive Air !  
Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face !  
Her moving Softness, and majestic Grace !

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,  
And thought no Mortal could dispute this Choice :  
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry Friend,  
And told them all, their Pains were at an end :  
' Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,  
' Provides a Consort worthy of my Bed ;  
' Let none oppose th' Election, since on this  
' Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliss.

‘ A Dame

- ‘ A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
- ‘ Young, Beauteous, Artless, Innocent and Wise;
- ‘ Chaste, tho’ not Rich, and tho’ not nobly Born,
- ‘ Of honest Parents, and may serve my turn.
- ‘ Her will I wed, if gracious Heav’n so please;
- ‘ To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease:
- ‘ And thank the Pow’rs, I may possess alone
- ‘ The lovely Prize, and share my Bliss with none!
- ‘ If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
- ‘ My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure.
- ‘ One only Doubt remains: Full oft I’ve heard,
- ‘ By Casuists grave, and deep Divines averr’d;
- ‘ That ’tis too much for human Race to know
- ‘ The Bliss of Heav’n above, and Earth below.
- ‘ Now should the nuptial Pleasures prove so great,
- ‘ To match the Blessings of the future State,
- ‘ Those endless Joys were ill exchang’d for these;
- ‘ Then clear this Doubt, and set my Mind at Ease.

This *Justin* heard; nor could his Spleen controul,  
Touch’d to the Quick, and tickled at the Soul.

- ‘ Sir Knight (he cry’d) if this be all your Dread,
- ‘ Heav’n put it past your Doubt, whene’er you wed;
- ‘ And to my fervent Pray’rs so far consent,
- ‘ That, e’re the Rites are o’er, you may repent!
- ‘ Good Heav’n, no doubt, the nuptial State approves,
- ‘ Since it chastises still what best it loves:
- ‘ Then be not, Sir, abandon’d to Despair;
- ‘ Seek, and perhaps you’ll find, among the Fair,
- ‘ One that may do your Busines to a Hair;

{ Not

- Not ev'n in Wish your Happiness delay,
- But prove the Scourge to lash you on your Way :
- Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go,
- Swift as an Arrow soaring from the Bow.
- Provided still, you moderate your Joy,
- Nor in your Pleasures all your Might employ :
- Let Reason's Rule your strong Desires abate,
- Nor please too lavishly your gentle Mate.
- Old Wives there are, of Judgment most acute,
- Who solve these Questions beyond all Dispute ;
- Consult with those, and be of better Chear ;
- Marry, do Penance, and dismiss your Fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the Work delay'd ;  
The Match was offer'd, the Proposals made.

The Parents, you may think, would soon comply ;  
The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye.  
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind :  
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,  
Too long for me to write, or you to read :  
Nor will with quaint Impertinence display  
The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.  
The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,  
At once with carnal and devout Intent :  
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient Wife,  
Like Sarah, or Rebecca, lead her Life.  
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,  
And made all sure enough with Holiness.

And

And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide ;  
 The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,  
 And plac'd in State the Bridegroom and the Bride.  
 The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around.  
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound ;  
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring,  
 These touch the vocal Stops, and those the trembling  
 String.

Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,  
 Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion could inspire ;  
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain  
 Could swell the Soul to rage, and fire the Martial Train.

*Bacchus* himself, the nuptial Feast to grace,  
 (So Poets sing) was present on the Place :  
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,  
 Shook high her flaming Torch in open Sight,  
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight :  
 Pleas'd her best Servant would his Courage try,  
 No less in Wedlock than in Liberty.

Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd  
 So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.  
 Ye Bards ! renown'd among the tuneful Throng  
 For gentle Lays, and joyous nuptial Song,  
 Think not your softest Numbers can display  
 The matchless Glories of this blissful Day ;  
 The Joys are such, as far transcend your Rage,  
 When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.

The beauteous Dame sat smiling at the Board,  
 And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord.

Not

Not *Hester's* self, whose Charms the *Hebrews* sing,  
E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian King*:  
Bright as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,  
And fresh and blooming as the Month of *May*!  
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,  
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan Bride* :  
Still, as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight,  
Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night :  
Restless he late, invoking ev'ry Pow'r  
To speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour.  
Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,  
And Songs were sung, and flowing Bowls went round ;  
With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,  
And Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face.

*Damian* alone, of all the menial Train,  
Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;  
*Damian* alone, the Knight's obsequious *Squire*,  
Consum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire.  
His lovely Miftres all his Soul posses'd ;  
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no Rest :  
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day :  
There let him lie, till his relenting Dame  
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal Flame.

The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,  
Forsook th' Horison, and roll'd down the Light ;  
While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply,  
And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky.  
Then rose the Guests; and, as the time requir'd,  
Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The

The Foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,  
 So keen he was, and eager to possess :  
 But first thought fit th' Assistance to receive,  
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give :  
*Satyrion* near, with hot *Eringo's*, stood  
*Cantharides*, to fire the lazy Blood ;  
 Whose Use old Bards describe in luscious Rhymes,  
 And Critics learn'd explain to modern Times.

By this the Sheets were spread, the Bride undress'd,  
 The Room was sprinkl'd, and the Bed was bless'd.  
 What next ensu'd, beseems not me to say ;  
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning Day ;  
 Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so light,  
 As all were nothing he had done by Night ;  
 And sipp'd his Cordial, as he sat upright : }  
 He kiss'd his balmy Spouse with wanton Play,  
 And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay.  
 Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast ;  
 For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last.

But anxious Cares the pensive *Squire* oppress'd,  
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forsook his Breast ;  
 The raging Flames that in his Bosom dwell,  
 He wanted Art to hide, and Means to tell.  
 Yet hoping Time th' Occasion might betray,  
 Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May* ;  
 Which writ, and folded with the nicest Art,  
 He wrapp'd in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.

When now the fourth revolving Day was run,  
 ('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)

Forth

Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride ;  
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side.

High Mass was sung ; they feasted in the Hall ;

The Servants round stood ready at their Call.

The Squire alone was absent from the Board,

And much his Sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,

Who pray'd his Spouse, attended by her Train,

To visit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.

Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Consent ;

They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went.

The Female Tribe surround him as he lay,

And close beside him fate the gentle *May* :

Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew

A speaking Sigh, and cast a mournful View ;

Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'r's divine

With secret Vows, to favour his Design.

Who studies now, but discontented *May* ?

On her soft Couch uneasily she lay ;

The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night,

Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning-Light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,

Nor if she thought herself in Heav'n or Hell ;

Honest and dull in nuptial Bed they lay,

Till the Bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,

Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed ;

Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love,

Shed its selectest Infl'ence from above ;

Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame

Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame ;

Receiv'd th' Impressions of the Love-sick *Squire*,  
And wasted in the soft infectious Fire.

Ye Fair, draw near, let *May's Example* move  
Your gentle Minds to pity those who Love!  
Had some fierce Tyrant in her Stead been found,  
The poor Adorer, sure, had hang'd or drown'd;  
But she, your Sex's Mirrour, free from Pride,  
Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But, to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd  
Pleasure the sov'reign Bliss of Human-kind:  
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)  
Deriv'd his high Philosophy from those;  
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence  
Of lavish Pomp and proud Magnificence:  
His House was stately, his Retinue gay,  
Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.  
His spacious Gärden, made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with Walls of solid Stone:  
*Priapus* could not half describe the Grace  
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:  
A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*  
In long Descriptions, and exceed Romance;  
Enough to shame the gentlest Bard that sings  
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.  
Full in the Center of the flow'ry Ground,  
A Crystal Fountain spread its Streams around,  
The fruitful Banks with verdant Laurels crown'd:  
About this Spring (if ancient Fame says true)  
The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports pursue;

Division

Their

11.30 V

Their pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,  
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,  
While tuneful Sprites a merry Concert made,  
And siry Music warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft' repair,  
(His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)  
For this he held it dear, and always bore  
The Silver Key that lock'd the Garden-Door.  
To this sweet Place, in Summer's sultry Heat,  
He us'd from Noise and Bus'ness to retreat;  
And here in Dalliance spend the live-long Day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly *May*.  
For, whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed,  
The duteous Knight in this fair Garden sped.

But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure?  
How short a Space our worldly Joys endure!  
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rrous Kind,  
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind!  
O painted Monster! form'd Mankind to cheat  
With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit!  
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,  
Amidst his Ease, his Solace, and Delight,  
Struck blind by Thee, resigns his Days to Grief,  
And calls on Death, the Wretch's last Relief.

The Rage of Jealousy then seiz'd his Mind;  
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.  
His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to stray,  
Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day,  
Abridg'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway,

Fall oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,  
And sigh'd full oft ; but sigh'd and wept in vain :  
She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye :  
For oh, 'twas fix'd ; she must possess, or die !  
Nor less Impatience vex'd her am'rous *Squire*,  
Wild with Delay, and burning with Desire.  
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain  
By secret Writing to disclose his Pain :  
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,  
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight ! what would thy Eyes avail,  
Tho' they could see as far as Ships can sail ?  
'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,  
Than be deluded when a Man can see.

*Argus* himself, so cautious and so wise,  
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred Eyes :  
So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known,  
Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own.

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,  
Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear ;  
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,  
And gave th' Impression to the trusty *Squire*.  
By means of this, some Wonder shall appear,  
Which in due Place and Season you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid* in the Days of yore,  
What Slight is that which Love will not explore ?  
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly shew,  
The Feats true Lovers, when they list, can do :  
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,  
They found the Art of kissing thro' a Wall.

But

But now no longer from our Tale to stray ;  
It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,  
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous Play :  
He rais'd his Spouse, e're Matin-Bell was rung,  
And thus his Morning-Canticle he sung :

- ‘ Awake, my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes ;
- ‘ Arise, my Wife, my beauteous Lady, rise !
- ‘ Hear how the Doves with pensive Notes complain,
- ‘ And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain ;
- ‘ The Winter's past ; the Clouds and Tempests fly ;
- ‘ The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
- ‘ Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part
- ‘ My Bosom wounds, and captivates my Heart :
- ‘ Come, and in mutual Pleasure, let's engage,
- ‘ Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age,’

This heard, to *Damian* strait a Sign she made,  
To haste before ; the gentle *Squire* obey'd :  
Secret, and undefcry'd, he took his Way,  
And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e're *January* came,  
And Hand in Hand with him his lovely Dame :  
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure.

- ‘ Here let us walk (he said) observ'd by none,
- ‘ Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown :
- ‘ So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
- ‘ Art far the dearest Solace of my Life ;
- ‘ And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
- ‘ To die this instant, than to lose thy Love.

- Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,
- When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
- And sought no Treasure, but thy Heart alone.
- Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
- While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
- Nor Age, nor Blindness rob me of Delight.
- Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,
- The Loss of Thee is what I only fear.
- Consider then, my Lady, and my Wife,
- The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
- As first, the Love of *Christ* himself you gain ;
- Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain ;
- And lastly, that which sure your Mind must move,
- My whole Estate shall gratify your Love :
- Make your own Terms, and e're to morrow's Sun
- Displays his Light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
- I seal the Contract with an holy Kiss,
- And will perform, by thi.—my Dear, and this—
- Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
- 'Tis Love, not Jealousy, that fires my Mind.
- For when thy Charms my sober Thoughts engage,
- And join'd to them my own unequal Age ;
- From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
- Such secret Transports warm my melting Heart.
- For who, that once possess'd those heav'nly Charms,
- Could live one Moment absent from thy Arms?
- He ceas'd ; and *Mary*, with modest Grace reply'd,
- (Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)
- Heav'n knows, (with that, a tender Sigh she drew)
- I have a Soul to save, as well as you ;

• And,

• And, what no less you to my Charge commend,  
• My dearest Honour, will to Death defend.  
• To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,  
• And join'd my Heart in Wedlock's sacred Band :  
• Yet after this, if you distrust my Care,  
• Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :  
  First, may the yawning Earth her Bosom rend,  
• And let me hence to Hell alive descend ;  
• Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell,  
• Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well :  
• E're I my Fame by one lewd Act disgrace,  
  Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.  
• For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came ;  
• I loath a Whore, and startle at the Name.  
• But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,  
• And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect :  
• Else, why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me ?  
• These Doubts and Fears of Female Constaney ?  
• This Chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,  
• The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear'.

Thus, while she spoke, a fidelong Glance she cast,  
Where *Damion* kneeling, worshipp'd as she pass'd.  
She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,  
And singled out a Pear-Tree planted nigh :  
'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,  
And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.  
Thither th'obsequious *Squire* address'd his Pace,  
And climbing, in the Summit took his place :  
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,  
Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas

'Twas now the Season, when the glorious Sun  
 His heav'ly Progress thro' the Twins had run ;  
 And Jove, exalted, his mild Infl'ence yields,  
 To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.  
 Clear was the Day, and Phœbus rising bright,  
 Had streak'd the azure Firmament with Light :  
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams,  
 And warm'd the Womb of Earth with genial Beams.

It so befel, in that fair Morning-tide,  
 The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,  
 And, in the midst, their Monarch and his Bride. }  
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,  
 The Knights so nimbly o'er the Greensward bound, }  
 That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the }  
 Ground.

The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train  
 For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain ;

While on a Bank reclin'd, of rising Green,  
 Thus, with a Frown, the King bespoke his Queen :

- ‘ ‘Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
- ‘ The Treachery you Women use to Man :
- ‘ A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,
- ‘ And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.
- ‘ Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble Solomon,
- ‘ A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun :
- ‘ All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree
- ‘ Of earthly Bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
- ‘ For sagely hast thou said, Of all Mankind,
- ‘ One only just and righteous, hope to find.

‘ But,

• But, shouldest thou search the spacious World around,  
• Yet one good Woman is not to be found.

• Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness ;  
• The Son of Sirach testifies no less.  
• So may some Wild-fire on your Bodies fall,  
• Or some devouring Plague consume you all ;  
• As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,  
• And well this honourable Knight you see :  
• But since he's blind and old (a helpless Case !)  
• His Squire shall cuckold him before your Face.

• Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,  
• And by this awful Sceptre which I bear,  
• No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
• That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.  
• I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,  
• And, in the very Act, restore his Sight ;  
• And set the Strumpet here in open View,  
• A Warning to these Ladies, and to you,  
• And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true.

• And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed ? }  
• Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed, }  
• She shall not want an Answer at her Need.  
• For her, and for her Daughters, I'll engage,  
• And all the Sex in each succeeding Age :  
• Art shall be theirs, to varnish an Offence,  
• And fortify their Crimes with Confidence.  
• Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,  
• Seen with both Eyes, and pinion'd on the Place ;  
• All they shall need, is, to protest and swear,  
• Breathe a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear ; }

- ‘ Till their wise Husbands, gull’d by Arts like these,
- ‘ Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.
- ‘ What tho’ this fland’rous Jew, this Solomon,
- ‘ Call’d Women Fools, and knew full many a one ?
- ‘ The wiser Wits of later Times declare,
- ‘ How constant, chaste, and virtuous Women are :
- ‘ Witness the Martyrs, who resign’d their Breath,
- ‘ Serene in Torments, unconcern’d in Death :
- ‘ And witness next, what Roman Authors tell,
- ‘ How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell,
- ‘ But since the sacred Leaves to all are free,
- ‘ And Men interpret Texts, why should not we ?
- ‘ By this, no more was meant, than to have shown,
- ‘ That sov’reign Goodness dwells in Him alone,
- ‘ Who only Is, and is but only One. }
- ‘ But grant the worst, shall Women then be weigh’d
- ‘ By ev’ry Word that Solomon has said ?
- ‘ What tho’ this King (as ancient Story boasts)
- ‘ Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts ;
- ‘ He ceas’d at last his Maker to adore,
- ‘ And did as much for Idol-Gods, or more.
- ‘ Beware what lavish Praises you confer
- ‘ On a rank Leacher and Idolater ;
- ‘ Whose Reign indulgent God (says holy Writ)
- ‘ Did but for *David*’s righteous Sake permit ,
- ‘ *David*, the Monarch after Heav’n’s own Mind,
- ‘ Who lov’d our Sex, and honour’d all our Kind.
- ‘ Well, I’m a Woman, and as such must speak ;
- ‘ Silence would swell me, and my Heart would break.

‘ Know

' Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities,  
' Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lyes.  
' By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sex's Foes,  
' Whom, in our Right, I must and will oppose.  
    ' Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth ;  
    ' I yield it up ; but since I gave my Oath,  
    ' That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,  
    ' It must be done — I am a King, said he,  
    ' And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.'  
    ' And so has mine (she said) — I am a Queen ;  
    ' Her Answer she shall have, I undertake ;  
    ' And thus an End of all Dispute I make.  
    ' Try when you list ; and you shall find, my Lord,  
    ' It is not in our Sex to break our Word.'  
    We leave them here in this heroick Strain,  
And to the Knight our Story turns again ;  
Who in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,  
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay ;  
This was his Song, ' Oh, kind and constant be ;  
    ' Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.  
    Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,  
By easy Steps, to where the Pear-tree grew :  
The longing *Dame* look'd up, and spy'd her Love  
Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.  
She stopp'd ; and sighing : ' Oh, good Gods, she cry'd,  
    ' What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side !  
    ' Oh, for the tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green ; —  
    ' Help, for the Love of Heav'n's immortal Queen !  
    ' Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the Life  
    ' Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife !

Sore figh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry;  
 But could not climb, and had no Servant nigh:  
 Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,  
 What could, alas! the helpless Husband do?  
 • And must I languish then (she said) and die,  
 • Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?  
 • At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet Sake,  
 • Vouchsafe the Trunk between your Arms to take;  
 • Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree;  
 • Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.  
     • With all my Soul (he thus reply'd again)  
 • I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain.'  
 With that his Back against the Trunk he bent;  
 She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all!  
 Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:  
 'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd;  
 Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.  
 What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,  
 I pass, as Gambols never known to you:  
 But sure, it was a merrier Fit, she swore,  
 Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight  
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight.  
 Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,  
 As one, whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent;  
 But when he saw his Bosom-Wife so dress'd,  
 His Rage was such as cannot be express'd:  
 Not frantic Mothers, when their Infants die,  
 With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Sky:

He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his Hair;  
‘ Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost thou do there?’  
‘ What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd;  
‘ I thought your Patience had been better try'd:  
‘ Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind?  
‘ This my Reward for having cur'd the Blind?  
‘ Why was I taught to make my Husband see,  
‘ By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?  
‘ Did I, for this, the Pow'r of Magic prove?  
Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love!  
‘ If this be struggling, by this holy Light,  
‘ Tis struggling with a Vengeance (quoth the Knight.)  
‘ So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,  
‘ As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;  
‘ Whor'd by my Slave—Perfidious Wretch! may Hell  
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.  
‘ Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,  
‘ Pray Heav'n, this Magic work the proper Way!  
‘ Alas, my Love! 'tis certain, could you see,  
‘ You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me:  
‘ So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,  
‘ But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light?  
‘ What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain;  
‘ For, by th' immortal Pow'rs, it seem'd too plain—  
‘ By all those Pow'rs, some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,  
‘ (Reply'd the Dame) are these the Thanks I find?  
‘ Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind! She said;  
The ready Tears apace began to flow,  
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye  
The Drops (for Women, when they list, can cry.)  
The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd  
Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he chear'd:  
‘ Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er;  
‘ Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:

- Excuse me, Dear, if aught amiss was said ;
- For, on my Soul, Amends shall soon be made :
- Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw ;
- By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw.
- Ah, my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
- On bare Suspicion thus to treat your Bride.
- But till your Sight's establish'd for a while,
- Imperfect Objects may your Sense beguile.
- Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display,
- The Balls are wounded with the piercing Ray,
- And dusky Vapours rise, and intercept the Day :
- So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
- Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,
- Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before }  
your Sight.

- Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ;
- Heav'n knows, how seldom Things are what they seem !
- Consult your Reason, and you soon shall find,
- 'Twas you were jealous, not your Wife unkind :
- Jove ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,
- None judge so wrong, as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,  
 With well-dismembled Virtue in her Face.  
 He hugg'd her close, and kis'd her o'er and o'er,  
 Disturb'd with Doubts and Jealousies no more :  
 Both, pleas'd and blefs'd, renew'd their mutual Vows,  
 A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse.

Thus ends our Tale, whose Moral next to make,  
 Let all wise Husbands hence Example take ;  
 And pray, to crown the Pleasure of their Lives,  
 To be so well deluded by their Wives.

*End of the MERCHANT'S TALE.*

P R O-

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# PROLOGUE

TO THE

## Wife of Bath's TALE.

*By the same Hand.*

**B**Ehold ! the Woes of Matrimonial Life,  
And hear with Rev'rence an experienc'd Wife !

To dear-bought Wisdom give the Credit due,

And think, for once, a Woman tells you true.

In all these Trials I have borne a Part,

I was myself the Scourge that caus'd the Smart :

For, since Fifteen, in Triumph have I led

Five captive Husbands from the Church to Bed.

Christ saw a Wedding once, the Scripture says,  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his Days :

Whence some infer, whose Conscience is too nice,

No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,

The Words address'd to the Samaritan.

Five times in lawful Wedlock she was join'd ;

And sure the certain Stint was ne'er defin'd.

+ *The Wife of Bath speaks.*

*Increase and Multiply, was Heav'n's Command,  
And that's a Text I clearly understand.*

*This too, Let Men their Sires and Mothers leave,  
And to their dearer Wives for ever cleare.  
More Wives than one by Soloman were try'd,  
Or else the Wisest of Mankind's bely'd.*

*I've had myself full many a merry Fit ;  
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.  
For when my transitory Spouse, unkind,  
Shall die, and leave his woeeful Wife behind,  
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.*

*Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
Declar'd, 'twas better far to wed than burn.  
There's Danger in assembling Fire and Tow ;  
I grant 'em that ; and what it means, you know.  
The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,  
No Precept for Virginity he found :  
'Tis but a Counsel — and we Women still  
Take which we like, the Counsel, or our Will.*

*I envy not their Bliss, if he or she  
Think fit to live in perfect Chastity ;  
Pure let them be, and free from Taint of Vice ;  
I, for a few slight Spots, am not so nice.  
Heav'n calls us different Ways, on These bestows  
One proper Gift, another grants to Those :  
Not ev'ry Man's oblig'd to sell his Store,  
And give up all his Substance to the Poor ;  
Such, as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;  
But, by your Leave, Divines, so am not I.*

Full

Full many a Saint, since first the World began,  
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of Man :  
 Let such (a God's Name) with fine Wheat be fed,  
 And let us honest Wives eat Barley-bread.  
 For me, I'll keep the Post assign'd by Heav'n,  
 And use the copious Talent it has giv'n :  
 Let my good Spouse pay Tribute, do me Right,  
 And keep an equal Reck'ning ev'ry Night,  
 His proper Body is not his, but mine ;  
 For so said *Paul* and *Paul's* a sound Divine.

Know then, of those five Husbands I have had,  
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.  
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,  
 And toil'd most piteously to please their Bride :  
 But since their Wealth (the best they had) was mine,  
 The rest, without much Loss, I could resign.  
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no Pains to please,  
 Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : with Show'rs of Gold  
 They made their Court, like *Jupiter* of old.  
 If I but smil'd, a sudden Youth they found,  
 And a new Palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign Wives ! give ear, and understand ;  
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise Command.  
 For never was it giv'n to mortal Man,  
 To lye so boldly as a Woman can.  
 Forswear the Fact, tho' seen with both his Eyes,  
 And call her Maids to witness how he lyes.

' Hark, old Sir *Paul* ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)  
 ' Whence is our Neighbour's Wife so rich and gay ?

- Treated, caress'd, where-e'er she's pleas'd to roam?
- I sit in Tatters, and immur'd at Home.
- Why to her House dost thou so oft repair?
- Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
- If I but see a Cousin, or a Friend,
- Lord! how you swell, and rage like any Fiend!
- But you ~~feel~~ Home, a drunken beastly Bear,
- Then preach till Midnight in your easy Chair,
- Cry, Wives are false, and ev'ry Woman evil,
- And give up all that's Female to the Devil.
  - If poor, (you say) she drains her Husband's Purse;
  - If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse;
  - If highly born, intolerably vain,
  - Vapours and Pride by turn possess her Brain;
  - Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetick,
  - Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
  - If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
  - By pressing Youth attack'd on every side.
  - If foul, her Wealth the lusty Lover lures,
  - Or else her Wit some Fool-gallant procures;
  - Or else she dances with becoming Grace,
  - Or Shape excuses the Defects of Face.
  - There swims no Goose so grey, but, soon or late,
  - She finds some honest Gander for her Mate.
  - Horses (thou say'st) and Asses, Men may try,
  - And ring suspected Vessels e're they buy:
  - But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
  - They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake:
  - Then, nor till then, the Veil's remov'd away,
  - And all the Woman glares in open Day.

You

- ‘ You tell me, to preserve your Wife’s good Grace,
- ‘ Your Eyes must always languish on my Face ;
- ‘ Your Tongue with constant Flatt’ries feed my Ear,
- ‘ And tag each Sentence with, My Life ! my Dear !
- ‘ If, by strange Chance, a modest Blush be rais’d,
- ‘ Be sure my fine Complexion must be prais’d.
- ‘ My Garments always must be new and gay,
- ‘ And Feasts still kept upon my Wedding-Day.
- ‘ Then must my Nurse be pleas’d, and fav’rite Maid ;
- ‘ And endless Treats, and endless Visits paid
- ‘ To a long Train of Kindred, Friends, Allies ;
- ‘ All this thou say’st, and all thou say’st are Lyes,
- ‘ On Jenkin too you cast a squinting Eye :
- ‘ What ! can your Prentice raise your Jealousy ?
- ‘ Fresh are his ruddy Cheeks, his Forehead fair,
- ‘ And like the burnish’d Gold his curling Hair.
- ‘ But clear thy wrinkled Brow, and quit thy Sorrow,
- ‘ I’d scorn your Prentice, should you die to-morrow.
- ‘ Why are thy Chests all lock’d ? on what Design
- ‘ Are not thy worldly Goods and Treasure mine ?
- ‘ Sir, I’m not Fool ; nor shall you, by St. John,
- ‘ Have Goods and Body to yourself alone ;
- ‘ One you shall quit, in spite of both your Eyes —
- ‘ I heed not, I, the Bolts, the Locks, the Spies.
- ‘ If you had Wit, you’d say, ‘ Go where you will,
- ‘ Dear Spouse ; I credit not the Tales they tell ;
- ‘ Take all the Freedoms of a married Life ;
- ‘ I know thee for a virtuous, faithful Wife.
- ‘ Lord, when you have enough, what need you care ?
- ‘ How merrily soever others fare ?

‘ Tho’

- Tho' all the Day I give and take Delight,
- Doubt not, sufficient will be left at Night,
- 'Tis but a just and rational Desire,
- To light a Taper at a Neighbour's Fire.
- There's Danger too, you think, in rich Array,
- And none can long be modest that are gay;
- The Cat, if you but singe her tabby Skin,
- The Chimney keeps, and fits content within;
- But once grown sleek, will from her Corner run,
- Sport with her Tail, and wanton in the Sun:
- She licks her fair round Face, and frisks abroad,
- To show her Furr, and to be catterwaw'd.'

Lo thus, my Friends, I wrought to my Desires,  
These three right-ancient venerable Sires.

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do —  
And told 'em false; but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.  
I, like a Dog, could bite as well as whine,  
And first complain'd, whene'er the Guilt was mine.  
I tax'd them oft with Wenching and Amours,  
When their weak Legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of Doors;  
And swore, the Rambles that I took by Night,  
Were all to spy what Damsels they bedight.  
That Colour brought me many Hours of Mirth;  
For all this Wit is giv'n us from our Birth.  
Heav'n gave to Woman the peculiar Grace  
To spin, to weep, and cully human Race.  
By this nice Conduct, and this prudent Course,  
By Murm'ring, Wheedling, Stratagem, and Force,  
I still prevail'd, and would be in the Right,  
Or Curtain-Lectures made a restless Night.

If once my Husband's Arm was o'er my Side,  
What! so familiar with your Spouse? I cry'd:  
I levy'd first a Tax upon his Need;  
Then let him — 'twas a Nicety indeed!  
Let all Mankind this certain Maxim hold,  
Marry who will, our Sex is to be sold.  
With empty Hands no Tassels can you lure;  
But fulsome Love for Gain we can endure;  
For Gold we love the Impotent and Old,  
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling for Gold,  
Yet with Embraces, Curses oft' I mixt;  
Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt;  
Well, I may make my Will in Peace, and die;  
For not one Word in Man's Arrears am I.  
To drop a dear Dispute I was unable,  
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at Table.  
But when my Point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:  
‘*Billy, my Dear, how sheepishly you look!*  
‘*Approach, my Spouse, and let me kiss thy Cheek;*  
‘*Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!*  
‘*Of Job's great Patience since so oft' you preach,*  
‘*Well should you practise, who so well can teach.*  
‘*'Tis difficult to do, I must allow;*  
‘*But I, my Dearest, will instruct you how,*  
‘*Great is the Blessing of a prudent Wife,*  
‘*Who puts a Period to domestic Strife.*  
‘*One of us two must rule, and one obey;*  
‘*And since in Man right Reason bears the Sway,*  
‘*Let that frail Thing, weak Woman, have her Way.*

‘ The

' The Wives of all my Family have rul'd.  
 ' Their tender Husbands, and their Passions cool'd.  
 ' Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;  
 ' What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?  
 ' Why, take me, Love ! take all and ev'ry Part !  
 ' Here's your Revenge ! you love it at your Heart.  
 ' Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,  
 ' You little think what Custom I could have.  
 ' But see ! I'm all your own — nay, hold — for shame !  
 ' What means my dear — indeed — you are to blame !

Thus with my first three Lords I pass'd my Life,  
 A very Woman, and a very Wife.

What Sums from these old Spouses I could raise,  
 Procur'd young Husbands in my riper Days.

Tho' past my Broom, not yet decay'd was I,  
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a Pye.

In Country-Dances still I bore the Bell,  
 And sung as sweet as Evening-*Philomel*.

To clear my Quail-Pipe, and refresh my Soul,  
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy Nut-brown Bowl ;

Rich luscious Wines, that youthful Blood improve,  
 And warm the swelling Veins to Feats of Love :

For 'tis as sure, as Cold engenders Hail,  
 A liqu'rish Mouth must have a lech'rous Tail :

Wine lets no Lover unrewarded go,  
 As all true Gamesters by Experience know.

But oh, good Gods ! whene'er a Thought I cast  
 On all the Joys of Youth and Beauty past,  
 To find in Pleasures I have had my Part,  
 Still warms me to the bottom of my Heart.

This

This wicked World was once my dear Delight ;  
Now all my Conquests, all my Charms, good night !  
The Flour consum'd, the best that now I can  
Is ev'n to make my Market of the Bran.

My fourth dear Spouse was not exceeding true :  
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss, or two :  
But all that Score I paid — as how ? you'll say ;  
Not with my Body, in a filthy Way :  
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd ;  
And view'd a Friend, with Eye so very kind,  
As stung his Heart, and made his Marrow fry  
With burning Rage, and frantick Jealousy.  
His Soul, I hope, enjoys eternal Glory ;  
For here on Earth I was his Purgatory.  
Oft', when his Shoe the most severely wrung,  
He put on careless Airs, and sat and sung.  
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,  
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the Woe.  
He dy'd, when last from Pilgrimage I came,  
With other Gossips, from Jerusalem ;  
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,  
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest Wood.  
A Tomb, indeed, with fewer Sculptures grac'd,  
Than that *Mausolus'* pious Widow plac'd ;  
Or where inshrin'd the great *Darius* lay ;  
But Cost on Graves is merely thrown away.  
The Pit fill'd up, with Turf we cover'd o'er ;  
So, bles's the good Man's Soul ; I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best ;  
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting Rest)

Full

Full hearty was his Love ; and I can shew  
The Tokens on my Ribs in Black and Blue :  
Yet, with a Knack, my Heart he could have won,  
While yet the Smart was shooting in the Bone.  
How quaint an Appetite in Women reigns !  
Free Gifts we scorn, and love what costs us Pains :  
Let Men avoid us, and on them we leap ;  
A glutted Market makes Provision cheap.

In pure good Will I took this jovial Spark ;  
Of Oxford he, a most egregious Clerk.  
He boarded with a Widow in the Town,  
A trusty Gossip, one Dame *Alison*.  
Full well the Secrets of my Soul she knew,  
Better than e'er our Parish-Priest could do.  
To her I told whatever could befall ;  
Had but my Husband piss'd against a Wall,  
Or done a thing that might have cost his Life,  
She—and my Niece—and one more worthy Wife,  
Had known it all : What most he would conceal,  
To these I made no scruple to reveal.  
Oft' has he blush'd from Ear to Ear for Shame,  
That e'er he told a Secret to his Dame.

It so befel, in holy Time of *Lent*,  
That oft' a Day I to this Gossip went ;  
(My Husband, thank my Stars, was out of Town)  
From House to House we rambled up and down,  
This Clerk, my self, and my good Neighbour *Alce*,  
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather Tales.  
Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,  
And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade ;

The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept ;  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.  
 At Sermons too I shone in Scarlet gay ;  
 The wasting Moth ne'er spoil'd my best Array ;  
 The Cause was this, I wore it ev'ry Day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early Blossoms yields,  
 This Clerk and I were walking in the Fields.

We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my Honour, and engag'd my Vow,  
 If e'er I laid my Husband in his Urn,  
 That He, and only He, should serve my turn.

We strait struck Hands, the Bargain was agreed ;  
 I still have Shifts against a Time of Need :  
 The Mouse that always trusts to one poor Hole,  
 Can never be a Mouse of any Soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;  
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
 And Dreams foretel, as learned Men have shown :  
 All this I said ; but Dream, Sirs, I had none :  
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's Lore,  
 Who bid me tell this Lye—and twenty more.

Thus Day by Day, and Month by Month we past ;  
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my Spouse at last.  
 I tore my Gown, I soil'd my Locks with Dust,  
 And beat my Breasts, as wretched Widows—must,  
 Before my Face my Handkerchief I spread,  
 To hide the Flood of Tears I did—not shed.  
 The good Man's Coffin to the Church was borne ;  
 Around, the Neighbours, and my Clerk too mourn.

But as he march'd, good Gods! he shew'd a Pair  
 Of Legs and Feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!  
 Of twenty Winters Age he seem'd to be;  
 I (to say Truth) was twenty more than he:  
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom Dame;  
 And had a wond'rous Gift to quench a Flame.  
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,  
 Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my Sign.  
 As the Stars order'd, such my Life has been:  
 Alas, alas, that ever Love was Sin!  
 Fair *Venus* gave me Fire, and sprightly Grace,  
 And *Mars* Assurance, and a dauntless Face.  
 By virtue of this pow'rful Constellation,  
 I follow'd always my own Inclination.

But to my Tale: A Month scarce pass'd away,  
 With Dance and Song we kept the nuptial Day.  
 All I possess'd, I gave to his Command,  
 My Goods and Chattels, Money, House and Land;  
 But oft' repented, and repent it still;  
 He prov'd a Rebel to my sov'reign Will:  
 Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the Face;  
 Hear but the Fact, and judge yourselves the Case.

Stubborn as any Lioness was I;  
 And knew full well to raise my Voice on high;  
 As true a Rambler as I was before,  
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.  
 He, against this right sagely would advise,  
 And old Examples set before my Eyes;  
 Tell how the *Roman* Matrons led their Life,  
 Of *Gracchus'* Mother, and *Duilius'* Wife;

And

And chose the Sermon, as beseem'd his Wit,  
With some grave Sentence out of holy Writ.  
Oft' would he say, ' Who builds his House on Sands,  
• Pricks his blind Horse across the fallow Lands ;  
● Or lets his Wife abroad with Pilgrims roam,  
‘ Deserves a Fool's Cap and long Ears at home.'

All this avail'd not : For whoe'er he be  
That tells my Faults, I hate him mortally :  
And so do Numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
Men, Women, Clergy, Regular and Lay.

My Spouse (who was, you know, to Learning bred,  
A certain Treatise oft' at Evening read ;  
Where divers Authors (whom the Dev'l confound  
For all their Lyes) were in one Volume bound.  
*Valerius*, whole ; and of *St. Jerome*, part ;  
*Chrysippus* and *Tertullian*, *Ovid's Art*,  
*Solomon's Proverbs*, *Eloisa's Loves* ;

And many more than sure the Church approves.  
More Legends were there here, of wicked Wives,  
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints Lives.  
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a Man.  
But could we Women write as Scholars can,  
Men should stand mark'd with far more Wickedness,  
Than all the Sons of *Adam* could redress.  
Love seldom haunts the Breast where Learning lies,

And *Venus* sets e're *Mercury* can rise.  
Those play the Scholars who can't play the Men,  
And use that Weapon which they have, their Pen ;  
When old, and paft the Relish of Delight,  
Then down they sit, and in their Dotage write,

**T**hat not one Woman keeps her Marriage-Vow.  
(This by the way, but to my Purpose now.)

It chanc'd, my Husband, on a Winter's Night,  
Read in this Book aloud, with strange Delight,  
**H**ow the first Female (as the Scriptures show)  
Brought her own Spouse and all his Race to Woe ;  
**H**ow Sampson fell ; and he whom *Dejanire*  
Wrapp'd in th' invenom'd Shirt, and set on fire ;  
How curs'd *Eryphile* her Lord betray'd,  
And the dire Ambush *Clytemnestra* laid.  
But what most pleas'd him, was the *Cretan Dame*,  
**A**nd Husband-Bull—oh monstrous ! fie for shame !

He had by heart the whole Detail of Woe  
*Xantippe* made her good Man undergo.  
How oft she scolded in a Day, he knew,  
How many Piss-pots on the Sage she threw ;  
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his Head ;  
*Rain follows Thunder*, that was all he said.

He read, how *Arius* to his Friend complain'd,  
**A** fatal Tree was growing in his Land,  
On which three Wives successively had twin'd  
A sliding Noose, and waver'd in the Wind.  
• Where grows this Plant (reply'd the Friend) oh where ?  
• For better Fruit did never Orchard bear :  
• Give me some Slip of this most blissful Tree,  
• And in my Garden planted shall it be.'

Then how two Wives their Lord's Destruction prove,  
Thro' Hatred one, and one thro' too much Love ;  
That for her Husband mix'd a pois'nous Draught,  
And This, for Lust an am'rous Philtre bought ;

The

The nimble Juice soon feiz'd his giddy Head,  
Frantick at Night, and in the Morning dead.

How some with Swords their sleeping Lords have  
slain,

And some have hammer'd Nails into their Brain ;  
And some have drench'd them with a deadly Potion ;  
All this he read, and read with great Devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and  
frown'd ;

But when no End of these vile Tales I found,  
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
And half the Night was thus consum'd in vain ;  
Provok'd to Vengeance, three large Leaves I tore,  
And with one Buffet fell'd him on the Floor.

With that, my Husband in a Fury rose,  
And down he settled me with hearty Blows.

I groan'd, and lay extended on my Side ;  
‘ Oh ! thou hast slain me for my Wealth (I cry'd)  
‘ Yet I forgive thee——take my last Embrace—’  
He wept, kind Soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my Face ;  
I took him such a Box as turn'd him blue,  
Then figh'd, and cry'd, ‘ Adieu, my Dear, adieu !’

But after many a hearty Struggle past,  
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, ‘ My Mistress and my Wife,  
‘ Do what you list, the Term of all your Life ;’  
I took to Heart the Merits of the Cause,  
And stood content to rule by wholesome Laws ;

Receiv'd the Reins of absolute Command,  
 With all the Government of House and Land,  
 And Empire o'er his Tongue, and o'er his Hand.  
 As for the Volume that revil'd the Dames,  
 'Twas torn to Fragments, and condemn'd to Flames.

Now Heav'n on all my Husbands gone, bestow  
 Pleasures above, for Tortures felt below:  
 That Rest, they wish'd for, grant them in the Grave,  
 And bless those Souls my Conduct help'd to save.

† The Point thus settled, from Objection clear,  
 Now will I tell my Tale, if you will hear.

Here, interrupting, laugh'd the rosy *Fry'r* ;  
 • So may my Soul to Heav'nly Bliss aspire,  
 • Nor yet of Earthly Good my Body fail,  
 • As 'twas a long Preamble of a Tale.'

He said, and chuckled at his Speech so smart.  
 This heard the *Sumner*, nettled to the Heart,  
 Mad to observe his Brother Leech in Glee ;  
 For rarely two of any Trade agree.

• Now, by the Arms that hung our Souls to save,  
 • A *Fry'r* is still an intermeddling Knave:  
 • For, like a Fly, he falls in ev'ry Dish,  
 • Be it or Roast, or Boil'd, or Fowl, or Fish :  
 • Why stop the Lady in her pleasant Gambole ?  
 • And what to thee the Length of her Preamble ?  
 • Keep on the Right, or Left, behind, before,  
 • Peace, Son of a Mendicant ! — Peace, Son of a Whore !

‘ So !

† Continu'd by Mr. Ogle.

- ‘ So ! (quoth the *Fry'r*) Sir Sumner, say'ſt thou ſo ?  
‘ Faith, we will state Accounts e're far we go.  
‘ I of a Sumner will a Tale provide,  
‘ And ev'ry Hand shall shake at ev'ry Side.’  
The Sumner answer'd, ‘ I beſhrew thy Face.  
‘ Of many a *Fry'r* can I recount the Caſe ;  
‘ And one shall pay thy Malice in Return,  
‘ E're yet we reach the Town of *Sittingbourne*.’  
‘ Hold (cry'd our Lordly *Hoſt*) you ſpoil our Sport ;  
‘ Silence, I ſay ; keep Silence in the Court !  
‘ Will you not let the Woman tell her Tale ?  
‘ Wrangling, like Goffips, drunk with Market-Ale !  
‘ Come, gentle Dame, our Play is at a stand.’  
‘ All ready, Sir, quoth ſhe, at your Command.  
‘ I'll do the best to please you that I can,  
‘ If I have Licence from this worthy Man.’  
‘ 'Tis granted, ſaid the *Fry'r*, with holy Leer,  
‘ And open'd to the Tale a ſelf-ſuffieient Ear.’

*End of the PROLOGUE.*

THE

T H E  
**D E S I R E O F W O M A N :**  
 OR, T H E  
**W I F E o f B A T H ' s T A L E .**

*By Mr. D R Y D E N.*

IN Days of Old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,  
 Whose Acts and Fame to Foreign Lands were blown;  
 The little Elfs and little Fairy Queen  
 Gambol'd on Heaths, and dane'd along the Green;  
 And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,  
 The Grass untrodden rose, and mark'd the Ground :  
 Nor darkling did they glance, the Silver Light  
 Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,  
 And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong the Night.  
 Her Beams they follow'd, where at full they play'd,  
 Nor longer than she shed her Horns they stay'd :  
 From thence with airy Flight to Foreign Lands convey'd  
 Above the rest, our *Britain* held they dear,  
 More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,  
 And made more spacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.

I speak of ancient Times ; for now the Swain  
 Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,  
 And never hope to see the nightly Train ;

In

In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dreſt,  
The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy-Guest  
To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.  
She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,  
No Silver-Penny to reward her Pain :  
For Priests with Pray'rs, and other Godly Geer,  
Have made the merry Goblins disappear ,  
And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,  
Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor :  
And Fry'r's, that thro' the wealthy Regions run  
Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,  
Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls;  
And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Walls :  
This makes the Fairy Choirs forsake the Place,  
When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace :  
But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been,  
The Learning of the Parish now is seen,  
The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green,  
With Gown tuck'd up to Wakes ; for Sunday next,  
With humming Ale encouraging his Text ;  
Nor wants the holy Leer to Country-Girl betwixt.  
From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,  
There haunts not any *Incubus* but He.  
The Maids and Women need no Danger fear  
To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near :  
For by some Hay-cock, or some shady Thorn,  
He bids his Beads both Even-song and Morn.  
It so befel in this King Arthur's Reign,  
A lusty Knight was pricking o'er the Plain ;  
A Bachelor he was, and of the Courtly Train.

It happen'd as he rode, a Damsel gay  
In Rusty Robes to Market took her Way ;  
Soon on the Girl he cast an am'rous Eye,  
So straight she walk'd, and on her Pasterns high :  
If seeing her behind he lik'd her Pace,  
Now turning short, he better lik'd her Face :  
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful Fire,  
By Force accomplish'd his obscene Desire :  
This done, away he rode, not unespy'd ;  
For swarming at his Back the Country cry'd ;  
And, once in View, they never lost the Sight,  
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to Court the Knight.

Then Courts of Kings were held in high Renown,  
E're made the common Brothels of the Town :  
There, Virgins honourable Vows receiv'd,  
But chaste as Maids in Monasteries liv'd :  
The King himself, to nuptial Ties a Slave,  
No bad Example to his Poets gave :  
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age,  
Had not, to please the Prince, debauch'd the Stage.

Now what should *Artbur* do ? He lov'd the Knight ;  
But Sov'reign Monarchs are the Source of Right :  
Mov'd by the Damsel's Tears and common Cry,  
He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die.  
But fair *Geneura* rose in his Defence,  
And pray'd so hard for Mercy from the Prince,  
That to his Queen the King th' Offender gave,  
And left it in her Pow'r to Kill or Save.  
This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,  
Who thought it much, a Man should die for Love ;

And

And with their Mistrels join'd in close Debate,  
(Cov'ring their Kindness with dissembled Hate,) }  
If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.

At last agreed, they call'd him by Consent  
Before the Queen and Female Parliament :

And the fair Speaker rising from her Chair,  
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare :

' Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life, yet still  
' Thy Destiny depends upon my Will:  
' Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace  
' Not due to thee from our offended Race.  
' But as our Kind is of a softer Mold,  
' And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,  
' I grant thee Life ; reserving still the Pow'r  
' To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour :  
' Unless thy Answer to my next Demand  
' Shall set Thee free from our avenging Hand :  
' The Question, whose Solution I require,  
' Is, *What the Sex of Women most desire ?*  
' In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife :  
' Beware ; for on thy Wit depends thy Life,  
' Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say,  
' Thou damn thy self) we give thee farther Day :  
' A Year is thine, to wander at thy Will,  
' And learn from others, if thou want'it the Skill,  
' But, not to hold our Proffer turn'd in Scorn,  
' Good Sureties will we have for thy Return ;  
' That at the Time prefix'd thou shalt obey,  
' And at thy Pledges Peril keep thy Day.'

Woe

Woe was the Knight at this severe Command !  
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand :  
The Terms accepted, as the Fair ordain,  
He put in Bail for his Return again ;  
And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,  
The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he could find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went  
With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,  
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.  
'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,  
As was not yet agreed among the Kind.  
Thus on he went ; still anxious more and more,  
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at ev'ry Door ;  
Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief Request  
To learn from Women what they lov'd the best.  
They answer'd each according to her Mind,  
To please herself, not all the Female Kind.  
One was for Wealth, another was for Place :  
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better Face,  
The Widow's Wish was, oftentimes to wed ;  
The wanton Maids were all for Sport a-Bed.  
Some said, the Sex were pleas'd with handsome Lies,  
And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without Disguise :  
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,  
Who flatters well ; for that's our darling Sin.  
But long Attendance, and a dutious Mind,  
Will work ev'n with the Wildest of our Kind.  
One thought the Sexes prime Felicity  
Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be free :

Their

Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions all their own,  
And uncontroll'd to give Account to none.  
Some wish a Husband-Fool ; but such are curst,  
For Fools perverse, of Husbands are the worst :  
All Women would be counted Chaste and Wise ;  
Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes :  
For Fools will prate ; and tho' they want the Wit  
To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit :  
Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue,  
For Womankind was never in the Wrong.  
So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life ;  
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife.  
And some Men say, that great Delight have we  
To be for Truth extoll'd, and Secrecy ;  
And constant in one Purpose still to dwell,  
And not our Husband's Counsels to reveal.  
But that's a Fable ; for our Sex is frail,  
Inventing rather than not tell a Tale.  
Like leaky Sieves, no Secrets we can hold :  
Witness the famous Tale that *Ovid* told.

*Midas* the King, as in his Book appears,  
By *Phæbus* was endow'd with Asses Ears,  
Which under his long Locks he well conceal'd,  
(As Monarchs Vices must not be reveal'd)  
For fear the People have 'em in the Wind,  
Who long ago were neither Dumb nor Blind ;  
Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title springs,  
Since *Jove* and *Maris* left off begetting Kings :  
This *Midas* knew ; and durst communicate  
To none but to his Wife, his Ears of State.

*The Desire of WOMAN: Or, the*  
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,  
 As passing prudent, and a parlous Wit.  
 To this sagacious Confessor he went,  
 And told her what a Gift the Gods had sent;  
 But told it under Matrimonial Seal,  
 With strict Injunction never to reveal.  
 The Secret heard, she plighted him her Troth  
 (And sacred, sure, is ev'ry Woman's Oath)  
 The Royal Malady should rest unknown,  
 Both for her Husband's Honour and her own.  
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent;  
 The Counsel rumbled till it found a Vent.  
 The Thing, she knew, she was oblig'd to hide;  
 By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd;  
 But if she told it not, the Woman dy'd.  
 Loth to betray a Husband and a Prince,  
 But she must burst, or blab; and no Pretence  
 Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-Defence.  
 A marshy Ground commodiously was near;  
 Thither she ran, and held her Breath for fear,  
 Lest if a Word she spoke of any thing,  
 That Word might be the Secret of the King.  
 Thus, full of Counsel, to the Fen she went,  
 Grip'd all the Way, and longing for a Vent:  
 Arriv'd by pure Necessity compell'd,  
 On her majestic Marrow-bones she kneel'd;  
 Then to the Waters-brink she laid her Head,  
 And, as a *Bittour* bumps within a Reed,  
 \* To thee alone, O Lake, she said, I tell  
 \* (And, as thy Queen, command thee to conceal)

\* Beneath

‘ Beneath his Locks the King my Husband wears  
‘ A goodly Royal Pair of Asses Ears.  
‘ Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain,  
‘ Till the next longing Fit returns again !’

Thus thro’ a Woman was the Secret known ;  
Tell us, and in Effect you tell the Town.  
But, to my Tale : The Knight with heavy Cheer,  
Wandring in vain, had now consum’d the Year :  
One Day was only left to solve the Doubt ;  
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.  
But home he must ; and as th’ Award had been,  
Yield up his Body Captive to the Queen.  
In this despairing State he happ’d to ride,  
As Fortune led him, by a Foreft-side :  
Lonely the Vale, and full of Horror stood,  
Brown with the Shade of a religious Wood :  
When full before him, at the Noon of Night,  
(The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy Light)  
He saw a Choir of Ladies in a Round,  
That feately footing seem’d to skim the Ground :  
Thus dancing Hand in Hand, so light they were,  
He knew not where they trod, on Earth or Air.  
At speed he drove, and came a sudden Guest,  
In hope where many Women were, at least  
Some one by chance might answer his Request.  
But faster than his Horse the Ladies flew,  
And in a trice were vanish’d out of View.

One only Hag remain’d ; but fouler far  
Than Grandame Apes in Indian Forests are ;

Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her Weight,  
Propp'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright,  
And dropp'd an awkward Court'sy to the Knight.

Then said, ‘ What makes you, Sir, so late abroad  
‘ Without a Guide, and this no beaten Road ?  
‘ Or want you aught that here you hope to find,  
‘ Or travel for some Trouble in your Mind ?  
‘ The last I guess ; and, if I read aright,  
‘ Those of our Sex are bound to serve a Knight :  
‘ Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief assuage ;  
‘ Then tell your Pain : For Wisdom is in Age.

To this the Knight : ‘ Good Mother, would you know  
‘ The secret Cause and Spring of all my Woe ?  
‘ My Life must with To-morrow's Light expire,  
‘ Unless I tell what Women most desire.  
‘ Now, could you help me at this hard Essay,  
‘ Or for your inborn Goodness, or for Pay ;  
‘ Yours is my Life, redeem'd by your Advice,  
‘ Ask what you please, and I will pay the Price :  
‘ The proudest Kerchief of the Court shall rest  
‘ Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.’  
‘ Plight me thy Faith, quoth she, that what I ask,  
‘ Thy Danger over, and perform'd the Task ;  
‘ That shalt thou give for Hire of thy Demand ;  
‘ Here, take thy Oath, and seal it on my Hand ;  
‘ I warrant thee, on Peril of my Life,  
‘ Thy Word shall please both Widow, Maid, and Wife.  
More Words there needed not to move the Knight  
To take her Offer, and his Truth to plight.

With

3

With that she spread her Mantle on the Ground,  
And, first enquiring whither he was bound,  
Bid him not fear, tho' long and rough the Way,  
At Court he should arrive e're Break of Day:  
His Horse should find the Way without a Guide,  
She said : With Fury they began to ride,  
He on the midst, the Beldam at his Side.  
The Horse, what Devil drove I cannot tell ;  
But only this, they sped their Journey well :  
And all the Way the Crone inform'd the Knight,  
How he should answer the Demand aright.

To Court they came : The News was quickly spread,  
Of his returning to redeem his Head.  
The Female Senate was assembled soon,  
With all the Mob of Women in the Town :  
The Queen sate Lord Chief Justice of the Hall,  
And bade the Crier cite the Criminal.  
The Knight appear'd, and Silence they proclaim,  
Then first the *Culprit* answer'd to his Name :  
And, after Forms of Law, was last requir'd  
To name the Thing that Women most desir'd.

Th'Offender, taught his Lesson by the Way,  
And by his Counsel order'd what to say,  
Thus bold began : ' My Lady Liege (said he)  
' What all your Sex desire, is Sov'reignty.  
' The Wife affects her Husband to command ;  
' All must be hers, both Money, House and Land.  
' The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name ;  
' And of their Servants full Dominion claim.

‘ This, at the Peril of my Head, I say,  
‘ A blunt plain Truth, The Sex aspires to Sway,  
‘ You to rule all, while we, like Slaves, obey.’

There was not one, or Widow, Maid, or Wife,  
But said, the Knight had well deserv'd his Life.  
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a Blush, confess'd  
The Man had found what Women love the best.

Up starts the Beldam, who was there unseen,  
And, Rev'rence made, accosted thus the Queen:  
‘ My Liege, said she, before the Court arise,  
‘ May I, poor Wretch, find Favour in your Eyes.  
‘ To grant my just Request? 'Twas I who taught  
‘ The Knight this Answer, and inspir'd his Thought.  
‘ None but a Woman could a Man direct  
‘ To tell us Women, what we most affect.  
‘ But first I swore him on his Knightly Troth,  
‘ (And here demand Performance of his Oath)  
‘ To grant the Boon that next I should desire:  
‘ He gave his Faith, and I expect my Hire:  
‘ My Promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his Life,  
‘ And claim his Debt, to take me for his Wife.’  
The Knight was ask'd, nor could his Oath deny,  
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.  
The Women, who would rather wrest the Laws,  
Than let a Sister-Plaintiff lose the Cause,  
(As Judges on the Bench more gracious are,  
And more attent to Brothers of the Bar)  
Cry'd one and all, the Suppliant should have Right,  
And to the Grandame-Hag adjudg'd the Knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft' with Tears desir'd  
Some reasonable Sute might be requir'd.  
But still the Crone was constant to her Note ;  
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her Throat.  
In vain he proffer'd all his Goods, to save  
His Body, destin'd to that living Grave.  
The liqu'rish Hag rejects the Pelf with Scorn :  
And nothing but the Man would serve her Turn.  
‘ Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she,  
‘ Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love and me :  
‘ And Old, and Ugly as I am, and Poor,  
‘ Yet never will I break the Faith I swore !  
‘ For mine thou art by Promise, during Life,  
‘ And I thy loving and obedient Wife.’  
‘ My Love ! Nay, rather my Damnation Thou,  
‘ Said he ; nor am I bound to keep my Vow :  
‘ The Fiend, thy Sire, has sent thee from below,  
‘ Else how could'st thou my secret Sorrows know ?  
‘ Avant, old Witch ; for I renounce thy Bed :  
‘ The Queen may take the Forfeit of my Head,  
‘ E're any of my Race so foul a Crone shall wed.

Both heard, the Judge pronounc'd against the Knight,  
So was he marry'd in his own despite :  
And all Day after hid him as an Owl,  
Not able to sustain a Sight so foul.  
Perhaps the Reader thinks I do him Wrong,  
To pass the Marriage-Feast and Nuptial Song :  
Mirth there was none, the Man was *a-la-mort*,  
And little Courage had to make his Court.

To Bed they went, the Bridegroom and the Bride :  
Was never such an ill-pair'd Couple ty'd.  
Restless, he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,  
And roll'd and wriggled further off for Woe.  
The good old Wife lay smiling by his Side,  
And caught him in her quiv'ring Arms, and cry'd,  
‘ When you my ravish'd Predecessor saw,  
‘ You were not then become this Man of Straw ;  
‘ Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the Law. }  
‘ Is this the Custom of King *Arthur's* Court ?  
‘ Are all Round-Table Knights of such a Sort ?  
‘ Remember I am she who sav'd your Life,  
‘ Your loving, lawful, and complying Wife :  
‘ Not thus you swore in your unhappy Hour,  
‘ Nor I for this Return employ'd my Pow'r.  
‘ In time of Need I was your faithful Friend ;  
‘ Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.  
‘ Believe me, my lov'd Lord, 'tis much unkind ;  
‘ What Fury has possest'd your alter'd Mind ?  
‘ Thus on my Wedding-Night—without Pretence—  
‘ Come, turn this Way, or tell me my Offence.  
‘ If not your Wife, let Reason's Rule persuade ;  
‘ Name but my Fault, Amends shall soon be made.  
‘ Amends ! Nay, that's impossible, said he ;  
‘ What Change of Age or Ugliness can be ?  
‘ Or, could *Medea's* Magick mend thy Face,  
‘ Thou art descended from so mean a Race,  
‘ That never Knight was match'd with such Disgrace. }  
‘ What Wonder, Madam, if I move my Side,  
‘ When, if I turn, I turn to such a Bride ?

And

- ‘ And is this all that troubles you so sore ?
- ‘ And what the Devil could’st thou wish me more ?
- ‘ Ah, *Benedicite !* reply’d the Crone :
- ‘ Then Cause of just Complaining you have none.
- ‘ The Remedy to this were soon apply’d,
- ‘ Wou’d you be like the Bridegroom to the Bride.
- ‘ But (for you say, a long-descended Race,
- ‘ And Wealth and Dignity, and Pow’r and Place,
- ‘ Make Gentlemen, and that your high Degree
- ‘ Is much disparag’d to be match’d with me ; }
- ‘ Know this, my Lord, Nobility of Blood
- ‘ Is but a glitt’ring and fallacious Good :
- ‘ The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
- ‘ Is fill’d with inborn Worth, unborrow’d from his Kind,
- ‘ The King of Heav’n was in a Manger laid,
- ‘ And took his Earth but from an humble Maid ;
- ‘ Then what can Birth, or mortal Men bestow ?
- ‘ Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow.
- ‘ We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
- ‘ Our true Nobility from him derive.
- ‘ Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
- ‘ And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty’d,
- ‘ Did not your Honour, but their own advance ;
- ‘ For Virtue comes not by Inheritance.
- ‘ If you tralinate from your Father’s Mind,
- ‘ What are you else but of a Bastard-kind ?
- ‘ Do as your great Progenitors have done,
- ‘ And by your Virtues prove yourself their Son.
- ‘ No Father can infuse, or Wit or Grace ;
- ‘ A Mother comes across, and marrs the Race.

‘ A Grandfire or a Grandame taints the Blood ;  
‘ And seldom three Descents continue Good.  
‘ Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name  
‘ Could never villanize his Father’s Fame ;  
‘ But as the first, the last of all the Line  
‘ Would, like the Sun, ev’n in Descending shine.  
‘ Take Fire, and bear it to the darkest House  
‘ Betwixt King *Arthur’s* Court and *Caucasus*,  
‘ If you depart, the Flame shall still remain,  
‘ And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain :  
‘ Nor, till the Fuel perish, can decay,  
‘ By Nature form’d on Things combustible to Prey.  
‘ Such is not Man, who mixing better Seed  
‘ With worse, begets a base degen’rate Breed :  
‘ The Bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind  
‘ No Trace of all the great Begetter’s Mind.  
‘ The Father sinks within his Son, we see,  
‘ And often rises in the third Degree :  
‘ If better Luck a better Mother give ;  
‘ Chance gave us Being, and by Chance we live.  
‘ Such as our Atoms were, ev’n such are we,  
‘ Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity,  
‘ Thus, loaded with dead Weight, the Will is free.  
‘ And thus it needs must be : For Seed conjoin’d  
‘ Lets into Nature’s Work the imperfect Kind :  
‘ But Fire, th’ Enliv’ner of the gen’ral Frame,  
‘ Is One, its Operations still the same.  
‘ Its Principle is in itself : While ours  
‘ Works, as Confed’rates war, with mingled Pow’rs :

‘ Or

- ‘ Or Man, or Woman, whichsoever fails :
  - ‘ And, oft, the Vigour of the worse prevails.
  - ‘ *Aether* with *Sulphur* blended alters Hue,
  - ‘ And casts a dusky Gleam of *Sodom* blue.
  - ‘ Thus in a Brute, their ancient Honour ends,
  - ‘ And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends :
  - ‘ The Line is gone ; no longer Duke or Earl ;
  - ‘ But, by himself degraded, turns a Churl.
  - ‘ Nobility of Blood is but Renown
  - ‘ Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
  - ‘ And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down. } }
  - ‘ If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine ;
  - ‘ But Infamy and Villanage are thine.
  - ‘ Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
  - ‘ The true Nobility proceeds from God :
  - ‘ Not left us by Inheritance, but giv'n
  - ‘ By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of Heav'n.
  - ‘ Thus from a Captive *Servius Tullus* rose,
  - ‘ Whom for his Virtues the first *Romans* chose :
  - ‘ *Fabritius* from their Walls repell'd the Foe,
  - ‘ Whose noble Hands had exercis'd the Plough.
  - ‘ From hence, my Lord and Love, I thus conclude,
  - ‘ That tho' my homely Ancestors were rude,
  - ‘ Mean as I am, yet I may have the Grace
  - ‘ To make you Father of a gen'rous Race :
  - ‘ And Noble then am I, when I begin,
  - ‘ In Virtue cloth'd, to cast the Rags of Sin :
  - ‘ If Poverty be my upbraided Crime,
  - ‘ And you believe in Heav'n, there was a Time
- ‘ When

- When He, the great Controller of our Fate,
- Deign'd to be Man, and liv'd in low Estate :
- Which he, who had the World at his Dispose,
- If Poverty were Vice, would never choose.
- Philosophers have said, and Poets sing,
- *That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing.*
- Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind ;
- And happy He who can that Treasure find.
- But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
- Broods on his Gold, and griping still at more,
- Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
- The ragged Beggar, tho' he wants Relief,
- Has not to lose, and *sings before the Thief.*
- Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
- Because its Virtues are not understood :
- Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,
- Have been by Need to full Perfection brought :
- The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
- Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence :
- Prudence at once, and Fortitude it gives,
- And, if in Patience ta'en, it mends our Lives :
- For ev'n that Indigence that brings me low,
- Makes me Myself, and Him above to know.
- A Good which none would challenge, few would choose ;
- A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.
- If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,
- Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend.
- If I am Old and Ugly, well for you ;
- No lewd Adul't'rer will my Love pursue.

" Nor

\* Nor Jealousy, the Bane of Marry'd Life,  
\* Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife:  
\* For Age and Ugliness, as all agree,  
\* Are the best Guards of Female Chastity.  
  ‘ Yet, since I see your Mind is worldly bent,  
\* I'll do my best to further your Content.  
\* And therefore, of two Gifts in my Dispose,  
\* Think e're you speak, I grant you Leave to choose:  
\* Would you I should be still Deform'd and Old,  
\* Nauseous to touch, and loathsom to behold;  
\* On this Condition, to remain for Life  
\* A careful, tender, and obedient Wife,  
\* In all I can contribute to your Ease,  
\* And not in Deed, or Word, or Thought displeasε  
\* Or, would you rather have me Young and Fair,  
\* And take the Chance that happens to your Share?  
\* Temptations are in Beauty, and in Youth;  
\* And how can you depend upon my Truth?  
\* Now weigh the Danger with the doubtful Bliss,  
\* And thank yourself, if aught should fall amiss.’  
  Sore sigh'd the Knight, who this long Sermon heard:  
At length, confid'ring all, his Heart he chear'd;  
And thus reply'd: ‘ My Lady, and my Wife,  
  ‘ To your wife Conduct I resign my Life:  
\* Choose you for me; for well you understand  
\* The future Good and Ill on either Hand:  
\* But, if an humble Husband may request,  
\* Provide, and order all Things for the best:  
\* Yours be the Care to profit, and to please;  
\* And let your Subject-Servant take his Ease.’

' Then thus in Peace, quoth she, concludes the Strife,  
 ' Since I am turn'd the Husband, you the Wife :  
 ' The Matrimonial Victory is mine ;  
 ' Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign.  
 ' Forgive, if I have said or done amiss,  
 ' And seal the Bargain with a friendly Kiss :  
 ' I promis'd you but one Content to share ;  
 ' But now I will become both Good and Fair.  
 ' No nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease,  
 ' The Bus'nes of my Life shall be to please.  
 ' And for my Beauty, that as Time shall try ;  
 ' But draw the Curtain first, and cast your Eye.'

He look'd, and saw a Creature heav'nly fair,  
 In Bloom of Youth, and of a charming Air.  
 With Joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her Iv'ry Arm ;  
 And, like *Pygmalion*, found the Statue warm.  
 Small Arguments there needed to prevail.  
 A Storm of Kisses pour'd as thick as Hail.  
 Thus, long in mutual Bliss they lay embrac'd,  
 And their first Love continued to the last :  
 One Sunshine was their Life ; no Cloud between ;  
 Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen.

And so may all our Lives like theirs be led ;  
 Heav'n send the Maids young Husbands, fresh in Bed.  
 May Widows wed as often as they can,  
 And ever for the better change their Man.  
 And some devouring Plague pursue their Lives,  
 Who will not well be govern'd by their Wives.

*END of the WIFE of BATH's TALE.*

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# PROLOGUE TO THE *FRYAR's TALE.*

*By Mr. O G L E.*

FULL, on the *Sumner*, lour'd the *Licenc'd Fry'r*,  
And, suffocating, boil'd and burn'd with Ire.  
Yet, caution'd by our *Hoff*, nor Rule he broke,  
Nor, till the *Dame* had finish'd, Word he spoke.  
Then threw he, as he thought, a lucky Hit;  
For, of his House, he was a parlous Wit.

- ‘ Dame, you have led, (quoth He) a merry Life ;
- ‘ Happy the Man, that marries such a Wife !
- ‘ Wedlock’s a knotty Point, I must declare ;
- ‘ But you have touch’d it to a single Hair :
- ‘ And, may I die, tho’ canvas’d in the Schools,
- ‘ ’Twas never settled yet by juster Rules.
- ‘ Here let me only tell you, by the way,
- ‘ Tho’ right in most that you was pleas’d to say,
- ‘ Yet in your free Citations you are wrong ;
- ‘ ’Tis little less than Petulance of Tongue.
- ‘ Beneath your Feet be the Sixth Husband trod ;
- ‘ But use with due Respect the Word of God.

- 'Tis what no Layman should presume to name :
- But, for a Woman——Madam, fye, for Shame !
- Texts and Authorities are sacred Mines :
- Leave Quoting Scripture, to Us sound Divines,
- Ev'n I myself a *Sumner's Story chuse*,
- Not aiming to instruct you, but amuse.
- Nam'd I a *Sumner*? be it understood,
- I mean not, of the Man, to say much Good :
- Like *Tyburn Jack*, you know him by his Station :
- A *Sumner* is a Bawd for Fornication !
- Hold ! said our *Host*, a *Churchman* should be meek ;
- A *Christian* you ! and with such Rancour speak ?
- Be courteous, humble, as becomes a Priest ;
- Abuse no Friend in Company at least.
- This the Forbearance of a *Fry'r* profess'd ?
- Tell on your Tale, and let the *Sumner* rest.
- Nay, quoth the *Sumner*, give him Length of Ropes,
- Pardie ! my *Staff* shall tally with his *Cope* !
- For I will bring a *Licens'd Fry'r* to View,
- A Pattern He, of all the Fawning Crew.
- The Merit of their Function I will show,
- And where they hold their Office, all shall know.
- No more of this, our *Host* in Fury cry'd :
- Begin, I say, Sir *Fry'r* ! The *Fry'r* comply'd.

END of the PROLOGUE.

THE  
**SUMNER and the DEVIL :**  
 OR, THE  
**FRYAR's TALE.**

*By Mr. MARKLAND.*

**A** Rigorous Arch-Deacon whilom liv'd,  
 From whom severest Justice Guilt receiv'd :  
 Him no Evasions ever could elude ;  
 Offending Sinners strictly he pursu'd.  
 But *Fornicators* were in greatest Awe :  
 On them he always put the *Penal Law*.  
 And they whose Tythes were slow of Coming-in,  
 (To cheat the Clergy is a crying Sin !)  
 Them oft with Mulcts pecun'ary he fin'd,  
 Nor let them cheat the Church, howe'er inclin'd.  
 For e're the Bishop caught them with his Hook,  
 They were first enter'd in th' Arch-Deacon's Book.

He had a *Sumner*, bred to pious Guiles,  
 To Fraud, and true Ecclesiastick Wiles,  
 To none in Craft inferior : none so fit  
 To burlesque Virtue, by defending it.  
 Immoral Actions slyly could he trace  
 Thro' ev'ry Path of the Dissembler's Maze.

One or two Leachers He would gently use,  
If they as many Dozen would accuse:  
Whene'er a Criminal impeach'd did stand,  
Pimps, Bawds, and fly Informers were at hand:  
Whate'er was urg'd, or Right, or Wrong, they swore,  
And, Conscience-proof, false Witness gladly bore.  
They gave him Informations, not a few,  
Some of imaginary Crimes, some true.  
And new-reviv'd the *Devil's Part* of old,  
First tempted Wretches to offend, then fold.  
For his Advantage they took mighty Pains,  
And shar'd some little Portion of his Gains.  
His Master thought he most uprightly liv'd,  
Nor ever found wherein he was deceiv'd.  
Oft' would he issue Summons without Leave,  
And ample Bribes, to drop the Cause, receive.  
For when Men stand in danger of a Curse,  
Who, to preserve his Soul, would grudge his Purse?  
Thus run he on, intrepid in Deceit,  
Nor fear'd to be detected of the Cheat.  
*He was (to give him his undoubted Laud)*  
A downright *Thief*, a *Sumner*, and a *Bawd*.

Right true-bred Whores he always kept in Pay,  
Who slyly told if any went astray.  
No sooner did he know th' Offender's Name,  
But out a forg'd *Mandamus* quickly came:  
For diff'rent Ends the guilty Two appear;  
Her, her own Profit brings; Him, conscious Fear.  
Th' Event, as he design'd, was still the same,  
The Man to pill, but to excuse the Dame.

Then

Then smoothly would he cry, ‘ Your honest Look  
‘ Prevails; I’ll cross you in th’ Arch-deacon’s Book.  
‘ Henceforth beware, and never more offend;  
‘ Believe me, much I hazard for my Friend.’  
Thus gravely poor Delinquent would he fright,  
Till a sufficient Bribe set all things right.  
Thus did his Whores his heedless Neighbours treat,  
Giving four Sauce——whatever was the Meat.

It so befel, that on a certain Day,  
This *Sumner*; ever waiting for his Prey,  
Tow’rds a poor *Widow’s*, with a Summons went;  
Whate’er the Cause, a Bribe was the Intent.  
And riding gently by a Forest-side,  
A jolly Yeoman he before him spy’d,  
Whose dapple Grey in haughty manner pranc’d,  
And to the Mufick of his own Hoofs danc’d.  
The *Sumner* kindly hail’d; He gently smil’d,  
And greeted him with Salution mild.  
The Yeoman ask’d, ‘ Proceed you far to day ?  
‘ No, said the *Sumner*, but a little Way :  
‘ At a small Distance hence, is my Intent,  
‘ To gather for my Lord a little Rent.’  
‘ Are you a Steward then ?’ the Yeoman said:  
He answ’ring, ‘ Yes,’ conceal’d his proper Trade;  
He was a little modest; and, for Shame,  
Would not profess th’ unreputable Name.  
‘ A Steward ! said the Yeoman ; Let us greet,  
‘ I’m over-joy’d a Brother here to meet:  
‘ For I’m a Steward too, no less than Thou,  
‘ Tho’ in this Country unacquainted now.

Howe’er

- Howe'er, I hope, we shall familiar grow,
- When we each other somewhat better know.
- Then, prithee, mutual Friendship let us swear,
- Silver and Gold I have enough to spare.
- And if you hap to come within our Shire,
- All shall be thine, right as thou wilt desire.'
- Done, quoth the *Sumner*, Brotherhood I swear;
- Henceforth a mutual Friendship let us bear.
- And whosoe'er in Love is first remiss,
- Partake he nought of Heav'n's eternal Bliss.'

Thus travell'd they together, Side by Side,  
*The Sumner* pleas'd, the *Yeoman* satisfy'd.

- The *Sumner* next began t' inquire his Name,
- Whither his Journey tended? Whence he came?
- And where, said he, may I a Visit pay,
- If e'er my kinder Fortune lead that way?"
- He answer'd, ' Brother, hence, far low, I live,
- Where I to Friends no cold Reception give.
- But of the Road I'll draw you such a Chart,
- You shall not miss the Way——e're we depart.
- Now, Brother, quoth the *Sumner*, as we ride,
- Since in your Honesty I may confide,
- (Since you're a Steward too) I do beseech,
- That you some fraudulent Arts of Gain would teach.
- Instruct me to make Profits of my Place,
- Without unseasonable Checks of Grace.
- Tell, in mine Office, how I most may win,
- And spare not, or for Conscience, or for Sin.'
- Troth, Brother dear, I'll tell a faithful Tale;
- My Wages, I confess, are strait and small:

My

- ‘ My Lord is Careful, Vigilant, and Close ;
- ‘ And Avarice in all his Actions shows ;
- ‘ Therefore I study first for his Content ;
- ‘ Then levy supernumerary Rent.
- ‘ In short, I chiefly by Extortion live,
- ‘ And gladly pocket what the Tenants give :
- ‘ From Year to Year I win all my Expence,
- ‘ Sometimes by Slight, sometimes by Violence.
- ‘ I plainly tell my Mind, and nothing spare.’
- ‘ Right so, the Sumner answer'd, I do fare:
- ‘ My Conscience ne'er prohibits me to get ;
- ‘ But, Right or Wrong—*All's Fish that comes to Net.*
- ‘ But for Extortion, I should surely starve,
- ‘ And they deserve no Meat, who cannot carve.
- ‘ Let squeamish Stomachs fly ill-gotten Feasts ;
- ‘ Give me the Man, that, what he eats, digests.
- ‘ In short, a thousand Reasons I could give ;
- ‘ The mighty Law of Nature bids us live,
- ‘ And all our Means are honest, if we thrive.
- ‘ But little Need requires that I should preach
- ‘ To One, much better qualify'd to teach.’
- ‘ Well are we met; by holy sweet St. J A M E ;
- ‘ And, Brother, by your Leave, I crave your Name.
- ‘ My Name, the *Yeoman*, smiling, said, I'll tell ;
- ‘ I am a Fiend, my Dwelling is in Hell.
- ‘ And here I ride about, like you, in Quest,
- ‘ As you yourself not long ago confess'd.
- ‘ My Purchase is th' Effect of all my Rent :
- ‘ And ride not you upon the same Intent ?

You.

- ‘ You seek for Lucre, never caring how :
- ‘ Just so, with such Design, I travel now.’
- ‘ Ah ! bleſſ us ! the affrighted *Sumner* cries,
- ‘ How has your Cloven Foot escap’d my Eyes ?
- ‘ Can you thus shrewdly Mortal Actions ape ?
- ‘ For You, as well as I, have Human Shape.
- ‘ Or ſerve you any Form determinate,
- ‘ Whilſt you remain in your Infernal State ?
- ‘ No, certainly, he answer’d, we have none ;
- ‘ But at our Pleasure we can take us one.
- ‘ Or come an Immaterial, ſeeming Shape ;
- ‘ Appear a Boar, a Lyon, Man, or Ape.
- ‘ Or like an Angel we can ſometimes go :
- ‘ Nor is it wond’rous if we can do ſo ;
- ‘ When paltry Jugglers can Mankind deceive,
- ‘ By Cant affiſted, and an open Sleeve.
- ‘ What Pow’r is his, who, Master of Hell’s Tricks,
- ‘ Can form, on whate’er Shape his Fancy fix ?
- ‘ But, ſaid the *Sumner*, why do you thus frame
- ‘ So various Forms, nor always uſe the ſame ?’
- ‘ Because, quoth he, ouſ Forms we always make
- ‘ The ready’ſt our intended Preys to take.
- ‘ Nor are we troubled much : The Hope of Gains
- ‘ Takes off the Weight of our induſtr’ous Pains.
- ‘ Sometimes a Glutton-Belly does confine,
- ‘ Guzzling us up, instead of Vintners Wine ;
- ‘ Till, by exceilſive Drinking over charg’d,
- ‘ The Gorge o’erflows, and we’re again enlarg’d.
- ‘ Those who enjoy us, We by turns entrap,
- ‘ And many a Drunkard proves the Devil’s Chap.

Some-

- ‘ Sometimes, like Ivory, with number'd Spots,
- ‘ We breed loud Strife amongst contentious Sots ;
- ‘ Or at *Groom-Porter's* (rattling all the Night)
- ‘ Brawls, Oaths, and deep-mouth'd Blasphemies excite ;
- ‘ Ruin young 'Squires and Tradesmen in a trice :
- ‘ Hence Men exclaim, *The Devil's in the Dice !*
- ‘ Oft' rule we Statesmen's, oft' Director's Dreams ;
- ‘ Hence Plots, Conspiracies, and South-Sea Schemes.
- ‘ When hatch'd Rebellions first are set on foot,
- ‘ And Discontent in Subjects Hearts takes Root,
- ‘ The Chief, by us beguil'd, destroys their Lives,
- ‘ And he betrays it first, who first contrives.
- ‘ Thus we concerted Projects often state,
- ‘ And spoil a Nation's Views of growing Great.
- ‘ The greedy Kingdom hugs the airy Cheat,
- ‘ And the Directors thrive by the Deceit ;
- ‘ Till, having lost the entertaining Hope,
- ‘ We leave them to the Mercy of a Rope.
- ‘ Some, not unwisely, have th' Occasion gues'd,
- ‘ Who, but the *Devil*, could these Things suggest ?
- ‘ Sometimes expresly Pow'r to us is giv'n,
- ‘ And we are made the Instruments of Heav'n.
- ‘ The Body by Afflictions oft' we tempt ;
- ‘ But the immortal Soul is still exempt.
- ‘ Sometimes by black Despair we try the Soul,
- ‘ But leave the untouch'd Body healthy, whole.
- ‘ Then, if our Arts are vig'rously withstood,
- ‘ Man's former Evils turn to future Good.
- ‘ The Slaves to Man we oftentimes are made,
- ‘ As when the great Apostle I obey'd :

‘ Nor

- ‘ Nor dare we their superior Pow’r oppose ;
- ‘ Thus Dunstan took the Devil by the Nose.’
- ‘ But, said the Sumner, do you always thus
- ‘ Make Forms substantial when you visit us ?’
- ‘ No, no, the Fiend reply’d, sometimes we feign,
- ‘ And but appear imaginary Men.
- ‘ As, when thro’ clestèd Floorings we arise,
- ‘ And, vanishing, beguile poor Mortals Eyes.
- ‘ Sometimes from Graves dead Carcasses we hire,
- ‘ To answer what our Votaries require ;
- ‘ And dark Futurity with Truth foretel,
- ‘ As formerly the Witch rais’d Samuel ;
- ‘ Yet boldly some aver, it was not He ;
- ‘ But I’ll not here enforce Divinity.
- ‘ Yet Thee with sober Seriousnes I warn,
- ‘ Thou wilt e’er-while have little Cause to learn ;
- ‘ For I have Hopes, my dearest Friend to see,
- ‘ Where ’twill be needless to inquire of Me.
- ‘ But let us on : I’ve travell’d all the Day,
- ‘ Without the smallest Hopes of any Prey :
- ‘ If now my Company you will receive,
- ‘ Forward I’ll ride, until your Friend you leave.’
- ‘ Nay, said the Sumner, that shall ne’er betide,
- ‘ My well-try’d Honesty is known full wide :
- ‘ I will preserve my faithful Promise well,
- ‘ Altho’ thou wert the Emperor of Hell.
- ‘ Friends we’ll continue, as we lately sware,
- ‘ And by Accord our Booty thus we’ll share :
- ‘ Content yourself with whatsoe’er you gain,
- ‘ And I’ll receive the Product of my Brain.

‘ But

' But if one of us should have more than t'other,  
' Let him be true, and part it with his Brother.'  
  ' With all my Heart, the *Devil* answer'd straight,  
' Hence quickly; let's pursue our better Fate.

Thus they proceed, till coming near a Town  
(Plac'd in a miry Valley deeply down)

They met a Cart, full heavy charg'd with Hay,  
The Carter driving thro' a dirty Way.

Deep were the Tracks, uneven was the Road,  
And the tir'd Horses droop'd beneath the Load:

The Carter strove, and plentifully smote,

' What, are you jaded? Stir you not a Foot?

' The Dev'l himself e'en carry you away;

' I freely give him Horses, Cart and Hay.'

The Sumner lift'ning, to his Friend drew near,

And, smiling, told him softly in his Ear,

' Hearken, my Brother, you have got a Prey;

' Did you not hear th' unthinking Carter say,

' He gave 'em you?—Prevent a second Word;

' No better Prey your Fortune will afford.'

' Nay, quoth the *Devil*, 'tis not his Intent;

' Whate'er he said, far otherwise he meant.

' Ask him yourself, if you believe not me;

' Or stay a little longer here, and see.'

Th' impatient Carter, joining all his Force,

With utmost Fury whipp'd the foremost Horse.

He stoop'd, and stretch'd, and quickly freed the Cart:

' Heit! said the Carter, Blessings on thy Heart!

' Well hast thou drawn, and freed us at a Jerk;

' Jesu, preserve thee, for thy helpful Work.'

- ‘ Now, said the *Devil*, credit what I told ;
- ‘ I knew his Words, their Purport would not hold :
- ‘ Whate’er he spake, he never did design :
- ‘ Thus Words and Actions very seldom join.
- ‘ But let us forward towards yonder Plains ;
- ‘ Here we but get our Labour for our Pains.’

No sooner past the Town a little Way,  
*The Sumner* call’d, ‘ My dearest Brother, stay ;

- ‘ Here lives a Widow in this little House,
- ‘ Would sooner dye, than give away a Souse.
- ‘ Observe how furiously she’ll rant and swear ;
- ‘ I’ll extort Twelve-pence, tho’ I leave her bare.
- ‘ That I’ve th’ Arch-deacon’s Summons I’ll pretend,
- ‘ Altho’ I never knew her once offend :
- ‘ Perhaps you know not how we *Sumners* thrive ;
- ‘ So take Example here how well we live.’

*The Sumner* loudly rattled at the Door ;

- ‘ Come out, old Double-*Devil*, Bawd and Whore ;
- ‘ Come forth, and show yourself, you filthy Beast !
- ‘ What ! you’re solacing with some pamper’d Priest !
- ‘ Sweet Sir, reply’d the Widow, what’s your Will ?
- ‘ I summon you, he answer’d, by this Bill ;
- ‘ On pain of ’curing, for your Disrespect,
- ‘ You must your Sentence of my Lord expect ;
- ‘ No fine Excuse will palliate this Neglect.
- ‘ At Nine, to-morrow Morn, precisely come.
- ‘ Now, Lord ! (said she) I cannot stir from Home,
- ‘ Long Sickness has confin’d me to my Room ;
- ‘ I cannot walk, and less endure to ride,
- ‘ I have such Pains and Pricking in my Side.

• May I not ask a Libel in this Case,  
• And let my Proctor answer in my Place ?  
• It won't be represented as Neglect,  
• If he may answer what my Foes object ;  
• My Friendship, he reply'd, I'll let you use ;  
• For Twelve-pence your Appearance I'll excuse ;  
• I would not your Expences should be large,  
• Or let your Fees run up a needless Charge :  
• For Proctors, when they get a Client in,  
• Fleeee him to Nakedness, to Bones and Skin :  
• And thro' all Ages this has been confess'd,  
• That Lawyers are but Villains at the best.  
• Therefore, that this Affair no Noise may breed,  
• And save your Money 'gainst the Time of Need,  
• You, for the Sum I mention'd I'll acquit ;  
• 'Tis more indeed, than e'er I ventur'd yet ;  
• And I no more than half the Profit get : }  
• One Moiety th' Arch-deacon has for Fees ;  
• Disbursing therefore Twelve-pence, be at Ease.  
• Heav'n so protect me from all future Sin,  
• Said she, if I the Universe should win,  
• I have not Twelve-pence I can call my own :  
• Alas ! I'm needy, and past Labour grown.  
• Bestow your Charity on me poor Wretch.  
• Fruitless, he answer'd, is this thy idle Fetch ?  
• I've noted thee, thou old contriving Jilt !  
• Yet, she reply'd, I'm ignorant of Guilt.  
• Pay me, he loudly cry'd, or by St. Anne,  
• I'll carry off by downright Force your Pan.

- You were indebted to me long before,
- For being cited when you play'd the Whore.
- I kindly paid your Fees, ungrateful Thrash,
- Or you had smartly undergone the Lash.'
- ‘ Thou ly’st (said she) and ’tis a sorry Trick,
- To choose an honest Woman, poor, and sick.
- Never was I, whilst Widow, Maid, or Wife,
- Summon’d before your Master in my Life.
- Nor was I ever known to have the Way
- Of using filthy Tricks in filthier Play.
- And he that ev’ry Thing doth timely fend,
- Take thee —— and give thee to the foulest Fiend.’
- Soon as the Fiend her hearty Curses heard,
- He nearer drew, and asking, thus conferr’d ;
- Tell me, my dearest Mother, do you Joke,
- Or is this kindly Wif<sup>s</sup> in earnest spoke ?
- ‘ I speak, said she, with Bitterness of Heart,
- The Devil take him hence before we part,
- My Pan and all, except he doth repent.’
- ‘ Nay, quoth the Sumner, that’s not my Intent:
- This Pan I’ll never part with ; ’tis my own :
- Would I possess’d each Rag that thou hast on.
- Not but, if e’er I apprehended Harm,
- I would remit your Smock — to keep you warm.’
- ‘ Now, said the Devil, Brother, you shall hear ;
- This Bus’ness I am able best to clear.
- Our Bargain was, Each freely should possess
- Whate’er was giv’n him ; I expect no less :
- Your Title to this Pan you must resign ;
- For by the Owner’s Gift ’tis fairly mine.

• You’ll

- You'll never part with it ;—Your Word's of Force ;
  - Your Body therefore is my own of course.
  - Besides, I think you equally my Claim,
  - As being giv'n me by this injur'd Dame.
  - Her pow'rful Wishes critically fell :
  - So, faith, Sir *Summer*, you may go to Hell.'

SUMNER'S TALK  
BY ANGELA

*END of the FRYAR's TALE.*

Q3 soft flat PRO-

# PROLOGUE

## TO THE SUMNER'S TALE.

*By Mr. OGLE.*

**H**ERE paus'd the *Fry'r*, to laugh at his own Wit,  
 As having sent the *Sumner* down the Pit :  
 • There lies the Heritage of *Proctors Civil* !  
 • I give thee, Soul and Body to the Devil !  
 But yet, tho' *Priest* of *Priest* has much to say,  
 He judg'd it meet, to trim it with the *Lay*.  
 And having vented first his Spleen and Spite,  
 Assum'd the Look, forbearing, and contrite !  
 • Repent, ye *Summers* ! Quit this sinful Road !  
 • Nor make the Fiery Gulph your last Abode !  
 • And oh ! preserve us He, from Guides so blind,  
 • Who, after his own Image, form'd Mankind.  
 • For, of that Tribe had I full Room to speak,  
 • Hell would appear the Mansion that they seek.  
 • This could I prove by Texts, one after one,  
 • To *Mark* from *Mattbew*, and from *Luke* to *John* ;  
 • And shew you, from the very Words of *Christ*,  
 • That Millions perish, by these Fiends intic'd.

*Fathers.*

' Fathers and Councils, was I here to name,  
 ' You'd find no End of everlasting Flame :  
 ' For there they draw you by a borrow'd Sign,  
 ' Whence *Jesus* turn you, of his Grace Divine.  
 ' Then trust not you to a mis-leading Pow'r,  
 ' Who, like the *Devil*, still watches to devour.  
 ' To *Sumner*, when was high Commission giv'n ?  
 ' Ev'n He must first confess, to go to Heav'n.  
 ' No, would you surely 'scape eternal Fire,  
 ' A Fry'r your Intercessor make ; a Fry'r !  
 ' Take Unction from a *Mendicant* unshod ;  
 ' He is the true Ambassador of God.'

The *Sumner*, while the *Fry'r* his Tale pursu'd,  
 At Heart not easy, view'd him, and review'd.  
 Rais'd on his Horse, and longing to engage,  
 He trembled, like an Aspin-Leaf, with Rage.

' Now Sirs, (he said) as with the *Fry'r* you bore,  
 ' So bear with me, and I will quit the Score.  
 ' Our good *Licentiate* talks of *Fiends* below,  
 ' As freely as we talk of Friends we know.  
 ' Nor I, to doubt their Intercourse pretend :  
 ' For *Fiend* to *Fry'r*, is just as Friend to Friend.  
 ' Who has not heard, how, sleeping in his Cell,  
 ' A *Fry'r* was in a Vision rap'd to Hell ?  
 ' Where, as an Angel led him up and down,  
 ' He look'd, but could not spy one shaven Crown.  
 ' Numbers of ev'ry Sex and Age he sees,  
 ' All Ranks and Stations, Functions and Degrees ;  
 ' Ev'n Crowds of old Acquaintance round him came,  
 ' Full many a topeing Friend, and tickling Dame.

' Now,

- ‘ Now, Sir (quoth he) have *Fry’rs* such gifted Grace,  
 ‘ That none descend to this infernal Place?  
 ‘ Not so! (the Angel strait the Point explains)  
 ‘ Not so! Here Millions suffer endless Pains.  
 ‘ Then, down he led him to the Abyss profound,  
 ‘ Where *Satan* lay at stretch along the Ground;  
 ‘ So broad his Buttock (not to rouse our Tar-)  
 ‘ Twould measure with a First-rate Man of War;  
 ‘ And long, as is a Main-Mast, was his Tail,  
 ‘ Which, when he cock’d, he look’d a Ship in Sail.  
 ‘ Up, Sirrah (cry’d the Angel) *Satan*, rise!  
 ‘ Erect thy Tail! shew where the *Friery* lies!  
 ‘ A Brother craves the Converse of a Brother;  
 ‘ Ope wide, and let him know his nursing Mother:  
 ‘ Thy Nest of *Fry’rs*, discharge upon the Wing.  
 ‘ Rise up.” And up he rises at a Spring,  
 ‘ Erects his Tail, to Pow’r superior, meek,  
 ‘ And opes a Gap, as wide as that of *Peake*:  
 ‘ Insu’d a rumbling Sound, and Brimstone-Smell,  
 ‘ Then forth they came in Crowds too large to tell,  
 ‘ Fry’r urging Fry’r, from out the Devil they drive,  
 ‘ As fast as Bees that quit a swarming Hive;  
 ‘ Full twenty thousand follow’d ev’ry Blast,  
 ‘ And fast as out they came, went in as fast:  
 ‘ For *Saten* roar’d: ‘ *Fry’rs*, listen to my Call,  
 ‘ Back to your Dormitory, One and All.’  
 ‘ All enter’d, Black, or Brown, or White, or Grey;  
 ‘ He clap’d his Tail between, and down he lay.  
 ‘ The *Fry’r* long ruminates the darksome Hole,  
 ‘ When, to his Body, God restores his Soul.

‘ The

- The Matin-Bell was sounding as he wak'd,
- While ev'ry Limb with secret Horror quak'd,
- For once, a true Devout, he left his Bed,
- So ran the Devil's Posteriors in his Head.
- Whence Heav'n preserve us all, except the Fry'r :
- Be that the Lot of ev'ry Convent-Lyar.
- Nor, Sirs, condemn me, if I turn the Scale :
- But, as you took my Prologue, take my Tale.'

*End of the PROLOGUE.*

THE

THE  
**FARMER and the FRYAR:**  
 OR, THE  
*Sumner's TALE.*

*By Mr. GROSVENOR.*

WHERE Humber's Streams divide the fruitful  
 Plain,  
 There liv'd a Fryar of the Begging Train :  
 Who, licens'd, hypocritically bold,  
 Would give his Pray'rs, his Mass, his Heav'n for Gold.  
 As once, his Gown high-tuck'd, his Scrip new-hung,  
 Pois'd on his Staff, he pensive trudg'd along ;  
 A Door stood ope, where oft the Beechen Bowl,  
 Smiling with Nut-brown Ale, had clear'd his Soul :  
 Gently he tap'd, then cry'd, ' May here Content  
 ' With Peace for ever dwell ! ' and in he went.  
 Sick lay the Host ; the Fryar growl'd a Pray'r,  
 And with an Ave Mary told his Care.  
 Here down he laid his Staff, there hung his Hat,  
 Brush'd from the Wicker-Chair the Tabby Cat,  
 And with a solemn Leisure down he sat : }  
 Then

Then thus began : ' To-day I preach'd in Town ;  
 But kept not servile to the Text alone.  
 Ah ! Thomas, had you heard my subtle Wit,  
 My Gloss, my Comments on the Holy Writ ;  
 Tho' well, I know, 'gainst Fryars you incline,  
 You'd own that Fryars were of Right Divine ?  
 The Host reply'd, ' In Comments I've no Skill ;  
 By Comments Priests can prove just what they will.  
 Of Reas'ning deep, some Clerks to shew the Force,  
 From Head to Head drawl out the long Discourse ;  
 On this side now, and now on that dispute ;  
 Are now confuted, now again confute ;  
 Make Saint with Saint, Father with Father vie,  
 Till Glosses prove the Scriptures all a Lie.  
 Ab ! Friend, the Fryar cry'd, you'll nought believe,  
 But what your simple Reason can conceive :  
 Laymen must credit, tho' the Doctrine's new ;  
 The Text may vary, but the Comment's true.

The Wife tripp'd in, and stopp'd th' haranguing  
 Priest ;

A Courtly dropp'd, and welcom'd ev'ry Guest :  
 Slow from the Chair the Smiling Fryar rose,  
 And made with awkward Air his solemn Bows :  
 Nor there he stopp'd ; but to enlarge his Bliss,  
 Squeez'd her soft Hand, and smack'd a hearty Kiss.  
 Ah ! Friend (quoth he) how happy is thy Life !  
 Not the whole Town can boast so fair a Wife :  
 At Church I view'd her, as high Mass was said,  
 Soft roll'd her Eye, and gently wav'd her Head,  
 Each Dame was envying, fighting was each Swain,  
 Whilst she shone fairest of the fairer Train.'

The

The sweetly simp'ring Dame new Pleasure found,  
 With greedy Ear imbib'd the flatt'ring Sound :  
 Prink'd up her Tucker, ev'ry Charm she try'd,  
 And by her little Arts reveal'd her Pride :  
 Then thus address'd him : ‘Would you taste our Cheer ?  
 ‘The Fare is homely, but the Heart sincere !  
 ‘What could you eat, Sir ?--‘ Nothing (cry'd the Priest)  
 ‘But a thin Slice of a fat Capon's Breast ;  
 ‘A Brace of Woodcocks, of a Pig the Head,  
 ‘With a nice Pudding of the whitest Bread :  
 ‘My squeamish Stomach loaths a sumptuous Treat ;  
 ‘Learn'd Clerks, who study much, but little eat.’  
 Swift tripp'd the Dame away, and seem'd to fly,  
 Brisk as a Colt, and jolly as a Pie.  
 As the Fry'r's Mind on Int'rest chiefly ran,  
 Absent the Wife, he thus accosts the Man :  
 ‘Is not our Order pious ? Ours, which shares  
 ‘The Day in Fasting, and the Night in Pray'r's ?  
 ‘Than those more pious, whom base Trifles win,  
 ‘Who hold Pluralities to be no Sin ?  
 ‘For why should Country-Parish claim their Care ?  
 ‘Curates perform the Drudgery of Pray'r.  
 ‘Tho' their whole Study is to increase their Store,  
 ‘They talk fine Things in Praise of being Poor ;  
 ‘With Mock-Humility of Fasting preach ;  
 ‘Tho' their fat Sides deny they practise what they teach.  
 ‘All Priesthood should be meek ; but when there's seen  
 ‘The rosy Prebend, and the pamper'd Dean,  
 ‘Stalk to th' expecting Choir with Front elate,  
 ‘In all the Grandeur of Cathedral State ;

‘There

- There doze in Stalls, or o'er a Sermon nod,
- Can we suppose them meek, or thoughtful on their God?
- Thus They :—Ah ! *Thomas, Thomas*, by St. *Ive*,
- 'Tis from the *Fryar's Zeal* the Laymen thrive.
- Hence, by our *Convent's Pray'r* you're blest with Wealth,
- Hence, by our Masses you'll regain your Health,  
The *Churl* in Bed reply'd, ' I have been told,
- The whole Pursuit of Priesthood is for Gold.
- Thus some have said; this I myself aver,
- I'm not a Jot the better for their Pray'r:
- To *Monk*, to *Fryar*, and to *Priest* I've giv'n;
- All were Divine Ambassadors from Heav'n.
- But late, alas ! I found this Truth confess,
- The Man that gives the Least, succeeds the Best.'
- Well, well (reply'd the Priest) appease your Rage,
- War with my Patron never will I wage.
- Some Fools indeed, will ev'n with Kings contend,
- To lash their Vices, or their Morals mend.
- I, to reform a Prince, would never arm
- My Tongue with Thunder, or with Threats alarm ;
- Harsh Precepts in a Court can never charm.
- There not one Vice I'd lash, nor tedious dwell
- On Stings of Conscience, or on Pains of Hell;
- But gentle Rules in gentle Words convey,
- Till ev'ry conscious Fear in Hope dissolv'd away.
- In short, I ne'er with Patrons disagree ;
- If they're resolv'd for Hell, what's that to me ?
- But that your Soul to Heav'n may be consign'd,
- Confess to me your Crimes, and calm your Mind.'
- ' Faith (cry'd the churlish *Host*) by good St. *John*,
- I've once before To-day been shriv'd by one;

- And once a Day's enough,—' Enough indeed :  
(The sneering Priest reply'd, more sure to speed ;)
- Yet to our *Convent* something you may spare,
- And bounteously reward a *Fryar's* Pray'r :
- For should you fail, ah ! what I dread to tell,
- *Saints* we must pawn, and *Fathers* we must sell.
- The *Layman's* lost, if lost that learned Store ;
- Then *Sermons*, *Comments*, *Lectures* are no more :
- In vain you'll wish, you had a *Fry'r* to preach ;
- For who, dear Sir, can like a *Fryar* teach ?

He ends: But ah ! th' Harangue no convert gains ;  
*Thomas* the same gruff churlish Wight remains :  
 So daring impious, that he thought the *Fryar*  
 A canting Hypocrite, a fawning Liar.

- Then thus. 'D'ye think, Sir, that I sure shall speed ?
  - *Host*, I as much believe it as my *Creed* ;
  - Nay, I am positive, the *Fryar* cry'd.'
- Thomas* seem'd pleas'd, and with a Smile reply'd,
- Persuasive are thy Words ; while yet I live,
  - In thy own Hand, *Sir Fry'r*, a Boon I'll give ;
  - On this Condition, and on this alone,
  - That the whole *Convent* equal shares the Boon.
  - This thou shalt swear.' Eager he plights his Troth,  
 His Mass-Book kiss'd more firm to bind the Oath.
- Then *Thomas*. : 'Here, thrust down thy Hand behind ;'
- Worthy your *Convent*, there a Gift you'll find.'
- Adown he thrust his Hand into the Clift,  
 And gropes around to find the wish'd-for Gift.
- Delusive Hope ! something too closely pent,  
 Hoarse-rumbling from within demands a Vent :
- It burst ; then dissipated here and there,  
 And fill'd th' expecting Hand with empty Air.
- Amaz'd, the *Fryar* started with Surprize,  
 Red glow'd his Cheeks, and ardent flash'd his Eyes :

‘ Is thus, he cry’d, thy Penitence confess’d ?  
 ‘ Is this, false Churl, thy Duty to a Priest ?’  
 Nor there he’d ended ; but, to stop the Fray,  
 Men, Maids, and Wife ran in, and chas’d the Fry’r away.

The Priest enrag’d, now meditating Ire,  
 With hasty Pace trudg’d to the neighb’ring Squire,  
 A Quorum Justice of a sober Life,  
 The Parish-Umpire, to compose their Strife.

‘ Ah ! Benedicite, the Justice cry’d,  
 ‘ What Evil could to Fryar John betide ?  
 John raving, stamp’d, before he Silence broke ;  
 At last, with raving Passion thus he spoke :  
 ‘ Divines agree, and Sages have confess’d,  
 ‘ The Church herself is wounded in her Priest.’  
 Again he roar’d, ‘ Pray, Sir, your Patience hold,  
 ‘ The Justice cry’d, till all your Tale is told.’  
 The Fry’r the Fact relates, as told before,  
 And as the Story heighten’d, rag’d the more ;  
 And ever and anon abruptly mix’d  
 Revenge, Pray’rs, Priests, and Holy Church betwixt.

‘ Sancta Maria ! cry’d the Squire’s fair Dame ;  
 ‘ Is this, Sir Fryar, all the Crime you blame ?  
 ‘ In my Opinion, as I hope to speed,  
 ‘ A Churl has only done a churlish Deed.’

Not so, the Squire, with sager Wisdom fraught,  
 But gravely paus’d, and seem’d quite lost in Thought ;  
 In Mind revolv’d the Statutes o'er and o'er,  
 If ever such a Case occur’d before :

Then thus reply’d : ‘ Good Fry’r, that Sound and Air  
 ‘ Should be divided in an equal Share  
 ‘ Among Thirteen,—No—not the utmost Skill  
 ‘ In Euclid’s Problems could perform this Will :

‘ The

- ‘ The Fact, as to a *Priest*, I own uncivil,
  - ‘ The Inspiration of some freakish Devil.
  - ‘ Ne’er let the madding Churl perplex thy Soul;
  - ‘ Sit down, and drown thy Sorrow in a Bowl.
- Jenkin, the *Clerk*, who heard the whole Disaster,  
And thought he had more Wisdom than his Master,  
Pertly address’d the *Squire*—‘ Sir, I believe,
- ‘ Would you, and your good *Confessor* give Leave,
  - ‘ I’d shew a Way by which the pious Tribe
  - ‘ This comic *Gift* should equally divide:
  - ‘ And tho’ I ne’er *Euclid’s* deep Problems knew,
  - ‘ You’ll all allow, ‘tis as an *Axiom* true.
  - ‘ Here, in the Parlour, from the Air close pent,
  - ‘ I’d have a Cart-Wheel with twelve Spokes be sent,
  - ‘ Which is, save one, the Number of the Tribe,
  - ‘ Mongst whom I equally this Gift divide:
  - ‘ Then to each Spoke each lays his rev’rend Beard,
  - ‘ Like some wise *Seers* of Yore, of whom I’ve heard;
  - ‘ Your noble *Confessor*, whom Heaven save
  - ‘ Shall hold his Nose upright into the Nave;
  - ‘ The Churl be brought; and could it haply speed,
  - ‘ That he could there repeat his churlish Deed:
  - ‘ ‘Tis Demonstration, that each Spoke around
  - ‘ Would equally convey the Air and Sound.
  - ‘ Indeed, the *Fryar* here would first be serv’d;
  - ‘ But sure, this holy Man has best deserv’d.

The *Fryar’s* Frown betray’d his troubled Mind;  
But *Squire* and *Lady* thus in Judgment join’d,  
With a new Coat that *Jenkin* should be clad,  
And that the *Churl* was neither *Fool* nor *Mad*.

*END of the SUMNER’S TALE.*

# GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA:

O R, T H E

## *Clerk of Oxford's Tale.*

F R O M

BOCCACE, PETRARCH, and CHAUCER,

To which are added,

A Letter to a FRIEND, with the *Clerk of Oxford's* Character, &c.

The *Clerk of Oxford's* Prologue, from CHAUCER.

The *Clerk of Oxford's* Conclusion, from PETRARCH.

The Declaration, or *l'Envoy de CHAUCER a les Maris de notre Temps*, from CHAUCER.

The Words of our Host, from CHAUCER.

A Letter in Latin, from PETRARCH to BOCCACE.

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By GEORGE OGLE, Esq;

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A

# LETTER TO A FRIEND,

With the POEM of  
GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA.

Dear M\*\*\*\*\*

If your more serious occupations of the law have not intirely habituated your mind to a full contempt, and strong distaste, of all lighter studies; (the case of many grave practitioners of the bar) permit Me to indulge the hopes of furnishing You with matter for the amusement of an idle hour. Was my ability, to entertain You,

equal to my inclination, there is none, that would turn his thoughts with greater chearfulness to that end ; as indeed, there is none, that can owe You greater obligations. In Me, it would be no more than a grateful acknowledgment, to give You some hours of relaxation, after the many days of trouble I have given You, on affairs not to be mentioned in this place. But all I can pretend to offer of that kind, will, I fear, rather require your further favour and indulgence. However, like some unfortunate client, who (by worse advice, than You would give him) has embark'd in a desperate suit ; as I am already in, I must go on, let Me get out as well as I can. I would even compound to hear, that the subject might tempt your Perusal on some vacant *Saturday* ; or that it had fill'd up the void (for it is not immoral) of some rainy *Sunday* ; at least, that it had been dipp'd into between the Terms ; or that perhaps it had been finish'd during the long vacation.

I can even figure You to my mind (allow Me here a little poetical licence) opening this packet, on the first receipt, with the face of a kind, and solicitous friend ; I can imagine, that I see You in expectation of finding inclos'd the Draught of some enormous Bill ; and can almost hear You say (thinking aloud)

This

This must be O——, *Heir at Law, Plaintiff,*  
*against W——, Doctor in Divinity, Defendant.* I can paint You, under no little surprise, when, after having turned to the Title-page, You discover the contents to be no more than some idle reports from *Parnassus*; and when You meet with the Name of *Gri-zilda*, I can conceive You, not without concern, reflect; that any man of common-sense should waste his time and study on reviving an old Nursery-Ballad.

But it will never be your practice, to condemn, unheard. Let Me therefore first put in my plea. The courts of APOLLO, as well as those of his Sister, your Patroness, are ruled by authorities and precedents. The Students of PARNASSUS are not without their poetical COKES, on poetical LITTLETONS; and tho' not always to the purpose (as may happen sometimes at another Bar) They will argue as loud, and as strenuously insist, on the precedents and authorities of such, as have been esteemed most learned in their laws (for instance, on the reports of a BOCCACE, a PETRARCH, or a CHAUCER, as my ingenious friend on the Reports of a HOLT, a HALE, or a LUTWYCHE.. Then thus I state my case.

Such of the Readers of this Poem as may not happen to be conversant with the Authors, by whom the Story of **GRIELEDA** and **GUALTHERUS**, has been invented, amplify'd, or improv'd, may think it not unsatisfactory to receive such information as can be got, either from inquiry, or conjecture.

I am apt to imagine, that this Story had some foundation in History; but that passing thro' the hands of Monkish Writers (such as was our own *Geofrey of Monmouth*) the Obstinacy of **GUALTHERUS**, and the Patience of **GRIELEDA**, have been highly illuminated, if not greatly exaggerated; and that thence rising, from the Probable to the Marvellous, the Subject pass'd to some *Provencal* Bard; which language, after a long age of ignorance, was esteem'd the most polish'd of all the modern. Hence, as I suppose, the Story came down to *Boccace*; who, modelling it a-new, inserted it as the Last and Best of the Tales in his *Decameron*. Higher, than *Boccace*, We are not able to trace it, tho' We may well suppose its Original is higher; for *Boccace*, it is well known, was rarely the inventor, tho' always the improver, of the stories he relates. It was either from an error of the Press, or inadvertency of the Revisor, from a failure of the memory, or haste of transcribing,

transcribing, that We find these words in Mr. Dryden's Preface to his Fables, " *The Tale of GRIZZILD was the invention of Petrarch, by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer.*" Mr. Dryden, who is rarely guilty of mistakes of this kind, undoubtedly meant to say, " *That this Story was the invention of Boccace, by him sent to Petrarch; from whom it came to Chaucer.*" For that is the fact: and it is for this reason, that the *Latin Letter* from *Petrarch* to *Boccace*, which inclosed his translation, is here subjoin'd at the end of this Piece. The inquisitive, I imagin'd, might not be displeas'd with the perusal of that Letter; especially, as it is only to be found in the collection of that Author's compositions in *Latin*; which become every day more rare, and are to be seen only in the hands of the curious.

In this Letter, *Petrarch* acknowledges to *Boccace*, that he had long before received a copy of his *Decameron*; and strait apologizes, for having but lightly perus'd it; he only rode post thro' it, as he confesses (*festini viatoris in morem*) a negligence arising, partly from his own private occupations, and partly from the public distractions of the times. However, the Last of the Tales, of a turn (says *Petrarch*) very different from many that precede, wholly engag'd and engross'd

gross'd me. He affirms, that he could not forbear reading it, till he had got it by heart; and this at a time, when he was so incompass'd with cares, either public or private, that he had almost forgot himself; he took that method (as he adds) not only for the amusement of his own thoughts in private, but for the entertainment of his friends in company; with design to repeat the Story, with more ease and advantage, whenever the turn of conversation might permit him to introduce the subject. Having found by the general approbation of all who heard it, that he was not singular in his affection, at last he took up the resolution of turning it into *Latin*, that the beauties of it might not lie conceal'd, from such as were ignorant of the *Italian Tongue*. But here he hopes his indulgence, if not his approbation, for the liberties he had taken, in dressing his thoughts in his own words, and in making some few alterations and additions in the narration. For he professes to have follow'd that Rule laid down by *Horace*:

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus.*  
*Interpres:*

All which, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the Poem, or to use his own expression, *an mutata veste deformaverim, an fortassis*

*fortassis ornauerim, tu judice,* he submits to his judgment ; and desires that he will accept of this Dedication which he makes him of his own work ; which, he says, he is at a loss to know what to call ; whether a Fiction or History ; and seems \* desirous that *Boccace* would inform him, whether he was really the Inventor, or only the Improver of the Story.

After this Prefatory Discourse, the Translation follows ; which, to do justice to *Petrarch*, is, thro' the whole, much amplify'd, and much improv'd. He likewise begins it with a fuller description of the country of *Saluzzo*, and concludes it with an ampler moral, than *Boccace*. *Chaucer*, to whom this Story came from *Petrarch*, retains his moral, but throws the description into the *Clerk of Oxford's Prologue* ; he adds his Reason for it : which I shall the rather transcribe, in order to give the modern Reader a specimen of his language.

\* But for to tellin of this worthie man,

That taught me this Tale as I first began ;

I say

\* Had the answer of *Boccace* to this letter of *Petrarch* been preserv'd, we might have traced this Story to its original source ; for want of this, we can only rely on the most probable conjecture.

I say that he first with hie stile inditeth,  
 ('Ere he the bodie of his tale writeth)  
 A proheme, in the whiche descriveth he  
*Piemont*, and of *Saluce* the country,  
 And spekith of *Appennine* hillis hie,  
 That ben the boundis of *West Lombardie*,  
 And of mount *Vesulus* in speciale,  
 Whereas the *Po* out of a wellè smalle  
 Ytakith his first springing and his souris,  
 That estewardē ev're encrestith in his cours  
 To *Emelleward*, to *Ferare*, and *Venise*,  
 The whiche a long time werin to devise,  
 And trûly, as to my jugement,  
 Methinkith it a thing impertinent,  
 Save that him liste so convey his matere, &c.

But to return to *Petrarch*. After his translation, follows a sort of postscript, or continuation of his letter, which the editors of his *Latin* works have not sufficiently distinguished from the Story. Here *Petrarch* again renews the doubt he intimated before, whether this Story of *Boccace*, which he had taken the pains to translate, was truly historical, or merely fictitious. But waving the argument, he proceeds to tell him, what effect the meer perusal of it had on some of his particular friends. He says, that he submitted

mitted it to the judgment of an acquaintance at *Padua*, whom he commends, as a man of note and genius, *vir altissimi ingenij, multiplicisque notitiae*. That this person had barely gone half way thro' it, when he was prevented by a flood of tears; that after a short pause, he resumed it again, but with all his recollection was not able to proceed: That upon this, he declined the rest, and put the copy (that of the translation) into the hands of one of his companions, a person of letters, whom he intreated to finish the Story. I took this, adds *Petrarch*, as an instance of his great good-nature, for in the whole circle of my acquaintance, I never knew a man of more humanity. Between his desire and incapacity of proceeding, he repeated these lines of the *Satyrist* by way of apology.

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*mollissima corda*

*Humano generi dare se natura fatetur.*

*Quæ lacrymas dedit, hæc nosti: pars optima sensus.*

From this abstract of *Petrarch*'s letter to *Boccace*, it plainly appears, that *Petrarch*'s Tale of **GRISELDA** and **GUALTHERUS** is a translation in *Latin*, from that first publish'd in *Italian* by *Boccace*. How *Chaucer* came to take it up at a third hand, that is, after *Boccace* and *Petrarch*, is our next subject of inquiry. And here let Me first observe that

*Petrarch*

Petrarch was so delighted with the Story, that he got it by heart, with a view of repeating it in company, for the entertainment of his friends. This, he seems to say, was his constant method ; and hence it may be concluded, that he had repeated it to many, and might have repeated it to Chaucer. At last he resolv'd, for the benefit of those, who were not conversant in the *Italian*, to turn it into a language more lasting and universal, with an intention to perpetuate the singular beauties he found in that Story, to all men of letters ; after having mentioned what happened to his friend at *Padua*, he talks a little lower, in the same epistle, of having show'd it to a friend at *Verona* ; of all which, I make no other use than to show, that Petrarch was so taken with the design of this tale, that as well before, as after he had translated it, he made it his usual custom to communicate it to his friends ; and among these I may venture to name Chaucer. This last assertion may seem to require some proof.

Here give Me leave to observe, that Chaucer had no sooner quitted the university, than he went early abroad on his travels. He was even of an age, at his return, to enter himself (as we now say) of the *Temple*. After this, he got footing at court ; and after that ; he not only cross'd the seas again, but was absolutely

absolutely intrusted by *Edward III.* with several foreign Negotiations ; and some of these, which make more particularly to our subject, were even in *Italy*. Let us first grant, that there is a possibility the two Poets, the *English* and the *Italian*, were not unknown to each other, when *Chaucer* went first abroad ; add to this, that *Chaucer* is said to have attended the duke of *Clarence* at his marriage with the daughter of the duke of *Milan*, where *Paulus Jovius* directly says *Petrarch* was present. This was in the Year 1368, the 43d of the reign of *Edward III.* And let us give further allowance, for the embassy, on which *Chaucer* was afterwards sent, in the 46th year of the same reign, to treat with the doge and senate of *Genoa* ; this supposed acquaintance will then seem not improbable. And I must further observe, that the date of *Petrarch's* letter to *Boccace* is in the year 1373, subsequent to *Chaucer's* last embassy to *Italy*. From all which, I hope you will indulge me with one conjecture ; if I should presume that the person of so much humanity, whom *Petrarch* mentions to have seen at *Padua*, may be taken for our very *Chaucer*. I think the words which *Chaucer* puts into the *Clerk of Oxford's* mouth, are good grounds for this suggestion. For certainly in that particular our Author seems to hint at himself ; it is his manner and his

way : He does it more strongly on other occasions. This is the passage.

I wolde you telle a Tale, whiche that I  
 Learnid at Padow of a worthy clerke,  
 As prev'd is by his wordes, and by his werke.  
 He is now dede, and nailid in his cheste,  
 I praye to God to send his soul good rest !

FRAUNCIS PETRACHE, the Laureate Poete, &c.

By what has been said, it is evident, that this Tale, take it either as a fact of history, or as a fiction of fable, has already pass'd through the hands of *Boccace*, *Petrarch*, and *Chaucer*; that is, thro' the hands of three men of as great genius as ever appear'd in one age. *Boccace* may be suppos'd to have improv'd on those he follow'd; *Petrarch* most certainly improv'd on him; and our Countryman undeniably improv'd on them both. At the same time that I say this, I must ingenuously confess, that tho' upon the whole, I give the preference to *Chaucer's* manner of treating this story, yet, here and there, I thought he had omitted some beauties discernible in *Petrarch*; and still think, there are others remaining in *Boccace*, which *Petrarch* has omitted. I have compared them one with the other; and have endeavoured to glean after them, and found occasion

occasion rather to add than to diminish. So that should You pronounce Me guilty on the whole, I hope You will not condemn Me for sins of omission. Tho' *Chaucer* was my chief guide, I could not forbear consulting the other two; and if by this method the Story has receiv'd any improvement, I will fairly acknowledge (to apply with justice what a great Writer on a like occasion said out of modesty) That, I could have done nothing without their assistance; that, *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great commendation; and that, I am not so vain as to think I deserve a greater.

I shall not trouble You here with any account or defence of this kind of translation; Mr. *Dryden* has sufficiently establish'd the use and advantage of it, as far as it regards the modern *English* reader: But what is of greater prevalence and force, than any argument, he has proved and demonstrated it, by his own practice and example. For I hold Mr. *Dryden* to have been the first, who put the merit of *Chaucer* into its full and true light, by turning some of the *Canterbury Tales* into our language, as it is now refin'd, or rather as he himself refin'd it. This great Man, (whom I know to be your favourite, and therefore I will shelter myself the rather under his authority) assures us,

that he was imboden'd the more to this undertaking, as he found, he had a soul con-genial to *Chaucer*, and that he had been conversant in the same studies. It is certain, Mr. *Dryden* was every way qualified to say so much, for he has most happily acquitted himself of his charge. And I cannot forbear adding, in due veneration of that excellent Author, that it seems to Me a point, not easy to determine ; in what his chief excellency consisted : whether in the Talents of Criticism, or Poetry ; none, I think, will venture to say, that his judgment was inferior to his wit.

Treating of *Chaucer* (whom he puts on a footing of comparison in some instances with *Ovid*) he observes ; that, among other excellencies, he was perfect master of the manners ; under which name are to be comprehended the passions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits. For instance, I see, says Mr. *Dryden*, as distinctly before me all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their humours, their features, and their very dresses, as if I had supp'd with them at the *Tabbard* in Southwark.

This consideration might lead us into a large field of observation, were we to extend it,

it, from a survey of the persons introduc'd as relators merely of the Tales, to an examination of the various tempers and manners of mankind, as we find them more expressly delineated in the ampler designs of the tales these persons are made to relate. To compare his Characters with his Tales ; his Characters, are but sketches, of single pieces in miniature. His Tales, are complete compositions at full length. At present, I shall confine myself singly to his lesser draughts, I mean his Characters of the Pilgrims ; and these he touches with a hand so masterly ; that Mr. Dryden does not scruple to say, that they comprise, in one assemblage, the pictures of our Fore-fathers and Grand-dames, just such as they were in the days of *Chaucer*. He adds, that their general Characters are still remaining in mankind ; and that they may be found in *England* in these times ; tho' they may be called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abesses, and Nuns. For human kind (says he) is ever the same ; and nothing is lost out of nature, tho' every thing may be chang'd.

As to the point of characterizing, at which *Chaucer* was most singularly happy ; You can name no Author even of antiquity, whether in the comic or in the satiric way,

equal, at least superior, to him. Give Me leave, only to throw together a few touches taken from his descriptions of the Pilgrims. *The Knight, or old Soldier*; who, tho' that he was *worthy* (meaning a man of excessive bravery) yet was *wise*! *The Squire*; with locks curl'd, just *fresh* from the *press*! *The Squire's Yeoman*; so *smartly* equip'd in his *Coat and Hood of Green*! *The Lady Prioreess*; who *wept* if she saw a *Mouse* taken in a *Trap*! *The Monk*; a bold *Rider*, who had many an *able Horse* in his *Stable*! *The Frier*; who so sweetly heard *Confession*, and whose *Absolution* was so *pleasant*! *The Merchant*; who reason'd so *solemnly*, showing always the *increase* of his *Winning*! *The Clerk of Oxford*; who was a great *Philosopher*, yet had but little gold in his *coffer*! *The Frankelin, or Country Gentleman*; of *sanguine* complexion, whose table *dormant* stood always *ready cover'd* in his *hall*! *The Haberdasher*, with the rest of the *London-Cits*; whose *intellects* and *shapes* pronounced them each, an *Alderman*! *The City Cook*, that attended the motions of the former; who well could know a  *of *London-ale*! *The Shipman, or Sailor*; who rode as well as he could! *The Wife of Bath*; who knew so much of the *good old dance*! *The good Parson* (this Character I am sure You must recollect, for it has been most beautifully moderniz'd by Mr. Dryden) who*

who was so mortified and poor, for he was pious and learn'd! The *Plowman*, Brother to the Parson; who labour'd hard to pay his dues! The *Miller*; who knew well to steal corn! The *Manciple*, or *Treasurer of the Temple*; so wise in buying vittaille, that he got a good estate! The *Reve*, or *Country Steward*; that could much better purchase than his *Lord*! The *Somner*, or *Apparitor*; who had got a few school terms of *Latin* by *rote*, which he vended like a *Parrot*! The *Pardoner*; with a *pillow-bear*, made of our *Lady's veil*! a remnant of the *sail* of St. Peter's *boat*! and a *viol* full of *pigs bones*, which he sold for the *relicks of saints*! The *Canon*; with head dropping like a *still*! And the *Canon's Yeoman*; with a *double wallet* on the *crupper of his horse*! To conclude, the *Doctor of Physic*; whose *study* was *little* in the *Bible*! And the *Serjeant at Law*; who seemed much *busier* than he *was*! All these, I say, are the strokes of no common Genius, but of a man perfectly conversant in the turns and foibles of human nature. Observe but his manner of throwing them in, and you will not think I exaggerate, if I say, these turns of satire, are not unworthy of *Persius*, *Juvenal*, or *Horace* himself. Before I cool upon this subject, I shall venture (as far as the ludicrous may hold comparison with the serious) to rank our *Chaucer* with whatever we have of greatest

greatest perfection in this Character of Painting ; I shall venture to rank him (making this allowance) either with *Sallust* or *Clarendon* ; who in history are allowed to have been the greatest Masters of the Picturesque ; I mean the best Drawers of Characters. Even here some criticks will not allow that the persons, so described, are always consistent with themselves, at least that their actions are always conformable to the Characters given of them by their historians ; they will never be able to lay that charge to *Chaucer*. A fault, however, more applicable to *Clarendon* than to *Sallust*.

For it was not to the distinguishing of Character from Character, that the excellence of *Chaucer* was confin'd ; he was equally master of introducing them properly on the stage ; and after having introduced them, of supporting them agreeably to the part they were formed to personate. In this he claims equal honour with the best comedians ; there is no admirer of *Plautus*, *Terence*, or *Aristophanes*, that will pretend to say, *Chaucer* has not equally, thro' his *Canterbury Tales*, supported his Characters. And all must allow, that the plan, by which he connects and unites his Tales, one with another, is well designed, and well executed. You will not think it loss of time, if I enter into it,

so far as may be requisite to our present subject.

The scheme of the *Canterbury Tales* is this. *Chaucer* pretends, that intending to pay his devotions to the shrine of *Thomas a Becket*, he set up his horse at the *Tabbard-Inn* in *Southwark*. That he found in the inn a number of Pilgrims, who severally propos'd the same journey ; and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished ; the Landlord, a fellow of sense and drollery, conformable to his Character and Calling, makes them no disagreeable proposal. As this part of *Chaucer* has not yet been moderniz'd, You may not be displeased to see as much of it, as may conduce to our present purpose.

When now the rage of hunger was alay'd,

And, what more joy'd our Host, our reck'ning paid.

Thrice welcome (he began) both great and small !

Bright lords and ladies fair ! Thrice welcome all !

Full many a noon has pass'd, full many a night,

Since in this Inn appear'd so brave a sight.

A braver, never wish these eyes to see !

Such guests ! so full of honor and of glee !

Fain wou'd I raise your mirth, had I but skill ;  
 Or were my talent, equal to my will.  
 Yet let not the intent be wholly lost ;  
 I mean not here to please you at your cost.  
 To *Canterbury*, early you proceed ;  
 And may the blissful Saint your wishes speed.  
 But if the good and bad you justly weigh,  
 Long must the road, and tedious seem the day ;  
 For 'tis but dull to travel, you must own,  
 Mute as a fish, and senseless as a stone.

Be mine, such luckless silence to prevent ;  
 Attend but my award with one consent.  
 For, by my father's body, long since dead ;  
 Mirth you shall have, at forfeit of my head :  
 If none, my wish too willfully withstands ;  
 In witness of your minds hold up your hands !

The company, without any reserve, agree  
 to abide by his decision ; upon which en-  
 couragement he lays down the law in this  
 manner.

Then thus our Host his speech renew'd again,  
 The point, ye nobles, take not in disdain.  
 The road to shorten, and deceive the day,  
 {For mirth makes mirth, and play gives rise to play !}  
 I will ;

I will ; that each by turns two Stories tell,  
 Of strange adventures, which of old befel ;  
 One, e'er you reach Saint THOMAS' sacred shrine ;  
 And one, e'er you regain the *Tabbard* sign.  
 Then further, be it solemnly agreed ;  
 That he, that in his place shall best succeed :  
 Whose close is held most just, whose phrase most fit,  
 For profit or delight, for sense or wit.  
 His be a supper at the common cost ;  
 Here, in this host'ry, sitting by this post.  
 And more, to aid your sport, myself will ride,  
 And be at once your governor and guide ;  
 Content, the shar'd expences to maintain ;  
 Not grutchingly. Such company is gain.  
 But first enact ; that he that disobeys  
 My will, the common charge, convicted pays.  
 This is my verdict. E'er we further go,  
 Pass sentence, one and all ! your Aye, or No !

The proposal passes *nemine contradicente*, to  
 the great satisfaction of the Host.

Consent, from one and all, the question bore ;  
 And jointly, as our Host requir'd, we swore.  
 Nay more, we vote him in the Chair of State,  
 Sole umpire of the Tales we should relate.

Submiss

Submis in all to follow his advice,  
 We fix a supper at a stated price.  
 Pleas'd was our Host ; success improves design !  
 Pleas'd were the guests ; and loud they call'd for wine.  
 Smooth ev'ry brow, and easy ev'ry breast ;  
 Each took his cordial draught, and went to rest.

At break of day the Pilgrims set out, and  
 the Host obliges them to decide by lot who  
 should tell the first Tale.

Suffice, that on the Knight the forfeit fell ;  
 Or were it chance or fate. Who knows may tell.  
 Nor know we, nor can tell ; yet for the best  
 Suppose, it fortun'd. Glad were all the rest ;  
 As tho' not freed, yet of their burthen eas'd :  
 Nor seem'd the noble Knight in look displeas'd,  
 Or griev'd in thought : The noble Knight was wise ;  
 Whether concern he cover'd with disguise,  
 Or from experience had acquir'd content :  
 For care is vain, unless it can prevent.  
 If then, by me, the sport must be begun,  
 Thrice welcome lot (he said) not lost, but wön !  
 Then, ride and listen (to the croud, he cry'd)  
 And, at the word, we listen, as we ride.  
 While, nor with vulgar speech, nor gesture rude,  
 This Tale of Love and Honour he pursu'd.

Here

Here follows the Story of PALEMON and ARCTITE, which Mr. Dryden has so happily modernized. The rest of the Pilgrims are summoned in their turns, as the jolly Host pleases to direct.

Thus much I thought necessary to premise, in order to show on what plan the *Canterbury Tales* were laid ; but I think I must not yet dismiss You, before I make You acquainted with the Character of the Master of the Ceremonies. Perhaps, on a country journey, You would not disrelish the hearty salutations of our honest Landlord.

But to return. Great joy our Host express'd,  
 Full heartily he welcom'd ev'ry guest,  
 And goodly cheer prepar'd with equal haste ;  
 (He of two ills had rather pray than fast.)  
 Nor leis, the plague or comfort of his life,  
 (Judge as ye list !) his busy-stirring wife.  
 Anon, was supper serv'd, and neatly drest,  
 In season ev'ry dish, and of the best.  
 Strong was the beer, with toast and nutmeg crown'd !  
 Pure was the wine, and both went briskly round.  
 Frank was our Host. A comely man withal,  
 A marshal fit, for any noble hall,

Where many a graceless page is left in charge.

Round was his body, nor more round than large !

His sturdy legs, tho' slow, just measure keep !

A fairer Burges never trod the Cheap !

'Tho' bold of speech ; yet not more bold than wise !

His wits awake, and watchful as his eyes !

Loud when he laugh'd ! and hearty when he spoke !

His voice, was mirth ! his very look, a joke !

Having given You a sketch of his plan, as far as it is introductory to the Tales ; I shall add a word in regard to his manner of interweaving these Tales, the one with the other ; so as to connect them together, and make, if I may use the expression, a compleat body of these separate parts, all consistent with his grand design. It was for this reason, that I thought it necessary to prefix, to the Story of **GRISELDA** and **GAULTHERUS**, the *Prologue* which goes before it in *Chaucer*, and likewise to subjoin, at the end, the *Moral*, the *Envoy*, and the *Words of our Host*, which follow : this specimen will sufficiently show his manner of connecting the whole. Between every Tale, something of the same nature is introduc'd ; which leads us insensibly from one to another, without perceiving the transition ; a circumstance that often shocks us in the perusal of

*Ovid's*

Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where we cannot always find the thread that unites one Story with another. Tho' *Boccace* has succeeded better than *Ovid* in this particular, I think him yet far inferior to our Author: the Characters of *Homer* in the *Iliad*, are not more clearly distinguished, than those of *Chaucer* in his *Canterbury Tales*. Mr. *Dryden* was justly delighted with his conduct on this occasion. He must (says he, speaking of *Chaucer*) have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, for he has taken, into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales*, the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single Character has escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguished, each from the other; not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies, and persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have describ'd their natures better, than by the marks which the Poet gives them. The matter and manner of their Tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. This was the opinion of the great Mr. *Dryden*, under whose wing I am proud to take shelter, like little *Teucer* beneath the shield of *Ajax*.

For You will not find more beauty in the execution of our Author's Tales, than in their position. At the entrance of the Poem You have their Characters distinctly drawn, and a Plan of the Comedy in which they stand for the *Dramatis Personæ*. Our Host, from the beginning to the end, is the projector and inlivener of the whole ; he is the *Prologue*, the *Epilogue*, and even the *Chorus* between the acts. I call'd him above a sort of Master of the Ceremonies, he plays the drole on every occasion, and acts the part not only of *Mercury*, but of *Momus*, in the *Jupiter Tragedian* of *Lucian* ; or rather like that of *Silenus* in the *Cæsars* of *Julian*. To exemplify what I mean, I would only desire You to compare the Prologue of the *Clerk of Oxford* with his Character ; and his Tale, with both ; You will find them all of a piece. The same may be said of every other ; but these are most to our present purpose. The Character is this.

A *Clerk of Oxford* next appear'd in sight,  
 Who spent on logic many a day and night.  
 Lank, as a rake, the steed on which he sat ;  
 And, sooth to say, the man was nothing fat.  
 Of aspect sober, as of body lean ;  
 Effect of contemplation more than spleen.

Hollow his vest, and thread-bare was his coat,  
 A Youth of worth, he look'd, tho' not of note.  
 For he, nor *benefice* had got, nor *cure*,  
 No *Patron*, yet so *worldly* to insure !  
 So *dextrous* yet, of *Body*, or of *Face*,  
 To circumvent no *Chaplain*, with his *Grace* ;  
 Nor *fulsome* Dedication cou'd he write !  
*Drudge* for a *Dame*, or *pander* for a *Knight* !  
 Much rather had he range, beside his bed,  
 A score of Authors unadorn'd in red,  
 With *ARISTOTLE*, Champion of the Schools ;  
 To mend his ways, by philosophic rules :  
 Then *basely* to a *wic'rage* owe his rise,  
 By courting folly, or by flatt'ring vice ;  
 Than flourish like a *Canon* in his *STALL* :  
 That Way, he held, was not to *rise*, but *fall*.  
 Nor wou'd he be the *Man*, for all his rent ;  
 Nam'd you the *priest* of *Bray* ! or *priest* of *Trent* ! —

One search of Science, he forgot alone ;  
 An useful search ! the Philosophic Stone !  
 Hence, tho' his head much learned wealth might hold,  
 Yet held he, in his coffer, little gold.  
 And late, that stock a foreign journey drain'd,  
 Curious to see, what yet of *ROME* remain'd.

Not, to the Dead, that he confin'd his looks,  
 The Living, he cou'd read, and Men with Books ;  
 Yet most on Books, what he acquires, he spends,  
 From care of parents, or from love of friends !  
 And these, unbound or bound, his chambers strow,  
 A choice Collection, bought for Use, not Show !  
 There oft, in secret, pray'd the grateful Youth,  
 For those, that put him in the way of truth.  
 That gave the means, just Precepts to instil ;  
 Or taught him to distinguish Good from Ill.  
 Thus, grounded well, he study'd to proceed ;  
 And not a word spoke more than there was need.  
 'Twas short or close, sententious or sublime,  
 And urg'd with modesty, and said in time.  
 For to instruct, he rather wish'd, than strove,  
 Willing to be improv'd, or to improve !  
 Still turn'd to moral virtue was his speech ;  
 And gladly wou'd he learn, and gladly teach !

I was the more inclinable to add this favourable Character of the *Clerk of Oxford*, because it has been objected by some, that *Chaucer* has been most outrageously satirical upon the Clergy. And yet there is another Character of his, equally favourable ; You will readily recollect, that I mean that of the *good Parson*, so well reviv'd by Mr. *Dryden* : which,

which, join'd with this, evidently proves, that the enmity of *Chaucer* was never rais'd, against the modest, the learned, the exemplary, and the virtuous, but against the impudent, the illiterate, the profligate, and vicious Sons of the Church. His Plan was a picture of human nature, with all her beauties and all her deformities. It was impossible for him to omit the Clergy, and yet compleat his design. In the age he wrote these were the most striking figures, some for virtue but more for vice. Accordingly he contrasts them ; indeed the opposites are not equal in number, but that was not his fault ; it was the fault of the times. The degeneracy of the church could furnish him, but with one modest Clerk of Oxford, and one pious Parish-Priest, in opposition to a heavy Monk, an abandon'd Frier, a simple Abbess, a knavish Somner ; a mountebank Pardoner, and a tricking Canon. But let us not call this the prejudice, but the justice of the Author.

It may be objected, I must acknowledge, that *Chaucer* has been reported to have shown no great respect for the Clergy, by one act of violence, standing upon record, against him ; I mean the fine laid on him, for having beat a *Franciscan* Frier in *Fleetstreet* ; the action, I must confess, was somewhat irreverent ; yet might it be extenuated, taken only

only as an intemperance of youth ; for *Chaucer* was at that time a student of the *Temple* ; besides that from the general good opinion we may conceive of the man, and the general bad opinion we must conceive of the Religious of those times, it seems more than probable, that barring the sanctitude of his habit, the *Franciscan* might have merited the treatment.

We should find it however more easy to acquit him of another charge, at this time of Day ; viz. that of having strongly imbib'd the tenets of *Wickliffe*. For had those tenets of *Wickliffe* been encourag'd and improv'd ; the laity of *England*, I make no doubt, would not have borne so easily and so long the yoke of *Rome* ; nor would a Reformation in the Church have been postpon'd to the days of *Henry VIII*. The insolence, if not the treason of *THOMAS A BECKET* ; the avarice, if not the extortion of the conclave ; and the corruption, if not the ignorance of the Clergy, were sufficient motives to induce every man of sense and virtue to wish and attempt a change. But this is not a place to give You a state of the church, such as it was in *Chaucer's* days. I will only add, that notwithstanding that the priesthood of that age, was but meanly qualified to execute their own peculiar function ; yet these were the

the men, that found means, to obtrude themselves into all places of profit, or distinction ; they were in fact not only the Heads of the Church, but the Arms of the State.

Was it necessary, at this time of day, to add any thing, in order to extenuate the liberties our Author has taken with the Religious of his times, a short survey of the age in which he liv'd would furnish us with ample materials ; such as would raise the indignation of every Lover of his Country ; and every Advocate for Liberty : Were they but to reflect that it was then in the power of *one insolent Priest* to overthrow the measures of *one of the greatest Monarchs* that ever sat on the throne of *England*. A Monarch ! who had nothing in view, but the aggrandisement of his people, and the suppression of their enemies ! It is a subject, upon which, I must ingenuously confess, I cou'd run riot ; but I shall here chiefly confine myself to one instance ; and that, to the profession my friend has chose to follow, which if it be not even now fill'd with all that sagacity, and executed with all that integrity that he cou'd wish, yet, ought we greatly to rejoice, that so much of the practice and authority of the Courts of Justice has been wrested out of ecclesiastic hands.

To

To You, as to a gentleman of the bar, I would put this question; How would You bear to see (and the Man of Law, whom our *Chaucer* introduces as one of the Pilgrims, liv'd to see and bear it) An Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Lord Chancellor? The Parson of *Summersham*, Master of the Rolls? Or ten beneficed Priests, at one time, Masters in Chancery? I should be glad to know, how the city council would relish, the nomination of the Archdeacon of *Northampton*, as Chancellor of the Exchequer? Of the Parson of *Fenny Stanton*, as one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer? Or the Dean of St. *Martin's le Grand*, not only as one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, but Privy-Purse, and Master of the Jewel-House, held, (as may be suppos'd) in commendam? Were you to go to court, how would You digest; The Parson of *Oundle*, as Master of the Wardrobe? A Priest, as Treasurer of *Ireland*? A Prebendary of St. *Martin's*, as Clerk of the Privy Seal? Or a Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*, as Lord Treasurer of *England*? Yet this is but a sample of the times in which *Chaucer* liv'd. It is a subject I could inlarge upon with pleasure, but that I think it is time to dismiss You. It must likewise be a grateful reflection as well to the Laity, as to the Clergy of our days, to consider how

how much the circumstances of Affairs are alter'd and settled for the better; Now that, by the closer application of the Former to Temporal Matters, the Latter are left more at leisure and liberty to pursue their Spiritual Call. Which Charge, that they may always decently fill, and piously execute, is the sincere Wish, of

*Your Obliged Friend,*

*and Humble Servant,*

**GEORGE OGLE.**

**PROLOGUE**

the day of the coronation of King Edward  
the fourth at the field of Towton.  
The author of this history, who was a  
native of the city of York, has written  
in a very simple and明白 style,  
and has given us a clear account  
of the reign of King Edward IV.  
He has also described the  
manners and customs of  
the people of York, and  
has given us some account  
of the city of York, and  
of the surrounding country.

## George Oke.

### PROLOGUE



# PROLOGUE TO THE

## *Clerk of Oxford's Tale.*

By Mr. OGLE.

M Eantime our Host, the studious Youth, survey'd ;  
“ You ride as coy and still as any maid,  
“ That fits, new marry'd, at the bridal board :  
“ What ! one whole day, and not one single word ?  
“ With some hard sophistry, I doubt, you strain,  
“ And a new world of logic fills your brain.  
“ But Solomon, in prose if not in Rhime,  
“ Declares, that all things have their place and time,  
“ Sir Clerk of Oxford, brighten up your face ;  
“ To study here, is out of time and place. 19  
“ Who joins in sport, (no matter what his coat,  
“ Or character, of note, or not of note !)  
“ Shou'd use his freedom, or relax his pride,  
“ And by the compact, he subscribes, abide.  
“ Then add your share of pleasantry and joke, 15  
“ And, as becomes a subject, bear the yoke.

" But preach not you, like starving *friar* in *Lent*,  
" Numb'ring our sins, and damn, tho' we repent ;  
" Transgressions, with omissions, old and new :  
" Then sows'e in hell, without a heav'n in view ! 20  
" Nor yet perplex your text ; this counsel keep  
" In mind : For if you nod, we well may sleep !  
" Tell us a Tale, but not of priests or popes !  
" And spare your figures, and forbear your tropes !  
" Keep these in store, to kings till you indite ! 25  
" Then, flourish ev'ry sentence that you write !  
" Then, stretch your fancy ! Then, exalt your stile !  
" Here, all we ask, is but to laugh or smile !  
" But hold ! I bar all *Latin*, and all *Greek* !  
" Speak plain, that we may know what 'tis you speak ! " 30  
Mine Host, The worthy Scholar mild reply'd ;  
As free from bookish spleen, as priestly pride.  
" I bow beneath the rod ; allegiance pay ;  
" And, far as innocence permits, obey.  
" I but demand free liberty of voice ; 35  
" Light is the tribute, that is giv'n by choice.  
" A Tale I bring, but not from streets or stews,  
" At *Padua* learnt, and of no vulgar muse.  
" 'Tis what *Petrarch* in friendly converse taught.  
" *Petrarch* ! who purely wrote, and nobly thought ! 40  
" Whose

" Whose works and manners, delicate as sage,  
" Charm'd ev'ry sex and state, from youth to age.  
" This, shall his works, to future times, attest !  
" His manners are no more—with him they rest !  
" Illustrious Bard, with laurel'd honors crown'd !      45  
" And, were it just thy boundless praise to bound,  
" Thou, Sun of *Italy* ! whose piercing light  
" Dispell'd the shade ! forbade it to be night !  
" Oh ! that on me thy rays had longer shone !  
" Too soon departed ! and too lately known !      50  
" Now deep intomb'd the glorious Poet lies ;  
" To death a prey ! A lesson to the wife !  
" Far as a friend might yet correct a friend—  
" (Justly to blame, is justly to commend !)  
" High tho' I prize the work, and lov'd the man ;      55  
" His Proem seems too copious for his plan.  
" Ill wou'd the lengthen'd prologue suit your taste ;  
" You'd think it disproportion'd, and misplac'd.  
" And much I err, indur'd you the delay ;  
" Tir'd with the prelude, you'd demand the play.      60  
" *Piemont* he sketches, with a master hand !  
" *Saluzzo* paints ; and *Eden* is the land !  
" Extends the *Appenines* ; with these you rise !  
" Then *Vesulus* erects ; you touch the skies !

" Here, from a narrow spring, the streams of Po, 65  
" Take birth, and gather vigor as they flow !  
" You hear them downward drive, an eastern course,  
" Grown to a torrent from a scanty sourse !  
" Fast to Emell their progress you pursue ;  
" A while you keep Ferrarian tow'rs in view ; 70  
" Thence, chase thro' flow'ry meads the watry train :  
" Till Venice sees their Passage to the main.  
" This is the sum ; and this I dare to say :  
" None ever err'd so sweetly from his way.  
" Yet, tho' he leads us thro' incharted ground, 75  
" 'Tis still a needless journey ; round and round.  
" The goal in view, 'tis worse than death to stay ;  
" We stray, yes tho' thro' Paradise, we stray.  
" Such noble errors of exalted wit,  
" I dare not copy, tho' he dares commit. 80  
" We know our force, know where our strength may fail,  
" And pass the Preface, to commence the Tale."

*End of the PROLOGUE to the Clerk of Oxford's TALE.*



THE  
CLERK of Oxford's TALE.

BOOK I.

By the same Hand.

DOWN at the foot of *Vesulus* the cold,  
(Thus ancient Bards the moral Tale unfold)  
Where first, thro' subterraneous caverns led, 85  
The springs of *Po* expand their silver bed;  
And, *Italy* from *Italy*, divide :  
There lies a district, on the western side.  
Where, rich in flock and herd, in fruit and grain  
Abundant, nature spreads an ample plain. 90  
Here, travel'd eyes the varied scene admire,  
The rounded turret, and the gradual spire ;  
From towns and castles that aspiring rise,  
Proud of their wealthy seats, and claim the skies.  
At once for pleasure and for plenty fam'd, 95  
The country all around *Saluzzo* nam'd.

A Marquis rul'd this happy tract of land ;  
 Happy in him : He rul'd with easy hand.  
 Full ready were his subjects to obey  
 The mild indulgence of his gentle sway. 100

Obedient to his will, he govern'd all ;  
 Both orders, the Great Vulgar and the Small.  
 Whether, from merit due, or lucky fate ;  
 For worth not always can secure the great.

Well was he born, his ancestry to trace, 105  
 No Lombard prince cou'd boast a nobler race.  
 And fair of face, his face was fair as young.  
 Tho' strong of body, delicate tho' strong.  
 Nor was his beauty to his form confin'd,  
 His person was the image of his mind. 110  
 Where courtesy, alike, and honour meet.  
 Active, but wise ! Indulgent, but discreet !  
 In camp or council, equal to preside !  
 Direct in battle, and in law decide !  
 In this I blame GUALTIERI (such his name) 115  
 In this, and almost this alone, to blame :  
 But free from love ; From Error who is free ?  
 (The softer Sex will sure admit the plea !)  
 Heirs to support his name, he never sought,  
 But turn'd to lighter sport his daily thought. 120

He never weigh'd, how early or how late,  
He sat on matters that concern'd the state.  
But thence releas'd, to hawk or hunt prepares ;  
And well nigh quite neglects all better cares.  
For cares, he deem'd the joys of married life. 125  
Fall what might fall, he wou'd not take a wife.

This specious cause new disaffection draws.  
And when cou'd subjects find no specious cause? bmA 130  
(Oft falsly feign'd, but here sincerely meant!)  
So, flocking on a day, to court they went.  
And one, in form, they chose from out the rest,  
The common voice ! to utter their request ;  
Whether, as wisest, to themselves prefer'd,  
Or dearest to their lord, and better heard.  
“ Thrice noble Marquis !” (thus with humble air, 135  
And suppliant voice, he spoke the public care.)  
“ If thus assur'd we meet that honor'd face ;  
“ 'Tis due to thy humanity and grace.  
“ These princely qualities our fears repel ;  
“ You prompt to ease our griefs as we to tell. 140  
“ My lowly Pray'r then take not in disdain ;  
“ For love and duty force me to complain.  
“ But why shcu'd I my pray'r, presumptive, call  
“ This universal suit ? the pray'r of all ?

44 GUALTHERUS and GRIELDA: or,

" If from my lips these words of licence break, 145  
" Thy faithful subjects dictate what I speak.  
" Oft have I gain'd before like audience here;  
" Nor wer't thou wont to give an heedless ear. New b.  
" Then let me still find favor in thy sight,  
" Still, pardon my request, if not requite. 150  
" While to the gen'ral good I point the way;  
" And we, but wait your judgment, to obey.  
" Such is thy Rule, and such is our content,  
" Ought to correct not envy cou'd invent.  
" But still forgive, if here with sad presage 155  
" We doubt the equal bliss of future age;  
" And wish those virtues rare, continued down  
" To latest times, that dignify our own.  
" To serve thee, in thy heirs, thy people want;  
" Nor think this royal gift too much to grant. 160  
" Then bow thy neck beneath the blissful yoke;  
" The ties of wedlock are not easy broke:  
" But love to beauty lends a silken rein:  
" 'Tis not a servile bond, but virtuous chain.  
" Then, oh! reflect, (for here the danger lies!) 165  
" Reflect, that time with hasty pinions flies.  
" Time, ever on the wing, time, stays for none;  
" Whether we sleep or wake, or stand or run.

The

- " Tho' blooming now thy youth, thy vigor green ;  
" Age, silent as the night, creeps on unseen. 170  
" And threatens ev'ry sex ; and ev'ry state,  
" No pow'r can shun the certain doom of fate.  
" Certain the doom that he must yield his breath !  
" Uncertain yet the day assign'd by death.
- " If life's a blessing of so short a stay ; 175  
" Judge what yourself must suffer by delay !  
" Judge what we suffer ! for in this we claim  
" An equal int'rest ; to preserve your name !  
" Preserve your worth ! here ev'ry voice conspires,  
" To leave our sons as happy as their sires ! 180  
" If never yet we disobey'd your will,  
" Accept our offer ! be our parent still !  
" Ourselves, to do thee fame, will make the choice ;  
" A worthy bride, confirm'd by public voice !  
" Such as deriv'd from some exalted line, 185  
" Is fit, and only fit, to match with thine !  
" For this, in full assembly, we appear,  
" Then pardon our well-meant, tho' needless fear.  
" Better declare the grievance than conceal ;  
" If 'tis a forward, 'tis an honest zeal. 190  
" We fear your ancient rights (which heav'n defend !).  
" May to some new, some foreign lord descend.

" Our

" Our free but duteous care, dread liege, excuse ;  
 " What much we value, much we dread to lose."

Their honest plea, in modest speech addrest, 195  
 Touch'd with paternal care his gen'rous breast.  
 By reason and by duty, they were mov'd ;  
 But more than life his liberty he lov'd.  
 That he cou'd ease their grief, exalts his mind ;  
 The manner only leaves a sting behind. 200  
 A doubtful course propos'd, thro' which to run,  
 Of rough and smooth ; a course he wish'd to shun !  
 At length the father o'er the man prevails,  
 And public int'rest turns the private scales.

" Full dear (he said) is future welfare bought, 205  
 " Constrain'd to act the thing I never thought ;  
 " Forego my peace ; my freedom lay aside ;  
 " Peace, all my pleasure ! Freedom, all my pride !  
 " Freedom and peace ! in marriage rarely found !  
 " Then what is to be wiv'd, but to be bound ? 210  
 " For Woman is at best a pleasing cheat ;  
 " Her look is counterfeit : Her heart deceit :  
 " All she affects, to catch our ears or eyes,  
 " Is meer delusion, virtue in disguise.  
 " Nor think I aggravate ; when here I view 215  
 " So Many marry'd, and content so Few.

" And

- " And most wou'd own, were but the truth confess,  
" That state is an incumbrance at the best.  
" From infancy the knowing dame prepares  
" The child to lay her baits, and spread her snares ; 220  
" Man is their prize, and till the prize they find,  
" No fault appears of body or of mind.  
" But say sinceredly, You that have been caught,  
" Which of you boasts a wife without a fault ?  
" A thousand I cou'd count you in a trice, 225  
" Of folly, noise, impertinence, and vice ;  
" What you may gues, but what I spare to name,  
" 'Tis my desgin to reason, not declaim.  
" Some failures of each kind in men we see ;  
" But in one failure the whole sex agree. 230  
" In this, they drive at univerſal fway ;  
" Unbleſt till they command, and we obey.  
" Wrong I the Sex ? By marry'd men be try'd  
" The cause." He paus'd for answer.—None reply'd.  
" Yet to your good my quiet I resign, 235  
" And yield my liberty. Your good is mine.  
" Not born to govern for myself alone,  
" I ever held your int'reft as my own.  
" Then what you kindly ask, I freely give,  
" And this the last and ſureſt proof receive. 240  
" This

48 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA : or,

- “ This friend or foe ! this good, or ill of life !
- “ This specious charge ! this doubtful chance ! A Wife !
- “ But for the choice ; be that our proper care ;
- “ This mark of duty and affection spare.
- “ Nor think it matters ought whate'er She be, 245
- “ Of rich or poor, of high or low degree ;
- “ Ought ! to the present or succeeding age.
- “ What Parents for their Children can ingage ?
- “ The Son or well or ill supports his race,
- “ As heav'n directs ; the glory, or disgrace ! 250
- “ Nor vice nor virtue, rightly understood,
- “ Descend like titles, running with our blood.
- “ Was honor but intai'd upon our kind,
- “ No well-born prince cou'd show a slavish mind.
- “ Nought cou'd the seeds of infamy reclaim, 255
- “ No vulgar progeny cou'd rise to fame.
- “ Yet say what house observes an equal mean ?
- “ Where fix'd was vice or virtue ever seen ?
- “ View Sire and Son with various souls endu'd !
- “ The polish'd Sire begets a Son as rude. 260
- “ Yet oft the eircle ends where it begun,
- “ And the rude Sire begets a polish'd Son.
- “ No human eare can destiny controle ;
- “ Superior is the Pow'r that guides the whole.

“ From

“ From springs unknown are nat'ral talents giv'n ; 265  
“ Call it the force of fate, or will of heav'n.  
“ Our lives are subject to divine decrees.  
“ Man only acts as providence foresees.  
“ Our part perform'd, let providence prepare  
“ (Here all precaution fails !) the Future Heir ; 270  
“ Your weal or woe to frustrate or advance :  
“ Sprung from what line, You take an equal chance.  
“ I too the same resistless law obey,  
“ For ev'ry happy, or unhappy day.  
“ The pains or pleasures of the marry'd State, 275  
“ Hang on the same necessity of fate.  
“ Yet far as human prudence can secure ;  
“ There let your common oath my peace insure.  
“ Swear, When in form my plighted hands I bind,  
“ (Whate'er the object that shall take my mind) 280  
“ All due obeysance to the Chosen Maid  
“ Be fully shwon ; all homage freely paid :  
“ Her right acknowledg'd, from the nuptial hour  
“ As just, as had she brought the world in dow'r.  
“ And further ; Be it solemnly agreed ; 285  
“ That None in thought, or look, in word, or deed :  
“ Or of her fortune grieve, or birth complain.  
“ Oppose Me here, I hold the treaty vain.

50 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

" This I exact. And justice this requires.

" Freedom and peace I yield to your desires. 290

" Resign my body; so the public voice

" Demands: But never will resign my choice.

" Whate'er concerns the state is not withheld;

" Slave I will be, with pleasure, for her good.

" Yet, as a Royal Slave my port maintain, 295

" And to my fancy fit the fashion of my chain."

Affent from All, the just proposal bore,

And solemnly the tender'd oath they swore;

Praying, e're yet they took their sev'ral way,

To fix the spousal, and assign the day: 300

Still dreading that GUALTHERUS wou'd not wed.

For when cou'd Subjects find no cause of Dread?

To leave no doubt of his determin'd mind;

He fix'd the spousal, and the day assign'd.

Term of his future war, or future rest! 305

A chance incur'd (he said) at their request!

Full low they thank him on their bended knees;

For vulgar minds well-tim'd concessions please.

And home again all merrily they tend;

Proud, by their conduct, to have gain'd their end. 310

Mean time their Lord (as marriage form requires)

Appoints his privy knights, and trusty squires,

As

As well for pomp as order to provide ;  
To grace the Rite, and dignify the bride.  
Strict charge, on every Chief attendant, lays, 315  
And eager ev'ry Chief the charge obeys.  
Nor ought was spar'd of service or delight,  
To dignify the bride, or grace the rite.

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## B O O K II.

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THE day appointed for the nuptials came ;  
The feast prepar'd : The *Marquis* still the same.  
Not one the chosen consort cou'd devise  
Tho' what escapes the courtier's busy eyes ?  
To blame their Lord the vulgar much incline ;  
So close his speech, so covert his design ?  
And where they durst, in secret, or alone, 325  
Impeach his good intent, because unknown.  
“ Slave to his ease, (in murmurs thus they said)  
“ Imagin'd ease ! He still forbears to wed ;  
“ Our suit, and ev'n his word, forgot the while :  
“ Why will he thus himself and us beguile ? 330  
The morning pass'd ; approach'd the noon of day ;  
The ev'ning came : and still the same delay.

52 GUALTHERUS and GRIELDA : or,

No name went round ! No bride appear'd in sight !

Yet were the nuptials fix'd to crown the night.

Ill cou'd the croud (suspended to Despair)

335

Indure such myst'ry, such delusion bear.

For still the palace seem'd the promis'd word

To keep, and justify its thoughtless Lord.

There neat in splendor, pompous in array,

Each spacious hall and princely chamber lay.

340

Rich furniture in costly order plac'd ;

Never was seat of marriage nobler grac'd.

Spread ev'ry table ; ev'ry office stor'd ;

With delicates to load the bridal board.

All that the compass of *Italian* ground

345

Cou'd yield, or might in foreign lands be found.

But why prepar'd ? No mortal cou'd decide !

For what was bridal pomp without a bride ?

At length appear'd GUALTHERUS, richly drest ;

And dawning hope revives each anxious breast.

350

So wand'ring trav'lers hail the blushing ray,

That first forebodes the kind return of day.

And forth he rides. While all the royal court

Attend ; All bidden to the nuptial sport.

With many a noble dame of beauty bright,

355

And many a sprightly peer, and valiant knight ;

And

And all the chosen gentry of the land,  
Common, or squire, an honorable band :  
With these, his trusty guard, and household train.  
And manfully their foaming steeds they rein. 360  
Who, snorting to the music's mingled sound,  
Pass to the vales, the neighb'ring hills rebound.

Rumor, the while, their close attention drew ;  
And busily, from side to side, she flew.  
A noted dame attracts their ears and eyes ; 365  
And mingles many truths, with many lies.  
A dame, long practis'd in intrigues of court,  
Early in youth she try'd the am'rous sport ;  
Nor late in age cou'd wholly quit the trade.  
Well cou'd she prompt the half consenting maid ; 370  
And to the wishing youth sage counsel-lend :  
In her, each found a most convenient friend.  
Thrown out of play, she overlook'd the game ;  
True friend to love ! BAUDERIA was her name.  
Unask'd, tho' high of rank, she join'd the throng, 375  
And thus she tattled as she pac'd along.

“ Well ! now ! the *Marquis* has reveal'd his mind.  
“ (All hear, on right, on left, before, behind.)  
“ Soon as you pass the wood, and reach the lawn,  
“ Where oft in file the marshal'd troops are drawn ; 380

54 GUALTHERUS and GRIELDA : or,

“ You, from your steeds, fair ladies, must alight,

“ And single pass review, within his sight.

“ One he will chuse. For tho' he seems to fly,

“ He loves the Sex. You read it in his eye.

“ Happy the fair, to fix his choice, assign'd!

385

“ And great his singularity of mind !

“ He lays his crown and scepter at her feet,

“ For unexpected good comes doubly sweet.

“ This he devis'd, for he is good as great,

“ In honor to the sex, and to the state ;

390

“ Nor sought a foreign fair to deck his throne,

“ Proud to display the lustre of his own.

“ This, he declar'd the cause of his delay ;

“ Declar'd in council, and declar'd to-day.

“ But 'twas a secret kept by his commands ;

395

“ I know it to be fact, and from good hands.”

From Fair to Fair the pleasing rumor spread ;

Hope fills each female heart, and female head.

Daughters of avarice his wealth devour ;

Swell th' ambitious with the thoughts of pow'r ;

400

Rank fires the proud ; and equipage the vain ;

But self-opinion seizes all the train.

Hence, fast they fall to scandal and surmise ;

As who might claim, but who must lose the prize.

And

And strait each beauty ev'ry beauty nam'd ;

405

And ev'ry beauty strait each beauty blam'd.

The mart of female censure knows no glut ;

Bring what you will, they tax it with a But.

While thus, in scrutiny, all sentence all.

DAPHNE is handsome ; But she is too tall !

410

And honestly to judge 'twixt friend and foe,

SILVIA is pretty ; But as much too low !

DELIA, men say, is fashion'd for a wife ;

But sure it is a piece of meer still life !

And CLOE affable, she knows no pride ;

415

But is she not too free, or much bely'd ?

AMINTA has a voice, divine to hear ;

But then a mouth that gapes from ear to ear !

And AMARILLIS has a world of fire ;

But then a tongue that Socrates wou'd tire !

420

FLAVIA has beauty ; But her look is mean ;

Ah think, my dear, how she wou'd act the queen !

And MYRA, dignity of voice and air ;

But oh the colour of her teeth and hair ;

TRIVIA is delicate ; But then too lean :

425

A living corps ! half malady, half spleen !

And, full of health NERINA, 'tis confess ;

But 'tis a beast of burthen at the best !

## 56 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

Nature in PHILLIS made not one mistake ;  
But she is young, who knows what she may make ? 430

And Phœbus in SERPILLA's eyes may shine ;

But you will grant 'tis Phœbus in decline !

The only charm of SAPHO is her mind ;

But to get lovers she must lift the blind !

And DELIA's only merit is her shape ;

435

But if you are not deaf you must escape !

CÆLIA— (scarce envy here a fault cou'd spy,) 440

Yes, 'tis not seen, But CÆLIA is awry !

Not one was worthy (for the truth to own

Each priz'd herself) or of his bed or throne.

440

And well I wean, were they to chuse the wife,

Full long the prince might lead a single life.

Meantime in royal Pomp, and proud array,  
Along the dale GUALTHERUS shap'd his way ;

To where a low but cleanly village stood,

445

Wash'd by a stream, and border'd by a wood !

Of homely cots compos'd; for such as fed

The fleecy kind, or lowing oxen bred ;

For such as mow'd the meads, or plow'd the fields ;

And liv'd on what industrious labor yields. 450

Here, lov'd by all, an honest Rustic dwell'd,

Of all the poorer swains the poorest held.

450

Blest

Blest with a soul superior to his fate,  
For all his wish was suited to his state.

Here in this narrow circle cou'd he find,      455  
What not the world can give, content of mind.

But yet what all may on themselves bestow.

And here it left the high to bles<sup>s</sup> the low ;  
The princely palace for the oxen stall.

Him, good JANICOLA, the neighbors call:      460

A daughter crown'd his age, of spotless fame,  
Tho' noted form ; GRISELDA was her name.

A fairer, not the journeying sun surveys,  
Or with his rising, or his falling rays.

A chaicer, never happy mother bore,      465  
In days of present, or in days of yore.

Strict in her duty, faithful to her trust,  
She shun'd temptation, specious lure to lust.

Yet, far as virtue may, she sought to please ;  
And honest toil prefer'd to dang'rous ease.      470

Of diet temp'rate, cautious of excess,  
Drank oft'ner of the spring, than of the press.

For wine adds fuel to the tender breast,  
The springs of youth not motion want, but rest.

Wisely she shun'd all adventitious heat.      475  
Simple her dress, but yet tho' simple, neat.

The

Tho' blest of face, and of a tender age,  
She wou'd not be ingag'd, nor wou'd ingage.  
Free from the dart of love she kept her heart,  
Nor yet at others strove to throw the dart. 480

Such swains as fought her father's voice to gain,  
In birth not soul her equals, met disdain.  
Base commerce with superiors she declin'd,  
For conscious worth sat scepter'd in her mind.

Her aged father was her tend'rest care 485  
His failing nature studious to repair;  
And oft his life her diligence repriev'd,  
Repaying back the breath she had receiv'd.

And next to that her duty was to keep,  
Nor great the charge, his scanty flock of sheep. 490  
And forth she led them, soon as day begun,  
And home she drove them with the setting sun.

Then was she wont with filial joy to bring,  
Whate'er produc'd, the summer, or the spring,  
Of herbs, or fruits: What autumn might afford, 495  
Or winter spare to spread the frugal board.

In houshold thrift she spent each vacant hour,  
Arm'd against pleasure, for she fear'd the pow'r:  
Hence no false bait cou'd her chaste heart intice:  
For sloth she counted the first step to vice: 500  
Her,

Her, as he us'd to cross the neighb'ring green,  
GUALTHERUS joy'd to see, and oft had seen.

Her matchless beauty took his wand'ring sight,  
And hap'ly minister'd unknown delight.

'Twas the first dawn of passion in his breast ; 505  
And neither settled care, nor total rest.

More frequent came he here, the various game  
To rouze ; nor knew himself, why here he came.

'Twas thought, the near adjacence of the place,  
The country round commodious for the chace, 510  
Still to this spot his course inclines and draws ;  
Or any thing besides the real cause.

Yet hither when he led the sportive train,  
A secret pleasure thrill'd in ev'ry vein ;  
But if averse, he turn'd the flying prey, 515  
Tedious the course, and joyless was the day.

Next, as she charm'd his eye, she charm'd his ear,  
'Twas sweet delight her modest voice to hear ;

The native language of an artless mind,  
Unpractis'd in the trains of womankind. 520

Oft, by design, he from the croud wou'd stray,  
And oft pretend occasions of delay ;  
Loss of the sport ! or failure of his horse !  
And tempt her to more free, but chaste discourse.

Still

60 GUALTHERUS and GRIELDA : or,

Still pleas'd (whate'er she said, whate'er declin'd) 525

In humble state exalted worth to find,

And note each decent look, and just reply,

With glad attention, but with watchful eye.

Watchful ! lest ev'n to distant view betray'd,

Envy might wrong the inoffensive maid. 530

Prudential cares the best affection prove ;

No vanity he knew, nor yet knew love.

Sincere regard protects the fair from blame ;

Hence what he priz'd, he dreaded to defame.

Then, home as he returns, his thoughts retrace, 535

Her winning innocence ! her bashful grace !

Her pious care ! her unaffected mien !

(*Beauties in courtly dames too rarely seen.*)

Her form, not spoil'd by art, by nature wrought !

And far above her sex her manly thought ! 540

No poverty of language to expres !

No ! nought of poverty but in her dress.

Thus homeward musing was he wont to ride ;

And thus himself, himself unknowing, try'd.

" Blest is the swain, that to his faithful breast 545

" This virgin joins, cou'd marriage make him blest.

" Yes, I will own, was I reduc'd to wed,

" Or fear'd not, more than death, that bondage bed ;

" None

" None, but **GRISELDA**, wou'd I chuse for wife :  
" But ah ! what woman answers slavish life ? 550  
" Not for the cause, the many may misguide,  
" That in our ancient ancestry I pride ;  
" And rather than their dignity disgrace,  
" Wou'd torture nature, than demean my race.  
" Tho' this be common sense. 'Tis without ground. 555  
" Sense is by truth, not by opinion bound.  
" Much fashion'd vice from false opinion springs ;  
" But lasting virtue from the truth of things.  
" Let vulgar souls the worldly worth define,  
" Of hoarded wealth, or long-continued line ; 560  
" With me, to be well-born, is to be good ;  
" And merit, the pure stream of noble blood.  
" But whither wou'd these wild conclusions drive ?  
" To where I neither tend nor can arrive ?  
" Full happy may the maid (where'er her fate 565  
" Bestows her) make, and find that casual state ;  
" A blis, so dear the price, by me unsought :  
" An idle question ! and a wand'ring thought !"  
Thus wou'd he war, to strong mistrust inclin'd,  
'Twixt sense of love, and prejudice of mind. 570  
But now, to quit his boasted peace, constrain'd,  
Now, that no hope of liberty remain'd ;

These barriers of his passion once remov'd,  
With rapture he reflects on her he lov'd.

Then the fair object, rooted in his breast, 575

Stood forth, in all the pow'r of fancy drest.

So the pent stream, obstructed in his course,  
The dams o'erthrown, pours with redoubled force.

So the tam'd steed with fury scours the plain,  
When from the curbing hand he snaps the rein. 585

Meantime the maid, full innocent of mind,  
Nor knew the smother'd flame, nor grace design'd.  
With snow-white pail she sought the silver spring,  
Thence, nature's pure munificence to bring ;

Or for her own, or for her father's need : 585  
And home return'd with more than wonted speed.  
For now, she heard her rustic neighbors say,  
Her lord wou'd wed, and this the promis'd day.  
And tho' gay sport was not her fond delight,  
Full fain wou'd she have seen this courtly fight. 590

For this, with haste she bears the limpid freight,  
Nor dreamt, how near she verg'd on better fate ;  
How soon to change her cottage for a throne :  
And celebrate no nuptial but her own.

She but propos'd to end without delay 595  
The household labors of the short'ning day ;

Then

Then at her homely gate resolv'd to stand,  
And with her equals view the royal band ;  
While to the lawn their splendid course they hold :  
As swains returning from *Saluzzo* told.

600

Yet something here she found, nor yet cou'd find  
The cause, that pain'd her heart, and griev'd her mind ;  
Something, that seem'd to trouble and perplex :  
Envy, (you'll say) insep'rate from the sex.

A virtuous envy still, and well refin'd ! 605

Corrected vice, uncommon to the kind !

'Twas not, that other's pleasure gave her pain ;

'Twas not, that his regard had made her vain ;

Nor malice to the bride, to her unknown ;

Yet cou'd she wish her any other throne.

610

**GUALTHERUS** too her innocence confess'd,

She cou'd not wish debas'd, to have possess'd.

But had, revers'd, their distance been as great ;

His low as her's, and high as his her state :

His worth, she inly thought, had fix'd her choice, 615

No pow'r, or wealth had brib'd her partial voice.

## BOOK III.

HIS steed, GUALTHERUS quitting at the gate,  
Gave to a squire, and bade th' attendance wait.  
Scarce had he enter'd, when GRISELDA came,  
At distance known: He call'd her by her name. 620  
She down her pail, beside the oxen stall,  
Hastes to depose, and on her knees to fall.  
And thus in humble guise continues still,  
As one that waits to hear the royal will.

Tho' fix'd all sign of passion to withstand, 625  
Forward he step'd, and rais'd her with his hand.  
While all, that of her innocence or truth  
He fram'd, or of her beauty felt or youth,  
Fell short, to what his present thoughts admire;  
Her eyes, so full of modesty yet fire! 630  
The discomposure of her face and frame,  
Blushing, and trembling, with ingenuous shame!  
" Say — is — JANICOLA ?" His tongue affords  
Uneasy utt'rance to these easy words.

And, cover'd with confusion as she stands, 635  
" He—is (she cries,) he waits—his lord's commands.

Within

Within the homely cot not long she sought,  
And to his lord her ancient father brought.  
Him, by the hand he takes, and leads aside ;  
Then thus : “ In me, JANICOLA, confide. 640  
“ My faithful vassal wer’t thou wont to rest ;  
“ Nor let the father with the prince contest.  
“ No longer will I boast the pow’r or art,  
“ To check my will, or to disguise my heart ;  
“ Thy daughter, chaste of fame as fair of sight, 645  
“ I claim, but wou’d not claim by force but right.”  
On earth the honest rustic fix’d his eyes,  
Shock’d with mistrust, astonish’d with surprize,  
At length he rais’d ; unable to controul  
The pow’r of virtue working in his soul : 650  
“ My sovereign leige, oh ! pardon (he reply’d)  
“ To serve you, was my joy ; to please, my pride ;  
“ To please you, and to serve you, as I ought.  
“ But sure, my ignorance mistakes your thought ?  
“ If my GRISELDA may some merit claim, 655  
“ She shou’d not pass thro’ infamy to fame.  
“ Not such my early care, not such appears  
“ Her cautious youth ; she will not wrong my years,  
“ Nor wrong her own. Tho’ daughter of a swain,  
“ And bred in want, she lives without a stain. 660

" And may I, of thy slaves, the meanest slave,  
 " E're virtue she forsake, prepare her grave.  
 " Here, in this narrow compass, fortune grants  
 " Sufficient for her wishes and my wants.  
 " Sufficient yields our flock, tho' small our fold, 665  
 " To guard both her and me from heat and cold.  
 " The stream gives liquor, and the forest, fire.  
 " Possess we little? Little we desire.  
 " Ev'n this to your benevolence we owe;  
 " But rather re-assume what you bestow, 670  
 " Than we from simple honesty depart,  
 " And know a mind corrupt, or vicious heart.  
 " Still may we live, in innocence and ease,  
 " Pleas'd with our charge, nor basely seek to please.  
 " And, if so far a father may presume, 675  
 " Bear her to court, you bear her to her tomb."  
 The pleasure that from virtuous action flows,  
 The man of virtue only feels and knows.  
 GUALTHERUS own'd a joy that rose to pain  
 To find so worthy, yet so poor a swain. 680  
 He smil'd; and to himself in secret sport:  
 " Few had return'd this negative at court."  
 Then to JANICOLA. " My fair design  
 " Mistake not, friend. By right I claim her mine;  
With

" With me, (consent but thou) to lead her life, 685

" Not, as you wrong my sense, but as my wife."

Mute with amaze and, with confusion red,

" Thy will be mine," was all the father said.

GUALTHERUS strait, pursuing his intent,  
Within the lowly cot full humbly went; 690

The bashful maid he bade approach him nigh;

(All this he will'd beneath the father's eye)

Surpriz'd she stood with wonder and delight,

For never had she seen so fair a sight.

And unaccustom'd to so great a guest, 695

Pale grew her cheek, and much disturb'd her breast.

He mark'd the sweet disorder of the maid,  
And thus completes the plan, maturely laid.

" GRIELDA, know my purpose is to wed,

" And make thee partner of my throne and bed. 700

" Thy father yields consent our hands to join;

" What more remains but to solicit thine?

" Ought need I add? The offer shows my love;

" And time, I hope, thy constancy will prove.

" All that I ask is quietly to live. 705

" Then freely give, what only you can give.

" The match, 'tis true, too much of haste requires;

" Your thoughts I know not, tho' I feel my fires.

" To

" To speak my passion, or thy truth to try,  
 " Time fails ; then let me add this further tie. 710  
 " Swear, that with ready will, and honest heart,  
 " Like or dislike, without regret or art,  
 " In presence, or alone, by night or day,  
 " All that I will, you fail not to obey ;  
 " All I intend, to forward that you seek, 715  
 " Nor ever once object to what I speak.  
 " Nor yet, in part alone, my wish fulfil ;  
 " Nor tho' you do it, do it with ill-will.  
 " Nor with a forc'd compliance half refuse ;  
 " And showing duty, all the merit lose. 720  
 " To strict obedience add a willing grace,  
 " And let your soul be painted on your face.  
 " No reasons giv'n, and no pretences sought,  
 " To swerve in deed or word, in look or thought.

Hard terms, I doubt, may judge the modern maid, 725  
 Marriage dear-bought ! and grandeur over-paid !  
 Not so GRISELDA. And observe her life,  
 All that the maid propos'd, perform'd the wife.  
 " How much thy vassal falls below thy care,  
 " (This just reply she made with modest air) 730  
 " I own ; in indigence begot and bred :  
 " Stain to thy race, dishonor to thy bed !

" This

" This known, was neither oath nor vow to bind,  
" What honest heart cou'd stray, what virtuous mind ?  
" Had fortune join'd me to the meanest swain, 735  
" That tends your lowing herd, or bleating train ;  
" Him to obey, had been my choice in life,  
" The meanest swain had found a faithful wife.  
" Thus honor'd, ill I merited to live,  
" Gave I not that, which only I can give ; 740  
" What ev'ry slave might claim. But if those eyes  
" Have found ought here to prize, myself I prize :  
" Mindful to whom I owe my happier fate ;  
" Nor yet forgetful of my former state.  
" Sense of your worth, and gratitude conspire 745  
" To firm this bond ; I swear, as you require :  
" Still to remain observant of your will,  
" Your ev'ry charge religiously fulfil ;  
" By that sole rule my future life to lead :  
" Nor swerve in thought or look, in word or deed."  
" No other dow'r I ask, (GUALTHERUS cry'd)  
" The world shou'd tempt me to no other bride.  
Then led her to the door : And thus aloud  
Accosts the menial and the noble croud.  
" Here, on this seat of hope, I rest my life, 755  
" This maid, and none but her, I take to wife.

" To

" To this, my better part, that homage show,

" All that you owe your prince, or think you owe.

The ladies then he bade reform her dress,

(Retir'd within the cot's remote recess) 760

And richly deck, as princely rites require,

Nor leave one remnant of her old attire ;

Resolv'd, that e'er she reach'd the royal gate,

Her bridal pomp shou'd suit her wisely state ;

Her mind so noble, and her form so fair, 765

First fix'd his choice : And last requir'd his care.

In flock the fair, to dres the rural maid,

On nuptials pleas'd to lend their useful aid.

Some mov'd by duty ; by good-nature some :

Some meditating marriages to come ; 770

And ruminating some on pleasures past :

Some curious, and some envious : Most, the last.

But all, on entrance, loud surprize expres'd,

To see the courtly bride, so country dres'd.

For nobly born, and delicately bred,

Her rude apparel rais'd a gen'ral dread.

Such linen, never felt ! seen, garments such !

So rough ! so coarse ! they almost swoon to touch.

Deep-principled in vain affected airs,

Of framing fears, and counterfeiting cares, 780

Of

Of feigning woe, where they rejoice at heart ;  
And pain dissembling, where they feel no smart ;  
Not one less horror witness'd than the rest,  
Not one so low, as not to seem distrest.  
Each, as the painful office they pursue, 785  
Oft gave her injur'd hand, and oft withdrew.  
Oft turn'd her head, ev'n in GRISELDA's sight,  
Lest other dames might think her less polite,  
Unless some show of censure she had shown,  
That any thing, so dress'd, shou'd mount a throne. 790  
Then, sends the speedy embassage of eyes,  
To prove her taste, and witness her surprize ;  
Then, starting back, her supple body bends,  
As if infection the vile work attends.  
For softer tasks their polish'd limbs were made ; 795  
This, was meer drudg'ry ! meer mechanic trade !  
Ill, cou'd their whiter fingers bear the soil ;  
Or weaker arms support the grievous toil.  
“ But this the prince—And he is free to chuse,  
“ And none in common manners can refuse.” 800  
This vast fatigue, with mighty pain, subdu'd ;  
More easy was the charge that next ensu'd.  
The sight of rich apparel glads the fair,  
Fond to admire, tho' destin'd not to wear !

For

For now, more sumpt'ous cloaths, th' attendants brought,  
In secret, by their lord's direction, wrought ;      806  
Shap'd to the fairest maiden of the court :

(The measure gayly taken as in sport)

CALIA the maid ; alike her turn and size.

Such just observers still are lovers eyes !      810

Full-well each fashion'd dame performs her part ;  
Skill'd in the Myst'ries of the toilet art.

By each some happy master-stroke was shwon,  
The flowing robe adjusting by her own.

Rich was the robe, and glorious to behold,      815  
Beset with costly stones incas'd in gold ;  
The plainer ground of pure cerulean dye ;  
And oft the hand was stop'd to feast the eye.

Her hair they comb'd, that rudely lay untrest,  
But soon reclaim'd, and in new order dress'd :      820  
And store they add of adventitious charms,  
Rings for the hands and bracelets for the arms ;  
With pearly rows, with golden bands was grac'd,  
The rising Bosom, and the falling waist ;  
And last a crown was plac'd upon her head,      825  
That prominent with gems a mingled lustre shed.

Patient, beneath their hands, GRISELDA sits,  
And to their various wills her limbs submits ;

But

But secret wish'd, less pomp had been prepar'd,  
And much of their polite exactness spar'd. 830  
The vain with sudden change are soon elate,  
The stupid have no relish of their fate ;  
The two extremes she wisely steer'd between,  
Her rule of action was the golden mean.  
She nor with idiot laugh her bliss proclaims, 835  
Nor with vain triumph treats the courtly dames ;  
Not tho' she saw her fortune inly vex :  
She mild forgave the failure of the sex.  
And yet not senseless of her good remains ;  
But rising pleasure prudently restrains. 840  
The wife their bliss in contemplation find ;  
Joy is not of the tongue but of the mind !  
Yet oft with quicker throbs her bosom rose,  
And oft her face with warmer blushes glows ;  
And softer smiles to paint her lips arise, 845  
And brighter rays to animate her eyes.  
The fair themselves, that joint assistance lend,  
Not apt the charms of others to commend,  
With looks of silent praise, alternate thrown,  
Well nigh prefer her beauty to their own. 850  
Who (still improv'd beneath their forming hands)  
At once their love and their respect commands.

But loud applause (produc'd in publick view)

The vulgar add still fond of what is new ! 854

Transform'd (they thought) a new GRISELDA shown :

Slaves to appearance, not transform'd but known !

Not such material change their lord confess'd,

Who bore her fairer image in his breast ;

Who, not by outward show, her form survey'd,

And more her merit than her beauty weigh'd. 860

Yet, for he knew that dress improves the face,

(As eloquence to sense adds better grace)

Her just adornment gratify'd his sight

Pleas'd to behold her in the fairest light.

He on her hands, uprais'd with decent shame, 865

Affix'd the ring, that binds the nuptial claim.

Then, on a snow-white steed, the virgin plac'd,

With crimson reins and silver trappings grac'd.

Loud shout the coming and returning throng,

As to the royal court they pass along ; 870

In revel there the finish'd day he spends ;

Till down the western steeps the sun descends.

But not on things minute to dwell too long —

(For copious is the remnant of our song.)

The new-made bride with such true merit shone, 875

She gave (not borrow'd) lustre from the throne.

So form'd her speech; so fashion'd was her mein;

So just but mild! so awefal but serene!

Not envy in her look or soul cou'd trace,

Her low condition or ignoble race.

880

In nought she seem'd by rustic parents fed;

In meanness nurtur'd, or in rudeness bred;

No daughter of a cottage humbly born,

But sprung a princely palace to adorn:

Nor only to adorn, but to support,

885

Not only fill, but dignify a court.

Her spreading fame the crowd with wonder hears

(Who knew her birth) and scarce believe their ears;

Gaze the nobility with like surprize,

And doubt the nearer evidence of eyes.

890

For tho' her lowly virtue was the same,

Exalted thus it show'd a brighter flame.

Virtue lies undiscover'd when confin'd,

Unfelt the will, unless the pow'r be join'd.

Her known example may this truth declare,

895

So witty, yet so wise, so chaste, yet fair!

So strictly merciful, so humbly great!

Such winning grace, and such complying state!

Her looks their love, her words their wonder won,

Diffus'd on all, indulgent as the sun!

900

76 GUALTHERUS and GRIELDA : or,

Not only thro' *Saluzzo* spread her fame,  
But distant regions heard her bounteous name ;  
And ever lavish on her praises dwell :  
Well as one spoke another spoke as well.  
And thousands came, alike the young as old,      905  
Women as men, to hear her and behold.

Thus honesty for once and honor wed  
And humble fortune decks a princely bed.  
The disbelieving lord himself confess'd,  
'Twas possible in marriage to be blest.      910

At home his peace preserv'd the prudent wife,  
Abroad his wealth supply'd the wants of life :  
And more than life requires. For kept from waste,  
Enough remains for elegance of taste.

And for that worth, thro' poverty's disguise,      915  
Discern'd their lord, the people held him wise.  
This as no common incident be told ;  
'Tis what the people are not apt to hold.

Yet not in household cares (tho' these alone  
Are worthy praise) her excellence was shown ;      920  
Absent her lord, full wisely cou'd she guide  
The public state, the common good provide :  
In judgment equal, easy of access,  
Complaints to hear, or errors to redress.

And

And ready, as successful, to asswage, 925  
Or private discontent, or public rage.  
Of counsel prudent, steady to her trut,  
Strong in persuasion, in discernment just.  
And when at strife, (for strife all states afford)  
She reconciled the people to their lord. 930  
So fought his peace, and so their welfare fought,  
Urg'd with such pow'r of speech, and strength of thought;  
That rarely was her judgment found to fail:  
And if he held the sword, she held the scale.  
Hence all degrees, the senate and the croud, 935  
Her justice own'd, her clemency allow'd;  
A gift of heaven, their fortune to attcnd,  
Not only to preserve the state, but mend.

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BOOK IV.

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**B** Left was the subject, and the sov'reign blest !  
All shar'd her worth, he all her worth possess'd.  
Nor yet the sun had fill'd his annual round, 941.  
E're a new pledge of love the nuptials crown'd.  
A daughter crown'd ! whose sweetly-op'ning face  
Adorn'd the bed with near-resembling grace.

78 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

And tho' (the better to reward her care) 945

The anxious mother wish'd a manly heir.

Pleas'd was GUALTHERUS, nor displeas'd the state,

To find their wishes half indulg'd by fate.

For, from that sample of inferior kind,

The promise of a nobler —— they divin'd. 950

The charge GRISELDA, mistress of a throne,  
Intrusted to no care, beside her own.

GUALTHERUS long oppos'd, at length comply'd,  
Dissenting most from love, but much from pride.

No matrimonial jar ! for here the strife 955

Was not to burthen, but to spare the wife.

He press'd their common dignity and ease,  
And yielded but to humor, and to please.

Yet she maintain'd, (her argument was strong)

" Whole nature bias'd to preserve their young. 960

" Of all the habitants of earth and air,

" Shall human kind take less than savage Care ?

" I own (she said) this seems a country strain,

" The language of the daughter of a swain ;

" What to the croud may furnish mirth and sport, 965

" And give distaste and wonder to the court.

" Yet will I say, (for this you taught my youth)

" Trust not to show of things, but to the truth.

" Be

" Be truth the rule ; polite or impolite,  
" I weigh not what is thought, but what is right. 970  
" The point let courtly dames with leave contest,  
" This lovely child shall never quit my breast.  
" 'Tis vice of fashion ! 'Tis neglect of kind !  
" 'Tis indolence ! 'Tis cruelty of mind !"

To such a husband added such a wife ; 975

What fairer scene cou'd yield domestic life ?

Each seems of each the fortune to controul,  
Each worthy each in body as in soul.

So fair the road, and so direct to bliss,

Their way a pair so form'd cou'd hardly miss ; 980

Unless with open eyes they go astray,

And wilfully their fated joy betray.

And so it chanc'd. To plain conviction blind,

GUALTHERUS makes the ill he cou'd not find.

Tho' never had she shock'd his ear or sight ; 985

No woman cou'd be always in the right.

This was his pain. To strong mistrust inclin'd,

No proof cou'd turn the bias of his mind.

But where to fix a fault, he seem'd distrest ;

Was ever husband so severely prest ? 990

First for her beauty ; that was free from blame :

Nature ne'er fashion'd a completer frame !

Next

Next for her mind. That gave him less pretence ;  
 Nought but her wit was equal to her sense !

Then o'er her virtue quick his scruples run ; 995  
 Fair as the light, and spotless as the sun !

Her duty last he weighs. No failure past  
 Appears. Yet restless there he settles last.

Her former conduct was not void of praise ;  
 But never was she put to hard essays. 1000

Perhaps 'twas indolence ! perhaps 'twas art !

Int'rest or fear ! she acted well her part !

Content in trivial things is easy shown !

Obedience by the Proof is only known !

To vain disquiet of their commun lives, 1005  
 Thus tyrant-husbands tempt their subject-wives.

Full-unadvise'd we deem ; some think full-wise.  
 But obvious (duely judge !) the error lies.

Mischances numberless, to cause debate,  
 On either side affords the various state, 1010

This want to aggravate, that sense to vex.  
 The lesson we apply to either sex.

Some heedless word or action may offend,  
 Speak ne'er so kind, and ne'er so just intend ;

Whence noise and strife, mistrust, aversion springs.

Add here the common casualty of Things. 1016

Each

Each to the other by alliance bound,  
But then each borders on the other's ground,  
On Truce howe'er let marriage-warfare cease.  
Act not hostilities in time of peace. 1020  
  
Till provocation raises fresh alarms,  
Let neither rouse the bosom foe to arms.  
When safe a-shore thy shatter'd bark repair,  
The gale of *Hymen* blows not always fair.  
Pierce not in wanton sport her weaker sides, 1025  
Enough has she to bear from winds and tides.  
If then those ills, that neither can prevent,  
Wives, suffer patient ; husbands, live content !  
  
Alone, by night, where lay the royal dame,  
With visage sternly-fad GUALTHERUS came ; 1030  
Whom in un-wonted terms he thus address'd.  
“ *GRISELDA*, say ! Retains thy faithful breast,  
“ Some just remembrance of that golden-day,  
“ When first I threw your rural weeds away,  
“ And with more fitting pomp and splendor grac'd ? 1035  
“ Or, say ! Has time the grateful thought eraz'd ?  
“ And dignity, by use familiar grown,  
“ Made thee o'erlook the cottage in the throne ?  
“ Yet not so many glorious months have run,  
“ Since this thy new-created pow'r begun. 1040

" Review thyself, and by reflection know,  
 " High as you stand, that once you stood as low.  
 " 'Tis thine this grace with duty to requite.  
 " For that, I chose the silence of the night,  
 " Safe from each liff'ning ear, and prying eye, 1043  
 " Thy constancy to prove, thy truth to try ;  
 " Pay you just faith, or feign'd regard pretend.  
 " Then know my will, and strict attention lend.  
 " E'er since the day that first prefer'd you here.  
 " Not by thy-self thy life was held more dear. 1050  
 " Part of my own ! but far the better part !  
 " You shar'd not more my fortune than my heart.  
 " Not such the love you from the subject claim,  
 " Grievous, they think, the load, and great the shame,  
 " Uprais'd from humble State thy worth to see, 1055  
 " (Thy worth unknown) uprais'd to high degree !  
 " Begot in flav'ry ! in a cottage born !  
 " Their private laughter ! and their secret scorn !  
 " But ever since that hapless child you bore,  
 " Loud are their plaints, not wholly dumb before. 1060  
 " My rule in ills, is still to make the best,  
 " (Some ease may follow, if not total rest)  
 " And press, or yield, ambitious of repose ;  
 " Just as the tide of faction ebbs or flows.

" Thy

- “ Thy daughter now—(and since the child was born  
“ Not thrice the moon renew'd her silver horn)  
“ Thy daughter now—their tumult must appease—  
“ Not as I wou'd—But as my people please—  
“ How loth to act the deed—bear witness heav'n!—  
“ Nor will I act—unless your voice be giv'n.— 1070  
“ An equal share you claim.—But fully know.—  
“ (And here your wonted soul, GRISELDA, show)  
“ Know! your concurrence is my stated will!  
“ Yield! and by deed your plighted word fulfil!  
“ Act what you swore upon our marriage day! 1075  
“ Mine then was to command, your office to obey,  
    She all unmov'd the hard condition hears;  
Nor ought concern'd in look or thought appears.  
No change his strict inquiring eyes cou'd read.  
Much less oppos'd she or in word or deed. 1080  
But said: “ My child, myself too I resign!  
“ Dispose at will, my lord? Your will is mine.  
“ In you just property of either lies;  
“ And either for your good, or lives, or dies.  
“ My soul [as love and gratitude require] 1085  
“ Likes, what you like; desires, what you desire.  
“ Besides yourself nought else is left to chuse;  
“ And nought besides yourself she dreads to lose.  
        “ This,

" This, (by your grace since first our hands were join'd)  
" Has been her first fix'd principle of mind. 1090  
" This! neither change nor fortune can displace;  
" Nor length of Time, nor fear of death deface."  
Pleas'd was GUALTHERUS against nature's laws.  
Cou'd pleasure spring from such an odious cause?  
Prepost'rous joy! by virtue not refin'd! 1095  
Unworthy of himself or human kind!  
Yet long his thoughts seem'd with themselves at strife,  
As doubtful to pronounce for death or life.  
Then, as resolv'd, a pensive leave he took;  
Disturb'd his gait, determin'd was his look. 1100  
Thence sped; a messenger of death he sought,  
To whom he full reveal'd his secret thought.  
Before prepar'd, at distance due to stand,  
And strictly execute his lord's command.  
Much on his faith and oft had he rely'd; 1105  
But in less sanguinary service try'd.  
Whate'er the order giv'n, he spar'd no pain,  
For from his diligence accru'd his gain.  
When need or danger call'd, was ever near,  
From love or duty, from respect or fear; 1110  
The greater the attempt, the bolder still;  
And there is but one step from bold to ill!

Strait

Strait to the chamber where GRISELDA lay,  
Commission'd by his lord, he took his way.  
And sternly turning from the infant maid, 1115  
Humanely, as his nature cou'd, he said.  
" Displease the act, necessity may plead  
" Excuse, not choice but force exacts the deed.  
" And well the wise GRISELDA understands,  
" That royal mandates claim obedient hands. 1120  
" Much may we grieve the while, and long complain,  
" But to object, or to resist is vain.  
" 'Tis loss of time, 'tis sorrow thrown away ;  
" The sooner eas'd, the sooner we obey.  
" Such is my fate ; commanded by my lord 1125  
" To seize this child."—He seiz'd her, at the word.  
The tender infant, innocent of harm,  
Smiles on his griesly beard, and hugs his boist'rous arm.  
To few, such energy of soul is giv'n,  
As show'd GRISELDA ; 'Twas the gift of heav'n. 1130  
At once she summon'd ev'ry pow'r of mind,  
And stood the stress ; foreboding, but resign'd.  
The man she knew ; suspicious was his name !  
Suspicious was his office and his fame !  
Nor less suspicious was the time and place ! 1135  
But more suspicious still his speech and face !

86 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

What she must feel (the wretch so arm'd and dreft !)  
Is easier to be fancy'd, than exprest!

All, that the prince in dubious words let fall,  
Ali, that reflection cou'd to mind recall;      1140  
Seem'd true : (her apprehension wrong or right)  
All that she fear'd, seem'd acted in her sight.

A bloody scene of innocence distrest !  
An infant, torn, and murder'd, from her breast !

An infant, by her hourly tendance fed !      1145  
Sweet inmate of her chamber, and her bed !

Add here, just cause of horror and affright,  
The silence and the darkness of the night !  
The strange neglect of him her soul approv'd,  
The man she honor'd, and the man she lov'd !      1150  
To crown the whole, this ruffian guard appears ;  
Who can conceive it without sighs or tears ?

Black were his locks, and nigh upright they stood,  
Smear'd were his hands, as exercis'd in blood.

But, to do justice to the virtuous Tale,      1155  
Supply in mind, where I in language fail.

Think by the wife and mother what was born,  
By duty there, here by affection torn.

And be the strife, if not describ'd, conceiv'd.  
'Tis scarce to be imagin'd, or believ'd.      1160

Yet,

Yet, as recorded rolls the fact relate,  
She bore the storm; collected and sedate;  
And since her lord had doom'd the child to die,  
Nor from her bosom stole one stifled sigh;  
Nor from her eye escap'd one secret tear: 1165  
Tho' never mother held a child more dear.

The messenger of death, she mildly pray'd,  
To reach the child; whom on her lap she laid.  
And gently begg'd, "E'er yet her sentence past,  
"One kiss she might bestow, since 'twas the last." 1170  
Then with such firmness, as no tongue can tell,  
"Farewel, my child, (she said) my child, farewel!  
"Full-long a flight thy thoughtless soul must take,  
"Constrain'd to suffer, for thy mother's sake."

A state so woeful, who cou'd see or hear, 1175  
Without a social figh, or friendly tear?  
What nurse, that turns her tendance to a trade?  
What mean domestic? mercenary maid?  
Well might the suffering mother feel distress!  
Yet no concern her looks or words express. 1180  
So strongly love and gratitude cou'd bind!  
And such her strength, and her command of mind!  
She to the guard, whose aspect horror bred,  
"Here take thy little charge (compos'dly said)

88 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA : or,

" Go ! act thy office, as thy lord commands. 1185

" Yes, royal mandates claim obedient hands.

" And what is his desire, is my content.

" Yet, with his leave (nor will he here dissent.)

" Depose her body in some sacred place ;

" Where neither birds may touch, nor beasts erase.

To this, no word the ruffian deign'd to say,

But seiz'd the child, and sternly stalk'd away.

Straight to his lord the messenger repair'd,

And faithfully, what he observ'd, declar'd ;

And, far as tenderneſs cou'd touch his breast, 1195

Told all, he thought, she suffer'd, or express'd.

GUALTHERUS, who esteem'd him plain, but just,

In the recital loses his distrust.

Till fresh possession prejudice regain'd ;

" Go. ~~execute~~ (he cries) as I ordain'd. 1200

" Convey the child." —A trial so severe

Sure mother never felt ! as you shall hear.

Ev'n tho' his heart, inclining to relent,

Oft seem'd to disapprove it and repent.

Firm he maintain'd his settled purpose still, 1205

And, as the great are wont, wou'd have his will.

The part assign'd, at forfeit of his life,

The guard performs. GUALTHERUS seeks his wife.

Full-fast

Full-fast imagining, in secret thought.  
Or in her looks to see some strangeness wrought,  
Or some confusion in her words confess ;  
But smooth he found her brow, and calm her breast !  
Collected in herself she rests sedate ;  
Nor swell'd with high, nor sunk with adverse fate !  
Submiss, and cheerful, as she wont to prove !  
In duty, faithful ! diligent, in love !  
Unchang'd her turn of speech, and bent of mind !  
Wise, as agreeable ! discreet, as kind !  
Nor mention'd once her tongue her daughter's name ;  
A loss, she cou'd not praise, but wou'd not blame ! 1220

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B O O K V.

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**H**ENCE the fourth sun had fill'd the year complete,  
And vary'd the due change of cold and heat,  
Unchang'd to her the varying seasons run ;  
With peace concludes the day, with joy begun.  
The only cause, that cou'd disturb her breast, 1225  
Was, that she found GUALTHERUS ill at rest.  
A child he wish'd. Nor cou'd GRISELDA find,  
Why that unvalu'd wish shou'd pain his mind,

So free to part with what was in his pow'r ;  
 Yet now, he counted ev'ry day and hour. 1230  
 At length, heay'n gratify'd his full desire ;  
 And doubly bless'd the mother and the fire.  
 A son was born. All hail the hopeful boy ;  
 Their common safety, and their common joy !  
 All, that their country love, and faction hate ! 1235  
 All, that wish well to sov'reign, or to state.  
 Unfruitful deem'd the wife, the daughter dead ;  
 The want of issue new commotion bred.  
 The next-ally'd in diff'rent parts divide,  
 And draw the giddy croud on ev'ry side. 1240  
 Pride and ambition, no occasion lose,  
 To feast on heirless crowns with eager views.  
 While fuel ev'ry neighb'ring pow'r supplies,  
 And blows the blaze, in hopes to reap the prize.  
 When now a son appear'd, oppos'd to all, 1245  
 The factious, from their high pretensions, fall.  
 This turn their pride, if not their cause, befriends ;  
 Each ends the contest, where his rival ends.  
 The loyal joy'd, to see the tumult cease,  
 A firm foundation laid for lasting peace, 1250  
 All disagreeing int'rests reconcil'd ;  
 And hail'd with kind presage the royal child.

Lovely

Lovely the child, and manly to behold !

Mild, as his mother ! As his father, bold !

Scarce the third year begun with full repose, 1255

When, to disturb the calm, GUALTHERUS rose.

Hapless in this, that happy was his life ;

Again must he essay the patient wife.

Capricious husband, to conviction blind !

What proof cou'd fix that doubtful turn of mind ? 1260

If long experience but augments your care ?

Must man provoke, and women ever bear ?

Survey the state of wedlock at a view,

A case so strange, who ever heard or knew ?

The husband lives dissatisfy'd in thought, 1265

Because the wife lives guiltless of a fault.

Tempt her he must ; full-vainly, dare I say.

Men keep no bounds, where women will obey.

Imperious most, to those that most indure.

Such, he. But patience is a sov'reign cure. 1270

When night had spread her sable umbrage round,

GRISELDA, hanging o'er her boy, he found.

" Know (he began) but this thyself must know —

" Thy marriage has produc'd a world of woe.

" The subject ill our first affiance took, 1275

" With lying voice, and counterfeited look.

- " A daughter born, they lessen'd their disgrace;  
" Their spleen arose apparent in their eyes :  
" A son, their open malice kept no bound.  
" And on the mother their distaste they found. 1280  
" 'Tis true, not yet the clamor strikes our ear;  
" With terror yet the bad report I hear.  
" Tho', ill or well, the prince observes his trust,  
" Faction is dang'rous, or unjust or just.  
" What flav'ry (thus the disaffected cry) 1285  
" Attends Saluzzo, shou'd GUALTHERUS die.  
" Then shall JANICOLA's mean blood succeed;  
" His base-rais'd offspring ! his opprobrious breed !  
" Then shall they lord it ! hold the foremost place !  
" What hope of other rule, or other race ? 1290  
" Then well may villagers our rights support !  
" And slaves receive the honors of a court !  
" Tho' distant yet the voice of discontent,  
" Thus warn'd, let prudence the increase prevent ;  
" E're yet in open audience they complain : 1295  
" That done, the terms propos'd may then be vain.  
" For judge but of the future by the past,  
" All private murmur will speak loud at last.  
" What need of words ? To open all my soul—  
" Better resign a part, than lose the whole. 1300

He

- He paus'd, and sighing— “ Yes, it must be done ;  
“ The fate your daughter found, attends your son—  
“ By the same hand, on the same hour of night,  
“ Torn from your bosom, carry'd from your sight—  
“ Harder the trial, with the boy to part, 1305  
“ Longer in view, and nearer to your heart—  
“ He grew to sense, was knowing, and was known—  
“ The loss, a parent well may feel, and own.  
“ For this, I came, to warn you and persuade,  
“ To summon ev'ry virtue to your aid. 1310  
“ Lest hurry'd from yourself, you quit the rein,  
“ And ill your trust, and character maintain.
- Thus he ; the wively patience thus rejoin'd.
- “ This, have I said ; and thus, I bear in mind :  
“ Your will is mine ! your pleasure, mine I make !  
“ Forsake me, life, e'er I this rule forsake ! 1315  
“ Slain as your daughter, let your son be slain ;  
“ Confirm his being, or his death ordain !  
“ In her, in him, no claim GRISELDA knows,  
“ But her long vigils, and maternal throws. 1320  
“ What, but a short amusement was her gain,  
“ For previous sickness, and successive pain ?  
“ All other right belongs to you alone ;  
“ Yours be it, to conduct what is your own.

“ Consider

- " Consider my content, below your care ; 1325  
" In neither child GRISELDA claims a share.  
" I too am yours, in all and ev'ry part,  
" For when you gave your hand, I gave my heart.  
" Not that I plead affection, yet deny  
" Obedience due ; I own the forceful tie. 1330  
" From that then blest to this still happy day,  
" (E'er-since you threw my rural weeds away).  
" Then I acknowledg'd, and acknowledge still,  
" That with my habit I depos'd my will,  
" Freedom of action, liberty of choice ; 1335  
" GRISELDA's voice must still confirm your voice,  
" Urge what you urge, forbear what you forbear ;  
" I wait your order, as your dress I wear.  
" Nay more. Had I your thoughts by prescience known,  
" Such passive duty had not now been shwon. 1340  
" With your felicity I cou'd not part,  
" Tho' ev'ry string it tore that brace'd my heart.  
" Myself had been as forward to propose,  
" And quell the tumult, e'er so high it rose.  
" But now that your resolve is fully told, 1345  
" Determin'd as your own, my purport hold.  
" And were my death but wanting to your ease,  
" Death wou'd I bear, to serye you, or to please.

" For

"For death, that weak or wicked minds may move,  
" Makes no comparison to loss of love." 1350

Her steady virtue fill'd him with surprise ;  
Long on the ground he look'd with musing eyes :  
Then left her presence, in appearance, sad !  
But glad at heart ! cou'd such a heart be glad ? 1360

And strait, the ill-presaging ruffian came, 1355  
The same in gesture, and in face the same.

Rude, as he seiz'd the sister where she lay

He seiz'd the brother ; or in ruder way.

Worse than before, if worse he cou'd devise,

More insolent his steps, more stern his eyes. 1360

A scene, all human nature must detest !

Yet cou'd the feeling mother steel her breast.

She clasp'd the boy, then, (wonderful to tell !)

She gently kiss'd, and mildly bade farewell.

And thus address'd the minister of death. 1365

" This let me crave, when he resigns his breath, ]

" This (if your lord object not) let me crave !

" Provide my little son a decent grave !

" His tender limbs, full delicate to sight,

" Protect from birds by day, and beasts by night !" 1370

She, humbly ask'd ; he no return affords :

Unless in looks, more horrible than words.

Her

Her strength of soul, GUALTHERUS, more and more,  
Admir'd; a pure but in-exhaustless store!

Like gold, extracted from long-hidden mines, 1375  
That still the more 'tis try'd, the more refines.

Yet was he not content. To such a bent  
Of fix'd mistrust, no proof cou'd give content.

For now, his quiet studious to perplex,  
He ruminates the malice of the sex! 1380

The face of ease, that hides the secret smart!

The tongue, still-ready to bely the heart!

And oft, had there been room, he seem'd inclin'd,  
To term her patience, cruelty of mind!

Such dread effusion of her children's blood, 1385  
Unmov'd, what tender mother had withstood?

And tho' he knew (by strict observance prov'd)  
That next to him her family she lov'd;

And, but that him she lov'd, lov'd more than life:  
He doubts the woman, forc'd to praise the wife. 1390

He waited, if in look, or word estrang'd,  
Her fondness lessen'd, or her temper chang'd.

But neither word nor look admit a doubt,  
For all seem'd peace within, and joy without.

One harmony of face and soul appears; 1395  
Days following days, and years succeeding years.

More

More true as she advanc'd in age, she grew ;  
(Cou'd genuine truth be said to grow more true !)  
As if by nature, not by marriage, join'd,  
Two forms were influenc'd by one ruling mind. 1400  
Whate'er he sought, seen or unseen his aim,  
Same as his will, her pleasure was the same.  
She thought, 'twas not her province to contest,  
Her ready faith suppos'd it for the best.  
Whether the lovely offspring liv'd or dy'd ; 1405  
Much tho' she fear'd, she cou'd not well decide.  
But still her soul this principle maintain'd ;  
That if they dy'd, GUALTHERU's was constrain'd.  
She judg'd it his misfortune, not his fault,  
For much of his humanity she thought ; 1410  
And much of her concern this thought remov'd,  
She knew, he cou'd not part with what he lov'd.  
This sacrifice, if boist'rous faction claim'd,  
She own'd, he must assent, nor cou'd be blam'd.  
But was it possible to steer between 1415  
The father and the prince, and guard the mean ;  
She cou'd not frame the risque, he had not ran,  
For so she took, nor so mistook the man.  
Hoping the best, and to the worst resign'd ;  
Such was her force, and confidence of mind. 1420

Thro' all this mild complacency of life,  
 Fell she, as mother, yet she rose as wife.  
 No other good, besides his good, she knew,  
 Of worldly int'rest, or of private view.  
 No loss, besides his loss, cou'd give her pain,  
 No gain advantage her, besides his gain.  
 These were her rules, these hard but golden rules,  
 (Not well observ'd in matrimonial schools.)  
 Wives on their husbands shou'd rely alone ;  
 And by maturer judgment mend their own.  
 Not so the subject ; where his conduct fail'd,  
 More strict to mark, than where his worth prevail'd.  
 Fond of complaint, and ready of surmise,  
 Each princely virtue, they cou'd turn to vice.  
 That here much cause was giv'n (must be allow'd)  
 Much to alarm the council and the crowd.  
 Dark the design. And wide the rumor spread,  
 And equal horror and compassion bred.  
 The silence of the court some guilt confess'd ;  
 The children missing, malice adds the rest.  
 Doubtful as he in conduct, they severe  
 In censure, send the tale from ear to ear.  
 " GUALTHERUS, by unthinking love misled,  
 First makes his slave the part'ner of his bed.

" And

" And then, the stain impatient to indure, 1445  
" Adds to the vile offence a viler cure.  
" But what had the long suff'ring mother done?  
" (O'er things unknown thus knowingly they run)  
" The children, what? Then, such unnat'r al death,  
" Giv'n by the hand, that shou'd preserve their breath?"  
On facts uncertain, while the croud debate, 1451  
They hate, that lov'd; that lov'd not, doubly hate.  
Loud was his infamy, as once his fame!  
" A murd'rer! an accurst, detested name!  
" A villain, not from passion, but design! 1455  
" Abjur'd by laws, both human and divine!"  
Yet might the people marmur, or assent,  
**GUALTHERUS**, firm pursu'd his fix'd intent.  
But check a-while, my muse, thy looser rein,  
To court the judgment of the female train. 1460  
Full-fain, wou'd I consult, in time and place,  
Their learn'd opinion; doubtful is the case.  
Declare, which, of the two, was most to blame?  
Was he too rigid, or was she too tame?  
Each husband left sole arbiter of life, 1465  
What wou'd become of many an honest wife?  
What wou'd she suffer, sentenc'd to submit,  
From all his pride of sense, and spleen of wit?

100 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA : or,

Or grant such trials, as GRISELDA ran,  
May show, that woman is the slave of man ; 1470  
Say, might not these, for any wife suffice ?  
What cou'd a harden'd husband more devise ?  
To try her faith ? her constancy to prove ?  
Great, you must own, her patience, and her love.

But 'tis a truth the sex need not be told, 1475  
That men are modell'd in a various mold.  
And some, as old and new experience finds,  
Indu'd with most perverse unyielding minds.  
In these, whatever sense first strikes their thought,  
(Or wrong or right th' impression deep is wrought ;  
Dying, they keep the first resolves they make, 1481  
Bound to opinion, as a bear to stake.  
If properly the object strikes his sight,  
'Tis great good luck, the obstinate goes right.  
But sure the chance is more than equal found, 1485  
That wrong he goes, yet travels round and round :  
Submit, intreat, diversify, explain,  
Inlarge, confirm, confute : The task is vain.  
To satisfy the purport of his will,  
Th' event must follow, be it good or ill ! 1490

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BOOK VI.

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T Wice, from the nuptial day, sev'n years were told,  
And twice seven years the nuptial trials hold.  
Each proof severe GRISELDA firmly pass'd,  
Yet one remain'd behind, the worst, tho' last.  
A doubt, he rais'd, and nourish'd in his breast ; 1495  
Nor, till he scund the truth, cou'd think of rest.

" There are (he judg'd) a race of selfish mind,  
" That own no tie of nature, or of kind,  
" Who rigidly their breasts to others steel ;  
" Yet, for themselves, most sensibly they feel. 1500  
" Such hear, with equal ease, the parting groan,  
" Of them, they never knew, or long have known.  
" And view the wreck, without distress or care,  
" Of those that bore them, or of those they bear.  
" No partner, they, of joint affection, own ; 1505  
" Their pleasure, and their pain, is self alone.  
" And such she is, or what, I'm yet to learn !—  
" Hence, her submission ! Hence, her unconcern !  
" If try'd in self, the ends as she began, 1510  
" She must be more than woman, more than man !

Thus he ; such early prejudice he nurst ;  
 That the last trial but includes the first.  
 For this, a messenger to *Rome* he sent,  
 (Now was the time to give the scruple vent.)  
 In legal phrase, the marriage to annull,  
 And counterfeit in form the papal bull.  
 His hasty passions to this course incline,  
 The shortest way to answer his design.

" Take, for your plan, some old pontifc frame ;  
 " Fashion'd anew, the use will be the same." 1520  
 At *Rome*, the messenger arriv'd, and sped ;  
 A forging hand, he found, and scheming head.  
 Nor well cou'd fail in that prolific court,  
 Where, surrogates, scribes, proctors, priests, resort.  
 'Twas modell'd, like to like, and word for word ;  
 He sends a formal copy to his lord : 1526  
 Who, as he us'd on points of high debate,  
 Conven'd all orders that compos'd the state.

Summon'd, they meet; the prince assumes the throne :  
 Then thus, with sterner brow, and haughtier tone.  
 " Content, as fortunate, in single life,  
 " You forc'd me on that dang'rous rock, a wife !  
 " A wife I chose, (nor now disguise the truth)  
 " From heat of blood, th' intemperance of youth.

" One,

" One, whose excelling form my passion mov'd, 1535

" I lov'd ; and all seem'd right, because I lov'd.

" No other, was my motive, or my aim,

" I neither sought your int'rest, nor my fame.

" My riper age this folly wou'd atone,

" Strength to your state, and lustre to my throne, 1540

" I wou'd acquire, in kindred grandeur ty'd ;

" The fair, to great PEGANUS, near ally'd.

" For this, the papal chair our envoy moves,

" The state must sanction, what the church approves."

A long and hoarse applause th' assembly roars, 1545

Like rolling waves that murmur to the shores.

These, slaves by nature, born to bear the rod,

Swallow'd his words, as oracles from god.

Those, from long habit, custom'd to the bit,

Their duty thought, to hear and to submit. 1550

Others, approv'd it not, yet not withheld,

From frigid virtue, indolently good.

But some, from sordid, or ambitious views,

Prais'd the design, and pray'd, " No time he'd lose."

And so had acted, was the case his own,

And good GUALTHERUS sentenc'd from the throne. 1555

Yet some, of nobler soul, but these were few,

Place all GRISELDA's merit full in view ;

Her

Her worth, of private and of public kind,  
 Her blameless conduct, and unerring mind. 1560  
 And with bold truth, and gen'rous ardor plead,  
 Th' injustice, and dishonor of the deed.  
 Tho' prince and subject join'd their gen'ral voice,  
 No pow'r cou'd authorise the guilty choice.  
 Let pope and synod their whole strength unite, 1565  
 That which is wrong, they never cou'd make right.  
 " Repudiate, without cause, the faultless dame?  
 " "Twas Tyranny! It foil'd a life of fame!  
 " They humbly differ'd; but the harsh divorce  
 " They cou'd not counsel! 'Twas an act of force! 1570  
 Here, rising, " 'Tis my will, (he said) withdraw—  
 Nor 'till that hour had urg'd his will for law.

Meantime, the trusty guard returns from *Rome*;  
 And all *Saluzzo* mourns *GRISELDA*'s doom.  
 None penetrate the fraud, or doubt a wile, 1575  
 So was it fram'd in true pontific stile!  
 So fraught with church sufficiency and pride.  
 And thus the apostolic roll imply'd.

" That he, the delegate of God, the pope, 1579  
 " Their heav'nly guide, and their terrestrial hope,  
 " In kind compliance to his son's request,  
 " (Weighing the people's good, and prince's rest)

" Did,

" Did, and hereby, authority had giv'n,

" (In virtue of his right deriv'd from heav'n)

" To nullify the marriage from that hour, 1585

" Save, to the wife whate'er she brought in dow'r;

" With sundry meanles items, queint and old;

" So sign'd! so seal'd! so witness'd! so inroll'd!—"

To this, was added, for the subjects ease,

A load of pardons, and at mod'rate fees. 1590

Handed from heav'n the scrole, the croud believ'd;

To slav'ry prone, and form'd to be deceiv'd.

Moles, that in darkness center'd their delight!

The day, to them, had been a pain of fight!

" The pope, infallible, with one accord, 1595

" They held, nor less infallible their lord.

" For what their lord requir'd, the pope allow'd."

Take but in largest sense the term of croud!

Nor try'd by affluence, nor to birth confin'd,

But honesty of heart, and worth of mind. 1600

Without these qualities, let princes know,

They are themselves the Vulgar, and the Low.

The rude *Saluzzians* swallow'd all the bait,  
(I mean the number of the small and great)

" In heav'n, they own'd, all marriages were made, 1605

" Yet was the prince by heat of youth betray'd.

" If

" If then contracted parties disagree; 1601  
 " Apply to whom, but him that keeps the key?  
 " What other pow'r cou'd finish the debate,  
 " And shut and ope the matrimonial gate? 1601  
 There wanted not, in all her doubts and fears,  
 Some to convince GRISELDA's eyes and ears.  
 Prompt to insinuate what the prince intends,  
 (And these, the formost of her female friends) 1601  
 With cruel pity they lament her fate, 1615  
 " So alter'd he, and so estrang'd of late! 1615  
 Others, maliciously, to hurt her rest,  
 Who thought in silence they cou'd read her breast,  
 " Urge the barbarity, that cou'd destroy, 1620  
 " By turns, the lovely girl, and hopeful boy. 1620  
 Others, to like humanity inclin'd, 1620  
 " Hint at the bride, and the divorcee design'd;  
 " And were they bound to lead so curst a life,  
 " Wou'd rather be the relict, than the wife! 1625  
 To this, she own'd, " Appearances were strong,  
 " But, yet, she cou'd not think, he cou'd do wrong.  
 What force of virtue cou'd the shock sustain?  
 Love, so severely try'd, yet try'd in vain!  
 And, tho' her looks no change unusual shew,  
 Full deep her heart, I deem, was charg'd with woe!

But,

But, humble tho' her birth, her soul was great; 1631

Form'd to endure the worst extreme of fate:

Fix'd, from his pleasure, never to depart,

To whom, she gave her innocence, and heart.

Free, was her breast from sighs, her face from tears,

Tho' well confirm'd th' unwelcome news she hears;

Knows, on what message, and with what intent,

The frequent envoys to *Bologna* went.

Where rich *Paganus* rul'd with peaceful sword,

Whose wife was sister to her faithless lord. 1640

This princess, with humarer talents blest,

A mind, resplendent as her state, possess'd.

To learn her manners, foreign dames resort;

The virtues, not the vices, of a court.

Among the rest, a maid excell'g fair, 1645

Was still distinguis'd with peculiar care,

Bred from an infant, tho' of birth unknown,

The royal pair respect her as their own.

And her, 'twas rumor'd, on his change of Life,

The *Marquis of Saluzzo* chose for wife; 1650

To dignify his state, adorn his bed.

And wide the fame malicious echo spread.

" That now *GRISELDA* must resign her claim,

" For from *Bologna* a new consort came;

" Bright

108 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

- " Bright as the sun, and youthful as the day, 1655  
" With splendid equipage, and rich array.  
" The great PEGANUS, to augment her state,  
" With all his noble lords in order wait;  
" The kindred maid respectfully to guide,  
" And her young brother, riding by her side: 1660  
" Who to *Saluzzo* shap'd direct their way,  
" The distant journey less'ning, day by day.

Say, was not this sufficient to molest? —

The hard GUALTHERUS might have spar'd the rest.

Thro' silence some humanity had shone, 1665  
Pity, might lessen wrong, tho' not atone.

But he, when full the court, to tempt her more,  
Thus spoke, in boist'rous terms, unus'd before.

- " Not much displeas'd, tho' chose from humble life,  
" I saw you fill the station of a wife. 1670  
" Not for your beauty, birth, or wealth, or youth.  
" But for your duty, faith, and love, and truth.  
" Yet, now I find, by sad experience wise,  
" That in great lordship, greater flav'ry lies.  
" To this conspir'd my fortune and my fate; 1675  
" Tho' Prince, yet lowest vassal in the state.  
" Debarr'd, where ev'ry swain may use his voice,  
" Freedom of will, and liberty of choice.

- " A wife to wed, the public care ordains,  
" And now, to quit that wedded wife, constrains; 1680  
" A new, is sought: Nor is the rising flood  
" Of factious discontent, to be withheld.  
" For this, full pow'r to loose my former vows,  
" Th' indulgent father of the church allows.  
" And a new bride is coming by the way, 1685  
" To obviate all suspense, and all delay.  
" Be strong of heart, and void anon the place.  
" Yet this I grant you. Take it as a grace.  
" All that you brought me, on the nuptial hour,  
" I grant you. Take it all! that princely dow'r!  
" But well wou'd you observe, what I advise; 1691  
" Know, they, can never fall, that never rise.  
" Then chuse an equal, on the peaceful plains,  
" And live the little princess of the swains!  
" Lost to a palace, in a cottage rest. 1695  
" None may presume, for ever to be blest.  
" Yet, this celestial gift to all is sent,  
" To bear the stroke of fortune with content."  
" I am not now to learn (she strait replies)  
" The wond'rous distance, that between us lies. 1700  
" Me, not your partial choice, cou'd worthy make,  
" To share your grandeur, or your bed partake.

1101 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

“ Yet if this house, (as heav’n may witness bear)

“ I enter’d wife, I liv’d not mistress there.

“ As best became, I study’d to behave, 1705

“ As one, above your slaves, your humblest slave.

“ That there, so long, I held the foremost place,

“ I think it not my merit, but your grace.

“ And if a fitter consort you require,

“ Content, to my paternal cot retire; 1710

“ Humbly to dwell, where humbly I was bred:

“ Nor share your grandeur, nor partake your bed.

“ There, clean of heart, the widow, as the bride,

“ Will live, if not to you, to none ally’d.

“ Nor shall it by my blot, while life remain, 1715

“ To soil your choice by any vulgar stain.

“ That once you deign’d to join me to your side;

“ This thought let me indulge of royal pride.

“ This single thought! may heav’n propitious grant,

“ In her you chuse, the wealth and birth I want. 1720

“ Pleas’d, for your good, the station to resign,

“ That was my bliss, that once, my lord, was thine.

“ Thence, priz’d by me. Disturb’d, if I depart,

“ ’Tis not, to lose your fortune, but your heart.

“ Such dow’r you proffer me, as first I brought; 1725

“ Those rustic weeds! yet where may those be sought?

“ Well

“ Well I remember, on the nuptial hour,  
“ With scorn, you threw aside that wretched dow'r.  
“ Far other then, your gesture, and your mind !  
“ In look, how gentle ! And in speech, how kind ! 1730  
“ But I have heard, and prov'd the saying true ;  
“ Love is not, when 'tis old, what 'twas when new.  
“ Yet, shall no fear of death constrain my will,  
“ (Death the last line of human good and ill !)  
“ Low as I fall, at fortune to repine, 1735  
“ Proud of the thought, that once your heart was mine.  
“ Then, when you rais'd your vassal to your breast,  
“ And rudely clad before, full richly dress'd. -  
“ Obedient duty, and unspotted fame,  
“ Was all I brought. No other dow'r I claim. 1740  
“ But why recal to mind that blissful day ?—  
“ You wish it had not been, and I obey.  
“ Then down I lay this scepter from my hand,  
“ (Here, never borne, as symbol of command !)  
“ Cast, from my head, this decorated crown, 1745  
“ And, from my body, loose this ermin'd gown.  
“ And last this ring, (this last let me restore !)  
“ What, with unwear'y'd constancy I wore.  
“ Lodg'd, in the stores, the rest your orders wait ;  
“ Your gifts of love ! or ornaments of state ! 1750

- “ Naked I came, and naked I return,  
 “ Nor must I, since it suits your grandeur, mourn.  
 “ This only let me beg, nor beg in vain,  
 “ For what I brought, and never can regain !  
 “ For all my duty, faith, and love, and truth !      1755  
 “ Untainted chastity ! unpractis'd youth !  
 “ Years, that I pass'd ! and children, that I bore !  
 “ (The last unguarded words she hurry'd o'er.)  
 “ Grant me such cloaths, as fit GRISELDA best,  
 “ A common garment, and a rustic vest.      1760  
 “ An outcast let me be. Yet this I pray,  
 “ Let me not, like a worm, go by the way ;  
 “ The people's laughter, and their lord's disgrace.  
 “ For this may fall below my servile race !      1764  
 “ Below, her state that once was call'd your wife !  
 “ None, with immodesty, can tax my life.”  
 With dignity unalter'd this she said,  
 Her cheeks alone effus'd a warmer red.  
 Compos'd, tho' pain'd ! Determin'd, tho' distract !  
 The prince was mov'd, as ev'ry eye confess'd.      1770  
 “ Your vest retain” (impassion'd he reply'd).  
 “ But quit all other marks of stately Pride.”  
 He cou'd no more.—His voice its utt'rance lost.  
 And this last proof he tempted to his cost.

Silent

Silent he stood, with agitated breast ; 1775  
But his look witness'd many a sigh supprest.  
Yet tears wou'd flow, a voluntary tide,  
And these he strove, and strove in vain to hide.  
His heart, against his stubborn will, conspir'd ;  
Aside, he turn'd ; and hastily, retir'd. 1780

Her condescension struck so strong a light ;  
It fill'd the court with horror and affright.  
“ May I be never to such ill betray'd !”  
In silence sigh'd the unexperienc'd maid.  
Each widow, to her secret friend, alone, 1785.  
Whisper'd, “ Thus treated, he had his own.”  
And ev'ry wife attested earth and heav'n,  
“ 'Twas a mean act, a bad example giv'n !”  
And ancient maid, with ancient maid began ; 1789  
“ How great our scape, who never yet knew man !”

Meantime GRISELDA secretly withdrew,  
And disarray'd her, safe from public view.  
Conforming, far as decency allow'd,  
She shun'd the noble and ignoble crowd.  
All, that she cou'd, she left of her attire, 1795  
And no intrusion furth'ring her desire ;  
The postern gate she pas'd, the public street  
With naked head, she gain'd, and naked feet.

## 114 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

But soon the crowd her noted form descry'd, 1800  
 And pour'd, before, behind, on ev'ry side.  
 Down hast thou laid, in vain hast thou laid down,  
 Thy robe, thy ring, thy scepter, and thy crown !  
 Stript of thy state, thy native state they find ;  
 Grandeur of mein ! and majesty of mind ! 1805  
 Exil'd in thee, thy exile they attend ;  
 The friendless, that, in thee, still found a friend !  
 The motherless, that met a mother's care !  
 For 'twas thy good, thy good with all to share !  
 Hence, bare-foot as she trod the flinty road, 1810  
 Their vestments o'er the rugged way they strow'd.  
 And not one breast refus'd a pitying sigh ;  
 Void of a tear was not one melting eye ;  
 Grief, in each voice, and face, exprest, and shown !  
 In ev'ry voice and face, except her own ! 1815  
 Tho' loud they spread her praise, and urg'd her wrong ;  
 She curb'd resentment, and restrain'd her tongue !  
 Silent she mov'd, majestically slow,  
 As one, in pain that pleasur'd, joy'd in woe !  
 But wicked fame precedes with nimbler tread, 1820  
 The father reaching in his homely stead.  
 And tho' the long neglect, year after year,  
 Had caus'd him many a figh, and many a tear.

Never

Never to touch the court on pain enjoin'd; 1820  
So proud, he thought, his prince, or child, unkind! 1825  
Yet musing with himself, fall oft he said:  
“ By force of love, GUALTHERUS was misled,  
“ That fire once cool'd, his lust will yield to pride,  
“ And the wife fall a victim to the bride.  
Tho' length of time had fortify'd his breast, 1830  
The sudden rumour rous'd him from his rest.  
His cloaths, from off his aged breast, he tears,  
From off his aged head his hoary hairs.  
Devotes the light, and deprecates the day,  
And life, impairing with too slow decay. 1835  
Then seeks, with anxious care, his rustic hoard  
Where his fond heart her virgin habit stor'd;  
Sav'd, to indulge his mind and to employ,  
In pleasing pain, and melancholy joy.  
Now, found of Use! he speeds with feeble haste, 1840  
Cover'd his child, lamented, and imbrac'd.  
Here, for a space, remain'd the patient wife,  
And, thrown from great, returns to vulgar life.  
Yet never once was heard her lord to blame,  
Tho' spirited by many a busy dame. 1845  
Above the pow'r of fortune, or of fate,  
She rose, in good, or ill, alike sedate!

In good, against distress, she arm'd her still,  
 And still prepar'd her, for success, in ill.  
 This was her character, by all allow'd, 1850  
 " Virtuous, tho' beautiful! tho' great, not proud!  
 " Discreet, as witty! sprightly, as serene!  
 " Sage, but not sad! and humble, but not mean!  
 On *Job*, priests flourish still, with wond'rous ease,  
 And priests on *Job* may flourish, if they please. 1855  
 We mean not, here, to enter the dispute.  
 Yet priests can prove, a woman is a brute;  
 And, (when it serves their turn) a man, a god:  
 But 'tis the safest way to kiss the rod.  
 Yet, when the *Man of Uz*, whose perfect Life, 1860  
 They ~~saws~~, and blazon the intemp'rate wife,  
 Who bade him to his face, curse God and die;  
 Mean they the sex? Sure, priests may err or lye!  
 Yet, not to stab the church, but gently probe,  
 I say, GRISELDA far transcended *Job*! 1870  
 And, fast as men, cou'd women texts expound,  
 As many female suff'rers wou'd be found!  
 Women than men, more patient, and more true!  
 This is my faith,—But then, It holds of few.

BOOK VII.

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GUALTHERUS, his emotion, soon repress'd,  
Resum'd his mind, and fortify'd his breast. 1870

" Wond'rous her faith, (he commun'd with his heart)

" Wond'rous her love, if free from female art !

" To bear, submissive, such repeated wrongs,

" That temper, rarely, to that sex belongs !

" Nor ev'n to seek, from words, or fighs, relief ! 1875

" Was it, excess of patience, or of grief ?

" Again, not once reproach, not once withstand !

" 'Twas great disguise of soul, or great command !

" Sustain such weight of woe with tearless eyes ! —

" But, to the covert, for relief she flies. 1880

" There, doubtless, vents her rage, and makes her moan,

" Echo, pays sigh for sigh, and groan for groan.

" Then, change the scene, from privacy of place ;

" Yes, let her see her rival, face to face.

Thus, as he meditates the full Assay, 1885

Arriv'd a courier, and at prime of day ;

To notice : " That the princely youth and dame,

" With great PEGANUS, from Bologna came.

" That,

" That, safely they had pass'd the rocky way,

" And hop'd to reach him with the setting ray. 1890

Meantime, the banish'd wife, at early dawn,

Unfolds her flock and follows to the lawn ;

To where GUALTHERUS, loit'ring in the course,

First stop'd, from love, or failure of his horse.

There, lowly seated on the dewy ground, 1895

She feeds her little charge, that bleats around ;

And plies the distaff, that before her stands :

Yet flow, the widow'd, to the virgin hands.

For, tho' the twine with equal care she wrought,

Oft, wou'd intrude, an interrupting thought ; 1900

Oft, wou'd her soul, her former state retrace :

" Exalted honor is a flipp'ry place !

" Tho' palaces are high, and cots are low ;

" Here, lies sure peace ! There, lies destructive show !

" But mind, is all to all, mean or sublime ! 1905

" Mind, is not to be chang'd, by place, or time !

" In time, or place, unblest, or blest can dwell !

" Can make a hell of heav'n, a heav'n of hell !

Thus musing : For the proof, GUALTHERUS sends,

She, quits the calm reflection, and attends ;

In dress, a shepherdess : The same, to see,

As on her marriage day. She bends her knee.

But

But he, more slow to raise her with his hand,

Nods, and imparts his last severe command.

“ This day, we celebrate the previous rite ; 1915

“ *GRISELDA!* know, our nuptial crowns the night.

“ Full, to profusion, is the palace stor'd,

“ With all, to deck the bed, or cheer the board.

“ Yet much I fear, the feast may wrong my soul ;

“ For execution, mends, or mars, the whole ! 1920

“ Tho' gen'rous the design, and large the cost ;

“ All beauty is in want of order lost.

“ Not one, thro' all *Saluzzo*, can I find,

“ That knows, so well, my manner, or my mind ;

“ The guests, or to distinguish, or invite : 1925

“ Put show to use, to profit turn delight.

“ But you, long wont this station to support,

“ Can best advise, what suits the prince, and court.

“ Again exert the talents you have shewn,

“ Display, at large, the splendor of my throne ; 1930

“ Add ev'ry outward instance of my love :

“ All, that I might omit, but must approve.

“ But chiefly turn you to attend the fair,

“ Be that your daily thought, and nightly care,

“ 'Tis true, this rustic garb may show neglect ; 1935

“ But well it suits your state, if you reflect.

“ For,

20 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA : or,

- “ For, pride of dress, is sure a barren curse ;  
“ E’re fancy you consult, consult your purse.  
“ This is my will. Proceed, without delay !  
“ And do the proper honors of the day !” 1940
- “ Much I rejoice (the mild GRISELDA cries)  
“ That on my faith your confidence relies ;  
“ And hail the cause, that brings me to the place,  
“ Where oft, at distance, I may see your face ;  
“ And oft your voice, with due attention, hear : 1945  
“ Thus far I may indulge my eye, and ear !  
“ In honest diligence, thro’ servile life,  
“ Pleas’d will I tend the husband and the wife.  
“ Affiduous, to prevent what she requires,  
“ Solicitous, to check my own desires. 1950  
“ So will I act (if but my heart allows)  
“ As e’er I knew your flames, or heard your vows.
- Her answer half defeated his design ;  
“ Our confidence you fee—the trust be thine !”
- He said. She minglest with the menial train, 1955  
No service she neglects, and spares no pain ;  
To grace the bed, or magnify the throne :  
And forms a feast more splendid than her own.  
Intent, or to dispose, or to provide ;  
But pains her most, for what concern’d the bride. 1960  
This

This done ; each noted chief, each noted dame,  
She summons to the feast ; so call'd, they came.  
These she receives, as suits their rank or race ;  
In vulgar habit, but with noble grace !  
Arranging all, (for such her lord's desire) 1965  
From wealthy citizen, to landed 'Squire !  
Equals in place, not worth ! from hardy knight  
To him, that never saw the face of fight !  
From peer, that builds on ancestors his fame,  
To him, that finds his title and his name ! 1970  
From learn'd and just dispenser of the laws,  
To him, that judges, by the bribe, the cause !  
From feer, whose charity gives health, and ease,  
To him, that poisons, for the sake of fees !  
From priest, of life unstain'd, and zeal sincere, 1975  
To him, of holy fraud, and pious leer !  
Enter, of good and bad, a mingled crew.  
'Tis the true state of things, or old, or new !  
Virtue, and vice, divides each mixt degree !  
Such, was the world ! And, such, will ever be ! 1980  
But as her care descends from bow'r to hall,  
All still inspecting, still amending all ;  
Thus, to a maid of rank, a wife of spirit :  
" Say, in her meanness, see you any merit ?

122 GUALTHERUS and GRISELDA: or,

“ I vow, by all the virtue of my pride, 1985  
“ Was I GRISELDA, sever'd from his side ;  
“ Then cast, as handmaid, to a second wife ;  
“ Slave to his will, yet trusted with his life.  
“ The present bondage shou'd redeem the past.  
“ Bridegroom and bride, this night shou'd be your last.”

Meantime the foremost of the train alight ; 1991  
And fast the people pour'd to see the fight.  
Close, and more close, the murmur'ring insects grew,  
Should'ring for place, and crowding for a view.  
And much, they prais'd the show, and much the choice.  
Ah ! who wou'd rest upon the public voice ? 1996  
GRISELDA's rise with equal noise they hail'd ;  
With equal noise GRISELDA's fall bewail'd.  
Be deaf, fair stranger, to their senseless cries,  
Thus wou'd they treat thy fall, who treat thy rise. 2000

“ GUALTHERUS is no fool (the croud confess'd)  
“ Changing his wife, but changing for the best.  
“ GRISELDA wants no merit to ingage,  
“ But fairer, this, and of a softer age.  
“ GRISELDA, was inur'd to brook command, 2005  
“ And so may this, when molded to his hand.  
“ From her, what heirs will spring the throne to grace ?  
“ For she descends from some exalted race.

“ The

\* The brother comes, as sample of the line ;  
" What lineaments ? — majestic, and divine ! 2010  
O vulgar souls, unstable and untrue !  
Tir'd with the old, transported with the new !  
Turn'd by each blast, as fickle as the fane !  
And faster than the moon, Ye wax, and wain !  
Hapless the prince, whose ear, delighted, draws 2015  
The praise of crouds, and swallows vain applause ;  
Whose eye, transported, views the supple round  
Of courtiers, whom he trusts, yet fails to sound :  
His ear may be misled, deceiv'd his eye :  
Crouds, can praise folly ; courtiers, look a lye. 2020  
Safer, the call of virtue, to pursue,  
That sep'rates, wrong from right, and false from true.  
Tho' crouds may change, unfaithful as the wind !  
Can they depose the monarch from his mind ?  
Tho' courtiers from allegiance may depart ! 2025  
Great is the empire of an honest heart :  
For inborn worth, alone, knows no controul,  
Fortune may change the state, not change the soul.  
But good, or ill, as man pursues or flies,  
So truly he may fall, so truly rise. 2030  
'Tis virtue gives him in high life to shine,  
Virtue, in low, is an unminted mine.

The force of each was in GRISELDA shown,  
Great in a cot, and humble in a throne!

Thus, of the Many mad, the sober few 2035

Adjudg'd; who lov'd the old, and fear'd the new.

" And fools, (they call'd the number) to disown,

" For good they know not yet, a good long known!

In state, she enters now the palace gate,  
And ent'ring is receiv'd with answ'ring state. 2040

The prince descending fast, to meet the bride,

A dame of high condition join'd his side;

Tongue of the sex, she fastens on his ear,

And thus express'd her fashionable fear.

" A Shepherdess, she said, is such a sight, 2045

" It soils the splendor of the nuptial rite;

" Excuse me, 'tis not my peculiar plea,

" Here all the sex in one request agree;

" We make it our petition and desire,

" GRISELDA, may redress her, or retire; 2050

" Nor stand, to foreign lords, a fund of sport,

" And scandal, to the ladies of the court.

Nought, to his scheme, so cross as this request.

He veil'd the truth, and gloss'd it with a jest.

Known was the dame, to love supreme command,

And hold the bridle with a stedfast hand. 2055

" Ought,

" Ought, to the fair, it grieves me to refuse,  
" But 'tis too late, another course to chuse.  
" GRISELDA's inward merit well you know;  
" And what is dress, but a fictitious show? 2060  
" Yet, seek you, why to court thus rudely brought?  
" Young is our bride, and shou'd be mildly taught.  
" This rural garb, is humble, and is plain;  
" In public shoun, this maxim to maintain.  
" Plain truth, and humble duty, suits a wise; 2065  
" An emblem, for the conduct of her life!  
I pass, as trivial, nor the Tale prolong,  
With masque or dance, with minstrelsy or song.  
Nor, drawn by fancy, deviate from the way,  
For kind reception here, there grand array. 2070  
I leave each train, their princes at their head;  
The youth and virgin by PEGANUS led:  
Whom, long, GUALTHERUS fasten'd to his breast,  
And all, and each, with kindred warmth caress'd.  
I dwell not on the maid, in fresh fifteen, 2075  
Whether array'd in white, red, blue, or green.  
Nor count how promising the boy appears,  
How manly, measuring half his sister's years.  
Here glean, ye Bards, who barren subjects chuse;  
GRISELDA will admit no wand'ring muse. 2080

Short, of her virtues, tho' thy numbers flow,

Muse, keep her, first in sight, tho' last in show !

Her copious mind makes all her single care ;  
But most she strives to serve, and joy the fair.  
Natives or strangers, pleas'd and proud to see ; 2085  
The whole she ranges, each in his degree.  
The foreign lords a due surprize express,  
So much, her manner supersedes her dress.  
Nor stints her tongue the youth and maid to raise  
With praise well judg'd ; for they deserv'd her praise :  
Tho' not to flatt'ry vile here words descend, 2091  
No flatt'ring courtier cou'd her words amend.  
A gen'rous flow of soul, that scorn'd all art !  
Unfoil'd by envy ! genuine, from the heart !  
Some worth, it argues, a friend's worth to know ;  
Virtue, to own the virtue of a foe. 2096

Now, was the hour, the guests to entertain,  
And, one by one, precedes the household train.  
Just, at that season, e're the board was crown'd,  
While all prepar'd to join the social round ; 2100  
GUALTHERUS turns, GRISELDA to explore :  
“ Seek her,” he said ; but sent his eyes before.  
And where he spy'd her, busy'd in the hall,  
“ Attend,” he calls ; And she attends his call.

“ GRISELDA

"**GRISELDA,**" (with indiff'rence feign'd he said) 2105  
" You see the maid I chuse, and mean to wed.  
" Speak (he continu'd with a face of sport) 2109  
" What think you of our bride? Make just report.  
" How, to her form, how to her worth, inclin'd?  
" Pass sentence, on her person, and her mind!" 2110  
She, mildly took the word, and strait reply'd;  
" Ill, tho' the relict might commend the bride.  
" No malice of the sex, no spleen of wrong,  
" My mind shall bias, or mislead my tongue.  
" Never these eyes, in perfect age, cou'd trace. 2115  
" A juster form, or yet a fairer face.  
" Never, from youth imperfect, heard these ears,  
" Thoughts so exprest, the words of ripen'd years.  
" Base is the office, wrongly to debase;  
" Lesser her worth, I rise not in her place. 2120  
" With truth I praise her, and without design;  
" Her want of merit, wou'd not add to mine.  
" What, fully she exacts, I freely give; 2123  
" And may, each blest in each, securely live! 2124

Thus, as she spoke; warm grew the virgin's face,  
Rosy her breast. : She blush'd with modest grace.  
Then back retir'd, by her own praise subdu'd.  
**GRISELDA** seiz'd th' occasion, and purfu'd.

" This,

“ This, let me add, by long experience wise,  
“ And once presume GUALTHERUS to advise. 2130  
“ Judge ne'er so hardly of our sex or life;  
“ Ill usage may pervert, not mend a wife.  
“ When from the bounds of reason men depart,  
“ What, but the force of truth, and faith of heart,  
“ Retains affection, too severely prov'd? 2135  
“ Twice, think not, to be so indur'd, and lov'd.  
“ Try not, as me you try'd, this tender maid,  
“ To summon more than virtue to her aid.  
“ If I, to pain was senseless, deaf to mirth,  
“ I owe it to the lowness of my birth. 2140  
“ The hand to labor us'd, the heart to care.  
“ Ills I had borne, and ills cou'd know to bear.  
“ But she was nobly born, and fondly fed!  
“ In plenty nurtur'd, and in grandeur bred!  
“ Not, like GRISELDA, rais'd from low degree; 2145  
“ By thee to be debas'd, prefer'd by thee!  
“ She, in the trust of innocence and youth,  
“ Nor doubts your constancy, nor fears your truth.  
“ Soon wou'd she feel distress, soon find a cure;  
“ She cou'd not well adversity indure; 2150  
“ Well, cou'd she not, such load of grief, sustain:  
“ For death wou'd soon arrive, and ease her pain.

She

She spoke, from inward ties of kindred blood,  
Or nobler sympathy of good to good ;  
Firm as a column, stable as a wall : 2155  
Her grandeur more conspicuous by her fall.

The gen'rous answer, free from spleen or art,  
Rose inly on his mind, and fill'd his heart.  
“ Too far, too far, (in extasy he cry'd)  
“ **GRISELDA**, was thy wifely virtue try'd. 2160  
“ Resume thy wonted state, thy wonted cheer  
“ Resume ; nor think me faithless, tho' severe !  
“ Enough have I assay'd thy love and truth ;  
“ Assay'd to riper age from tender youth ;  
“ So well, as never wife, in pomp array'd, 2165  
“ Or clad in poverty, was yet assay'd.”  
He said, and by his side **GRISELDA** plac'd,  
Fast seiz'd her in his arms, and long imbrac'd.

As one, from cumb'rous sleep disturb'd, she seems,  
Doubtful, if yet ~~she~~ wakes, or still she dreams ; 2170  
If real forms stand obvious to her sight,  
Or float the airy shadows of the night.

He noted her confusion, silence broke,  
And gently pres'd her hand, and kindly spoke.  
“ By him, I swear, for man that bled and dy'd, 2175  
“ Thou art my wife, I seek no other bride.

“ Worthy

- “ Worthy thy praise the maid, I must agree ;  
“ Must joy to praise her, — For she comes from thee.  
“ And thee, in her, thro’ all her form I trace,  
“ May she, in soul, but match thee, as in face ! 2180  
“ Thrice five years told (if love not blinds these eyes)  
“ States all the diff’rence that between you lies ;  
“ In age or beauty. Oh ! that heav’n decreed,  
“ Her virtue to thy virtue might succeed.  
“ Thy daughter this, first object of thy care ! 2185  
“ And that thy son, *Saluzzo*’s future heir !  
“ Assassin’d ? No ! Not such our base intent.  
“ Safe were the infants to *Bologna* sent ;  
“ To good PEGANUS privily convey’d :  
“ His worthy confort rais’d the youth and maid. 2190  
“ That here they stand thus honor’d in thy view,  
“ Say, to his gen’rous heart, what thanks are due ?  
“ That, in thy view, thus polish’d here they stand,  
“ What thanks are due to her reforming hand ?  
“ A second mother she, at our desire, 2195  
“ Conceal’d their birth ; he prov’d a second sire.  
“ My motive, was mistrust ; to own the truth :  
“ A stubborn prejudice, imbib’d in youth !  
“ Wedlock, I judg’d, a station of unrest ;  
“ I found no marry’d pair compleatly blest : 2200  
“ And,

- “ And, for the male, too hasty to decide,  
“ Plac'd ev'ry error on the female side.  
“ I thought your failures to our faults gave rise,  
“ Your folly, falsehood, levity, or vice.  
“ Hence, the first trial, hence, arose the last. 2205  
“ But well the future shall amend the past.  
“ Hence, was you sworn a life submis to lead,  
“ Nor swerve in thought or look, in word or deed.  
“ Hence, with our daughter when constrain'd to part,  
“ I held your duty, indolence or art. 2210  
“ Hence, was the son propos'd. The son resign'd:  
“ This proof of love, seem'd cruelty of mind,  
“ Hence, was you try'd in self. With honest shame,  
“ I own the crime: **GRISELDA** was the same.  
“ But fixt suspicion is the worst of woes, 2215  
“ And nought but certainty cou'd bring repose.  
“ Let malice, (room there is) our conduct blame,  
“ Yet my feverity shall raise your fame.  
“ And cou'd you penetrate my inmost b'reast,  
“ There wou'd you find indelibly exprest, 2220  
“ **GRISELDA** fills my heart. My wealth, her gain.  
“ My bliss, her pleasure. Her distress, my pain.  
“ And when most calm her b'reast, serene, her eye;  
“ Here, many a tear she caus'd, here many a sigh:

“ And

- " And let this mitigate, if not atone, 2225  
 " Each trial was not thine, it was my own.  
 " And if thy virtue thus exalted shine,  
 " Thine is the treasure, the discov'ry mine."  
 She, that cou'd bear misfortune, that had borne,  
 Each infant from her tender bosom borne ! 2230  
 Cou'd to a cottage from a throne descend,  
 And the great bed, she had adorn'd, attend.  
 From low to high, from high to low re-tost,  
 Cou'd see, whate'er on earth she valu'd, lost.  
 She that cou'd stand the last contempt unmov'd, 2235  
 Yields to the yielding of the man she lov'd.  
 Sinks at the thought of either child restor'd,  
 Whose los's in secrecy she long deplor'd.  
 Patient in ill, in injury resign'd !  
 Here first she quits equality of mind. 2240  
 While, all her wish in her possession stood.  
 Fast flow'd her joy, like the returning flood.  
 The swell of passion rose to such a height,  
 'Twas painful pleasure, and severe delight.  
 Kind as he spoke, with rapture and amaze, 2245  
 Her eyes she gives upon her lord to gaze.  
 And quits but to survey, with silent joy,  
 The lovely maid and near-resembling boy.

All moves her, that she heard, or that she view'd ;  
Strong on her soul the tides of joy intrude. 2250  
Fain wou'd her tongue have open'd all her breast ;  
But there she felt, what cou'd not be express.  
Vain the endeavour. For in transport tost  
Her voice was stopt, her breath in rapture lost.  
Wound to excess of gratitude and love, 2255  
Her pulse forgot to play, her heart to move.  
No more her form the vital heat retains,  
Slow pass'd the current circling in her veins.  
The dews of death her trembling limbs assail,  
Her lips grew livid, and her cheeks grew pale. 2260  
Sounds, disproportion'd to her thoughts, she hears ;  
Unmeaning murmurs echoing thro' her ears.  
While misty vapors, that in fancy rise,  
Cloud the sole objects that cou'd charm her eyes.  
She faints. She falls. But, sinking to the ground, 2265  
He caught her in his arms. The court surround.  
Ye tender youth, in love unblest, or blest,  
Imagination loose, and paint the rest !  
Virtuous or vicious, be your course of life,  
Feel you no pain, for husband or for wife ? 2270  
Reclining on his breast, she pants for breath ;  
As pleas'd to die, since there she found her death.

He looks the aid, he wants the pow'r to give ;  
 As in her life alone he wish'd to live.

A gen'ral care the courtly train confess,      2275

Joy mixt with sorrow, Pleasure with distress.

These fan'd her bosom, those her head sustain'd ;

While death o'er life a doubtful conquest gain'd.

Of art and nature ev'ry aid they bring ;

The cool refreshment of the limpid spring !      2280

The juice of herbs, that noxious steams repel !

Of shrubs the virtues, elegant of smell !

Of drugs and simples the salubrious pow'rs !

Extract of salts, and quintessence of flow'rs !

Thrice seem'd her eyes, to ask the cheer of light,

Thrice seem'd to sink in ever-lasting night.      2286

And thrice he hail'd her as restor'd from death,

Thrice wail'd her irrecoverable breath.

At length she mov'd, and wildly gazing round,  
 First in her care the pleas'd GUALTHERUS found ; 2290

Next, weeping o'er her, joy'd the maid to see,

And last the boy, that trembled at her knee.

The fond assemblage pour'd, without controul,

On her weak sense, and mollify'd her soul.

By turns she seiz'd them, and by turns she press'd, 2295

The father and the children to her breast.

Adown their cheeks the mingling torrents flow,  
The streams of transport, not the streams of woe.

The sweet contagion spread like tainted air ;  
From youth to youth it pass'd, from fair to fair. 2300

And many a gen'rous heart breath'd many a sigh,  
And many a tear shed many a gentle eye.

A scene so sweetly sad, who fail'd to feel,  
Must have an eye of flint, or heart of steel.  
Long silence follow'd. 'Twas not time for speech. 2305

Looks best explain, what words want pow'r to reach.

Mirth to restore, GUALTHERUS soon began,  
Ironically grave ; for that the man.

" A Shepherdes is such an awkward foil,  
" The splendor of the feast she needs must soil. 2310

" That she shou'd change her garb, on me you call ;  
" And I agree ; for 'tis the plea of all.

" Ladies, with joy I grant you this request,  
" Yes ! Let our wife retire to be re-drest.

" Nor stand to foreign lords a fund of sport, 2315  
" Or scandal to the beauties of the court."

Pleas'd, she retir'd. For well she read his mind.  
A train of busy females flock behind.

And now more busy none of all the train,  
Than some that witness'd pleasure in her pain ; 2320

But she that office to the bridal maid  
 Assigns, nor wish'd, nor wanted, other aid.  
 The maiden bride was charm'd with the employ,  
 The sun, she knew, must set in grief or joy ;  
 Late made no stranger to her fire's intent :      2325  
 And, as she griev'd, she joy'd for the event.

Soon was she disarray'd, and soon attir'd,  
 For there lay all or more than dres's requir'd.  
 All that cou'd wish the vain, or ask the great,  
 In aid of beauty, or in pride of state.      2330

Nor senseless of their value was the dame ;  
 Not senseless ! when she thought, from whom they came.  
 Strait she return'd, resplendent to behold ;  
 Of silver was her vest, her robe of gold.

The hoards of ages, that her crown compos'd,      2335  
 Took lustre from the tresses they inclos'd.  
 High in the seat of honor was she plac'd ;  
 The seat her virtue fill'd, and beauty grac'd !

The guests, in order rang'd, the prince addrest,  
 And with a noble freedom op'd his breast.      2340  
 A gen'rous sence of shame unloos'd his tongue ;  
 The wife and brave dares say, that he was wrong :  
 If virtue errs, she errs against her rules ;  
 'Tis ever the reverse with knaves or fools :

For

For wilful faults, these mend not, or not own ; 2345

Too weak to see, or wicked to atone !

“ Friends ! to the self-accus'd be not unkind ;

“ Full dear I nourish'd this distrust of mind.

“ Painful the trial, as severe the test ;

“ Had the wife fall'n, the husband was unbless'd.

“ Be her's the honor ; mine be the disgrace ; 2350

“ Yet shall my choice beam glory on my race.

“ Nor friend, nor foe that act of life shall blame

“ That was my own ; and is my praise, not shame.

“ First, that beneath low birth, and mean disguise,

“ Beauty and virtue cou'd not 'scape my eyes. 2356

“ Next, that I held, gentility of blood

“ Confists, in scorn of ill, and pride of good.

“ Last, that I prov'd, worth equal, whence it springs !

“ From cots of swains, or palaces of kings ! 2360

“ Remains there ought, GRISELDA can desire ?

“ Yes, much is due to her neglected fire.

“ What must the good JANICOLA have borne,

“ To think his worth the object of our scorn ?

“ What, not indur'd from solitary life ?

2365

“ What, not expect the father for the wife ?

“ To give his innate virtue full support,

“ Be mine the care ; he will not shame the court.

" Here, shall he bear the rank his merit gains,

" Example, to our nobles, and our swains! 2370

PEGANUS, by their mutual virtues won,  
Strait ask'd the blooming daughter for his son.

With which GUALTHERUS gracefully comply'd;

" If so my son might call your daughter bride."

Ask you, how led the younger race their lives? 2375

Just as they shou'd. Mere husbands, and mere wives!

At rule, the women neither aim'd, nor broke

Their vow; with equal neck they bore the yoke.

The men accus'd them not of crimes unknown;

But pard'ning lighter faults, excus'd their own. 2380

Thus found that mournful day a blissful end;

In mirth and revel the glad night they spend.

Short seem'd the hours of converse and delight,

Ev'n day impertinently rose on night.

The coldest maids, and wildest youths confess'd, 2385

So to be join'd, was, doubly to be blest!

With licence, all their various censure pass'd,

Some the first marriage prais'd, and some the last.

The pair, of last or first, no diff'rence make;

Still, one in soul, tho' sunder'd by mistake. 2390

Each wrapt in each, the concord they improve;

Their life, was one long day, of harmony and love.



THE  
CLERK of *Oxford's CONCLUSION.*

From *P E T R A R C H.*

I Mean not, by this Tale, I must declare,  
What husbands shou'd exact, or wives shou'd bear.  
That sense wou'd much my gen'rous master wrong ;  
For thus *Petrarch* has moraliz'd the song.      2396

Ye Fair ! without offence, let truth be told ;  
This age is not so strong as was the old.  
The proof you cou'd not suffer, if you wou'd ;  
Too much for human flesh, and human blood.      2400

Yet patience is a good, of use in life,  
To youth, or maid ! to husband, or to wife !  
A virtue, to no sex, or age, confin'd !  
Our author wou'd extend it to mankind.

For if such trials bore, such hazards ran,  
(Mere force of love!) a woman for a man ;      2405

Shall

140 *The Clerk of Oxford's Conclusion.*

Shall I presume to question his decree ?

By whom, I am ! In whom, I hope to be !

Vice luring, in the way of virtue, lies.

God suffers this ; but tempts not : tho' he tries. 2410

Go wrong, or right, 'tis your own action still ;

He leaves you to your choice, of good, or ill.

Then chuse the good ! The ill submisi bear !

The man of virtue is above despair.

Safe, on this maxim, with GRISELDA rest ! 2415

That all, that fortunes, fortunes for the best !

CHAUCE R'S



## CHAUCER's Declaration;

O R,

### *L'Envoy de CHAUCER a les Mariz de notre Temps.*

CHAUCER, who close attended, from the ground  
His musing eyes uprais'd, and look'd around.  
Spare me (he cry'd) if not our Host oppose,  
One word of epilogue, before you close.      2420  
So rare a coin, are true GRISELDAS grown,  
Scarce two are found, in any country town.  
And bold the man, not wise, that dares engage  
To warrant one, in *London*, in an age.  
For put the current cash to full assay,      2425  
The gold is mix'd with brafs ; a bad alay !  
And shou'd it stand the Touch, or cheat the Eye.  
Trust me, at laft, 'twill rather break than ply.

Hence,

Hence, let our pray'rs the *Wife of Bath* befriend,  
 Whose life, and sect, ye pow'rs of love defend. 2430  
 Still may her tongue the sov'reign rule maintain ;  
 And never may her hand relax the rein.

Free may she live, in undisturb'd delight,  
 All day in revel, and in bliss all night.

Nor will the modest scholar think me bold; 2435  
 (Who with much decency much truth has told)

Or will with me, as with mine host dispense ;  
 (For no light humor takes from solid sense)  
 If this advice I add, to poise the scale :

A merry Moral suits a serious Tale. 2440

Dead, is, GRISELDA ! Wifly patience, dead !  
 Both bury'd in one tomb ! Both laid in lead !  
 For which, ye husbands, lend attentive ear ;  
 Hear me, for it concerns you much to hear.

Let none, I warn you, none on pain of life, 2445  
 In search of a GRISELDA, tempt his wife.  
 If half so far, her patience you assail ;  
 You try her, to your loss, for she will fail.

And you, ye wives of spirit, above wrongs, 2450  
 Let no such mean example nail your tongues.  
 Let, never, moral poet of your age,  
 Fill, with your duty, one romantic page.

Be pleasure, your pursuit ! Be pow'r, your aim !

Make nothing, of your virtue, or your fame ! 2455

Of truth and honor, laugh at all he writes ;

Vain talk for children ! Nurs'ry cant of sprites !

Thus taught ; no merit in compliance place !

Meaness of soul, think, modesty of face !

It matters not, how tender, when alone,

The part'ner of thy life. It shou'd be known !

Known to thy friends ! Nor yet shou'd that suffice.

To strangers be it known ! Might I advise.

And now imprint this lesson on your mind,

The benefit, by practice, you will find. 2465

Trust not the marriage venture to his hand ;

Freight he the frigate, thou the sail command !

Why, to his blustry oath, such def'rence paid ?

The husband, why, thus dreaded and obey'd ?

Arm'd, tho' he stood, from head to foot, in mail ;

The arrows of thy quiver shall not fail. 2470

Thy crabbed eloquence supplies a dart,

That, ent'ring at his ear, shall pierce his heart.

If you have beauty, strait alarm his love.

Be ever on the dress, and on the rove. 2475

At home wou'd he remain ? Abroad then roam !

Then, wou'd he roam abroad ? Remain at home !

Make

Make it your rule, to see, and to be seen;

Abroad in humor ! and at home in spleen !

2480

Touch but his jealousy, you must prevail!

Yes ! You will make him couch like any quail !

The pow'r of form, if nature has deny'd ;

Tho' not his love, you may alarm his pride.

Be open of your house, to sup, or dine,

2485

Bring company ; for all he has is thine !

To fiddlers, priests, play'rs, poets, give or lend !

Money shall win thee many an humble friend !

Thy man, may fume, and fret, and rave, and rail !

But touch his honor, and you low'r his sail.

2490

For you, the masculine, to labor bred,

When menaces his hand, correct his head.

If nature gives the sinew and the frame,

Same as the pow'r, why not the use the same ?

Whene'er your wish, is wilfully withheld,

2495

Exert your talent ; it will do him good.

Stick to your point ! Again withheld, withhold !

There is no logic, like a heavy hand.

But for the delicate, the weak in fight,

The rich, the great, the tender, the polite !

2500

Be furious as a tyger ! or if that

You cannot compass ; vixin as a cat !

By

By tongue reclaim this rebel to your will!

Loud as the clapper of a drudging mill!

Fast as the flier of a well order'd jack! 2505

From morn to night keep one continu'd clack!

And went he twice as loud, and twice as fast,

Speak what he will, like echo, speak the last.





## T H E

## W O R D S o f our H O S T.

**T**HE worthy Student, to scholaſtic pride  
A stranger, ſmil'd; but not a word reply'd.

Not ſo mine Host the fly concluſion bore, 2511

Roundly he ſpoke, and horribly he ſwore.

Not much that turn is ſuited to my mind,

As quoth the clerk, it leaves a ſting behind.

But I had rather than a Tun of Ale

2515

Our Dame, at home had heard this courteous Tale.

For-ſooth to ſay, was her domestic life

Expoſ'd, no tame GRISELDA, is our wife.

But 'tis the daily burden of my ſong,

If things will not go right, let 'em go wrong.

2520

To common ſenſe I owe these golden rules.

None will ſuspect I learn'd them in the ſchools.

Patience

Patience I court ; But patience oft is frail.

And, if he curs'd not, *Job* himself cou'd rail.

A heavier plague he never bore in life ;      2525

A very heap of vices is our wife.

Tho' poor and low ; yet far from fond, or true.

And of her tongue, she is an errant shrew.

Still joys her that, which contradic~~t~~s my will ;

But if it must be so, be it so still.

2530

Yet, here my mind more fully to disclose,

Reveal'd to friends, and spoke beneath the rose,

Wou'd some kind priest but forge the Papal Bull,

*Annul*, shou'd be my daily song, *Annul*!

F I N I S.

152  
- and I am glad to say that the 2000' of P  
wood seems to be enough to last  
allow you sufficient time to get your  
log. It is not good to have to pull  
the logs off the snow bank or even to  
get off the snow bank to get them.  
It is best to go up and find them where they  
are, and then get them.

## 153



[fol. 1]  
FRANCISCUS PETRARCHA,  
et  
JOAN. BOCCATI S.

**L**ibrum tuum, quem nostro materno eloquio, ut opinor, olim juvenis edidisti, nescio quidem, unde, vel qualiter, ad me delatum vidi. Nam si dicam, legi, mentiar. Siquidem ipse magnus valde, ut ad vulgus & solutâ scriptus oratione, & occupatio mea major, & tempus angustum erat. Idque ipsum, ut nosti, bellicis undique motibus inquietum, a quibus & si animo procul absim, nequeo tamen fluctuante Rep. non moveri. Quid ergo? Excucurri eum, & festini viatoris in morem, hinc atque hinc circumspiciens, nec subsistens, animadvertis Librum ipsum alicubi canum dentibus lacestium, tuo tamen baculo egregiè, tuâque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum. Nam & vires ingenii tui novi, & scio expertus,

esse hominum genus, & insolens, & ignavum,  
 qui quicquid ipsi vel nolunt, vel nesciunt,  
 vel non possunt, in aliis reprehendunt, ad  
 hoc unum docti & arguti, sed elingues ad  
 reliqua. Delectatus sum in ipso transitu, &  
 si quid lasciviæ liberioris occurreret, excusabat  
 ætas tunc tua, dum id scriberes, stilus, idio-  
 ma, ipsa quoque rerum levitas, & eorum  
 qui lecturi talia videbantur. Refert enim  
 largiter, quibus scribas, morumque varietate  
 stili varietas excusatur; inter multa sene jo-  
 cosa & levia, quædam pia & gravia depre-  
 hendi, de quibus tamen diffinitivè, quid  
 judicem, non habeo, ut qui nusquam totus  
 inhæserim: at quod verè accidit, eo modo  
 currentibus, curiosius aliquantò quam cætera,  
 libri principium, finēque peripexi, quorum  
 in altero patriæ nostræ statum, illius scilicet  
 pestilentissimi temporis, quod præ omnibus  
 nostra ætas lugubre, ac miserum mundo  
 vidi, meo quidem judicio, & narrasti pro-  
 priè, & magnificè deplorasti. In altero  
 autem historiam ultimam, & multis præce-  
 dentium longè dissimilem posuisti, quæ ita  
 mihi placit, méque detinuit, ut inter tot  
 curas, quæ penè meiipsius immemorem fe-  
 cere, illam memoriæ mandare voluerim, ut  
 & ipse eam animo, quoties vellem, non sine  
 voluptate repeterem, & amicis ut sit confa-  
 bulantur, renarrarem, si quando aliquid  
 tale incidisset, quod cum brevi postmodum  
 fecisset,

fecissem, gratamque audientibus cognovissem,  
subitò talis inter loquendum cogitatio super-  
venit, fieri posse, ut nostri etiam sermonis  
ignaros, tam dulcis historia delectaret, cùm  
& mihi semper ante multos annos, audita  
placuisse, & tibi usque adeò placuisse per-  
penderem, ut vulgari eam stilo tuo censueris,  
non indignam & fine operis, ubi Rhetorum  
disciplina validiora, quælibet collocari jubet.  
Itaque die quodam, inter varios cogitatus,  
animum more solito discerpentes, & illis, &  
mihi, ut sic dixerim iratus, vale omnibus ad  
tempus dicto, calamum arripiens, historiam  
ipsam tuam scribere sum aggressus, te haud  
dubiè gavisurum sperans, ultro rerum inter-  
pretem me tuarum fore, quod non facilè  
alteri cuicunque præstiterim; egit me tui  
amor, & historiæ: ita tamen, ne Horatianum  
illud poeticae artis obliuiscerer:

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres :*

Historiam tuam, meis verbis explicui, imò  
alicubi aut paucis in ipsa narratione verbis,  
aut additis, quod te non ferente modò, sed  
favente fieri credidi, quæ licet a multis &  
laudata, & expetita fuerit, ego rem tuam  
tibi non alteri dedicandam censui. Quam  
quidem, an mutatâ veste deformaverim, an  
fortassis ornaverim, tu judica, illinc enim  
T 139 U orat,

orat, illuc redit, notus judex, nota domus,  
notum iter, ut unum & tu noris, & quisquis  
hæc leget, tibi non mihi tuarum rationem  
rerum esse reddendam. Quisquis ex me  
quæreret, an hæc vera sint, hoc est an historiam  
scripserim, an fabulam, respondebo illud  
Crisci : Fides penes auctorem, meum scilicet  
Johannem sit. Hæc præfatus incipio.

**E**ST ad Italæ latus occiduum Vesulus  
ex Appennini jugis, mons unus altissi-  
mus, qui vertice nubila superans, liquido feso  
ingerit ætheri, mons suâpte nobilis naturâ,  
sed Padi ortu nobilissimus, qui ejus e latere  
fonte lapsus, exiguo orientem contra solem  
fertur, mirisque mox tumidus incrementis,  
brevi spatio decursu, non tantum maximorum  
unus amnium, sed Fluviorum a Virgilio Rex  
dictus. Liguriam gurgite violentus interse-  
cat, dehinc Æmiliam, atque Flaminiam,  
Venetiamque discriminans, multis ad ultimum  
& ingentibus ostiis, in Adriaticum mare  
descendit. Cæterum pars illa terrarum, de  
quâ primùm dixi, quæ & grata planicie, &  
interjectis collibus, ac montibus circumflexis,  
aprica pariter, ac jucunda est, atque ab eo-  
rum quibus subjacet Pedemontium nomen  
tenet, & civitates aliquot, & oppida habet  
egregia. Inter cætera, &c.

URSIT

**U**R SIT amor tui, ut scriberem senex,  
 quod juvenis vix scripsisse, nescio an  
 res veras an fictas, quæ jam non Historiæ,  
 sed Fabellæ sunt, ob hoc unum, quod res  
 tuæ, & a te scriptæ erant; quamvis hoc  
 prævidens, fidem rerum penes auctorem,  
 hoc est, penes te fore sim præfatus: Et di-  
 cam tibi, quid de hac Historiâ, quam Fabu-  
 lam dixisse malim, mihi contigit. Legit  
 eam primùm communis amicus Patavinus,  
 vir altissimi ingenii, multiplicisque notitiæ;  
 & cùm epistolæ medium vix transisset, subito  
 fletu præventus substitit: post modicum verò  
 cùm in manus eam resumpsisset, firmato ani-  
 mo perlecturus, ecce iterum, quasi ad con-  
 dictum rediens, lecturam gemitus interrum-  
 pit. Fassus itaque se non posse procedere,  
 eam uni suorum comitum, docto satis viro,  
 legendam tradidit. Quod accidens, quor-  
 sum alii traherent, incertum habeo, ego in  
 optimam partem traxi, mitissimumque viri  
 animum intellexi: Verè enim homo huma-  
 nior, quem ego quidem noverim, nullus est.  
 Rediit illo flente, ac legente ad memoriam  
 Satyricum illud:

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*mollissima corda*

*Humano generi dare se natura fatetur.*

*Quæ lachrymas dedit, bæc nosti: pars op-  
 tima sensus.*

*Post*

Post tempus amicus alter noster Veronensis,  
 sunt enim nobis ut reliqua, sicut amici etiam  
 communes, auditio quid alteri inter legendum  
 accidisset, eandem legere optavit. Gessi  
 morem ingenioso & amico viro; legit eam  
 totam, nec alicubi substitit, nec frons ob-  
 ductior, nec vox fractior, nec lachrymæ, nec  
 singultus intervenere, & in finem: Ego  
 etiam, inquit, flessem: Nam & piæ res, &  
 verba rebus accommodata fletum suadebant,  
 nec ego duri cordis sum, nisi quod dicta om-  
 nia credidi & credo. Nam si vera essent,  
 quæ usquam mulier, vel Romana, vel cuiuslibet  
 gentis hanc Griseldim æquatura sit? Ubi  
 quæso tantus amor conjugalis? Ubi par fides?  
 Ubi tam insignis patientia, atque constantia?  
 Iis tunc ego nil respondi, ne rem a jocis  
 amicique colloquii festâ dulcedine ad acrimo-  
 niam disceptationis adducerem: erat autem  
 prona responsio. Esse nonnullos, qui quæ-  
 cunque eis difficultia sint impossibilia omnia  
 arbitrantur, sic mensurâ suâ omnia metientes,  
 ut se omnium primos locent, cum tamen multa  
 fuerint, fortè & sint, quibus essent facilia,  
 quæ vulgò impossibilia viderentur. Quis est  
 enim, exempli gratiâ, qui non Curium ex  
 nostris, & Mutium, & Decios: ex externis  
 autem Codrum, & Philenes Fratres; vel  
 quoniam de Fœminis Sermo erat, quis vel  
 Porciam, vel Hipsistrateam, vel Alcestim &  
 harum similes non Fabulas fictas putet? At-  
 qui

qui Historiæ veræ sunt. Et sanè, qui pro alio vitam spernit, quid non spernere, quid non pati possit, non intelligo. Cæterum & illam, & alteram, duas magnas epistolas ad te non pervenisse nunc sentio? sed quid faciam? Pati oportet indignari licet, non ulcisci. Apparuit, ecce: per Cisalpinam Galliam tædiosissimum hoc hominum genus, custodes passuum, imo pestis nunciorum, qui literas apertas introspiciant, & morosissime contemplantur, quod Dominorum forsan jussus excusat, qui sibi omnium consciæ, trepidâ ac superbâ vitâ, de se, & contra se omnia dici putant, atque omnia nosse volunt. Illud nihil excusat, quod si quid in literis ipsis inveniunt, quod aures asininas mulceat; solebant quidam in transcribendo tempus terere, & nuncios detinere, nunc crescente licentiâ, ut digitis suis parcant, abire illos jubent sine literis, quodque gravissimum tædii genus est, hoc illi maximè faciunt, qui nihil intelligunt: Similes iis, quorum ampla, & præceps gula est, & lenta digestio, qui malæ valetudini proximi sint, oportet. Importunitatem talium nemo me stomachantior, nullus impatientior, ita ut saepe me a scribendo diverterit, saepe quo scripserim, dolore coegerit, quando contra hos prædones, literarum nulla vindictæ patet occasio alterius, turbatis omnibus, & Reip. libertate pessundatâ. Sanè huic tedio accedit ætas, & lassitudo

tudo rerum penè omnium, scribendique non  
satietas modò, sed fastidium, quibus junctis  
inducor, ut tibi, amice, & omnibus quibus  
scribere soleo, quod ad hunc epistolarem  
stylum attinet ultimum. Vale dicam, tam  
ne usquam in finem me, quod diutius jam  
fecerunt, a meliori studio scripturæ fragili-  
ores impediant, quām ne ad horum nebulo-  
num manus ineptissimas scripta nostra perve-  
niant, quorum sic saltem ab injuriis tutus ero,  
si quando vel tecum, vel cum aliis scripto  
opus sit, sic scribam, ut intelligar non de-  
lecter. Promiseram, memini, in quādam  
ordinis hujus epistolâ, me deinceps in episto-  
lis breviüs scripturum, declivi jam temporis  
urgente penuriâ, promissum implere non  
valui, multoque faciliùs, ut intelligi datur,  
silentium cum amicis est, quām brevilo-  
quium ; tantus est, ubi semel incepimus,  
ardor colloquendi, ut facilius fuerit, non  
coepisse, quām siænare impetum cœpti ser-  
monis. Sed promissum, nonne sat promis-  
sum implet, qui plus præstat ? Eram credo,  
dum promitterem, oblitus Catonis illud apud  
Ciceronem latè notum. Quod naturâ ipsâ  
loquacior est senectus. Valete amici, valete  
epistolæ. Inter colles Euganeos, 6 Idus Junias

MCCCLXXIII.

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